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VOL. 2343.

CARA ROMA BY MISS GRANT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"Love took up the Harp of Life, and smote on all the ch
with might,
Smote the chord of self—that trembling—passed in n
out of sight!"

TENNYSON

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CARA ROMA.

BY

MISS GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE SUN-MAID," "VICTOR LESCAR," ETC. ETC.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I. & II. (2 Vols. in 1.)

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"La Simpatia è un ponte d' oro."

CONTENTS

OF VOLUME I.

		Page
CHAPTER I.	Awake!	7
— II.	Cecilia of the Borghese	37
— III.	Deep Springs and Sweet	57
— IV.	"Be my Cicerone"	88
— V.	Psyche, in a Sound-Wave	109
— VI.	Cecilia Metella—Cecilia Cara	157
— VII.	The Calthorpes	190
— VIII.	"Love the Pilgrim"	213
— IX.	"We have seen the Wonder—What is the Good?"	239
— X.	Simpatica	253

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CARA ROMA.

CHAPTER I.

AWAKE!

YESTERDAY, the vapours still clung to him of the northern fogs. To-day, the glorious glad sunshine was intoxicating his soul like wine.

Yesterday, his heart beat tamely, the life-currents ran slow. To-day, thrills as of a new life, or of an old lost life requickened, were trembling over the fibres of his whole being. They were filling him with strange delight.

Yesterday, his mind was running smoothly in one straight, familiar groove. To-day, all its narrow boundaries were broken—its gateways flung open wide, and marvels of new thoughts were rushing in; while memories, too, of long-neglected themes, came

tossing upon the suddenly disturbed current of the stream of his mental life.

They brought him joy that was intense and keen.

Yesterday, he thought he had "forgotten everything"—was a man of years—sedate—a trifle dry and chill. To-day, he was a boy, a classic student, a dreamer—poetic, ardent, adoring, a lover again!

Or so, it seemed to him! For of all these things, Adrian Dillon was conscious, sensibly and experimentally conscious, as he leant resting upon the stone edge of Bernini's Fontana della Barcaccia in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome.

He was tired, for he had travelled more than sixty hours without halt or slumber; and with the eager enthusiasm of that suddenly-reawakened life of his, he had trodden the hot causeway of the old selci-paved streets, from the Stazione della Ferrovia, by the Terme di Diocleziano, passed the Acqua Felice, along the Via Venti-Settembre to the Quirinal; then right round the Monte Cavallo, and away across by the Capitolium Vetus—to the Forum *Trajano*, and towards the Campidoglio already—

since he had arrived in the Eternal City that morning!

And again, and again, and again, since the sun rose on that bright February day, he had quaffed deep, passionate draughts of the strong mental life of Rome; of association, of suggestion, of poetry, of history, of art, and as he rested here now a moment, and paused to decide in which new path to turn his eager steps he realized, that since last Saturday, when in a foggy day-break he had crossed the murky Thames, he had become a new man, or once again, had met and greeted eagerly an old buoyant self whom he had thought—had died!

The Piazza di Spagna was brilliant this morning. The blue veil stretching across the housetops, was radiant, transparent, tremulous, with heat and light; the shadows cut the white pavements in clear, dark lines. The sunshine was not fierce yet, with the fire-blast of the breath of summer Rome; but it was sweet and sparkling; it was warm, and lustrous, and glad. It danced over the scene full of life, and laden with its happy burden of spring, and carnival, of the verdure and soft scent of flowers.

And even the old dark houses of the Piazza, shone radiant with their patches of gay colour in the morning light:

A new coat of paint, of bright and divers hue, adorned the tall, grim facing of the dark house at the right-hand corner where Adonais had sighed his heart in bitterness away. A light striped awning and a flower-laden balcony concealed the lattice from which Shelley had gazed. And a swinging signboard marked the entrance to the Palazzo opposite where Monti had dwelt awhile. In fact, all that describes the Piazza di Spagna, was instinct this morning with everything, which to fancy, memory, or imagination is—as the breath of life.

And the every-day world of modern Rome was active, eager, and picturesque as well:—

There were troops of gay idlers by the shop windows, clustering beneath the striped and snowy awnings at Piale's library, before Spithöver's photographs, Vazzari's bonbons, Asorpi's bric-à-brac, Vespignani's ivories, Olivier's vellum bindings from *the Abruzzi*, or Monaldini's and Calisti's English

books. Strangers and passing sojourners most of these, a ready prey for Italian enterprise, all eager in the search for good specimens of Intagli and Impronti sulphur casts, for Tarsia work, for Roman pearls, for every kind of copy, of every kind of thing, from the antique of Greece, Etruria, or Rome. Paintings, bronzes, marbles, gems, laces, mosaics, manuscripts, cameos, and jewellery—in which Pierret of this Piazza rivalled Castellani's (with the Duc di Sermoneta's beautiful designs)—original and imitations, every sort of thing, was hunted—and found—and collected eagerly, by the troops of gay idlers, who jostled and chased each other in the Piazza di Spagna this morning, through the sun and shade.

And Adrian Dillon watched them all, as he leant on Bernini's fountain, and as the water danced high above his head, and shone and sparkled in countless diamond rays.

There were peasants as usual, in quaint costumes of the Campagna, resting in placid idleness on the steps of the Spanish stairs; waiting till perchance "some man should hire them," as models for an artist's *picture* when the day wore on.

Brown-faced beggars slept at the base of the tall column, from the Campo Marzo, shadowed by Moses or Ezekiel as the case might be, and the sun shone down upon them, with that wealth of unfading glory, which seems to make life at Rome, with its fountains, its flowers, its palazzos and arches, its columns, and its Tiber stream, even to its brown-faced and often hungry beggars, a thing of beauty and of deathless joy.

Adrian Dillon had not come to Rome because of the joy of life to be found there. He had not thought of this nor expected it in any way. He had not come because of the golden sunsets that glow nightly across the glorious crimson horizon beyond St. Peter's dome. Nor for the music of the Pifferari that fills the sunlit days and the moonlit evenings at every street corner all the Carnival through. Not with one thought of any, of the thousand and one things, that form the charm, strong and utterly irresistible which seizes the whole spirit in the poetry of Rome.

His coming had been chiefly because of the Ro*setta Stone* in the British Museum.

The celebrated Rosetta Stone! It had been for years his chief interest in life, with its triple inscriptions in hieroglyphics, Demotic, and Greek. It had led him on to the colossal fist from Memphis, and by way of the cat-headed goddess Sekhet to the subject of obelisks; and he had realised, that in the limited array of these original Egyptians, to be studied in Europe, at least ten of them were to be found at Rome. And this had brought him,—this had been the one conscious impulse which had carried him along, and now, he had been scarcely two hours at Rome, and he had forgotten it.

Leaning upon the edge of Bernini's fountain, with the water-plash falling sweetly on his ear, with groups of brown beggars and picturesque flower girls, and lazy artist models crowding round him; with a Roman sky above his head and Italian sunshine falling on his tall figure and bronzed brown head, with the mid-day chimes filling the tremulous hot air, and all Rome, above—beyond and around him, he looked not unworthy of the influences of the scene.

There was nothing *pictur*esque about his aspect

certainly, but there was the simple, well-bred grace and perfect ease of that type of Englishman to which he belonged. His appearance, in every detail of dress, of gesture or of attitude was absolutely unstudied, but as absolutely faultless of its kind. He was slight; his cheek was a little worn and pale; a brown moustache drooped low over his lips, marking the outline of a firm-cut chin. The moustache and close straight hair had a touch of red in their hue, like bronze with the sun on it; and his eyes had the steel-blue fire of all the English eyes that go with that bronze-brown hair, and with that thin cheek, of pale tone in times of repose and coolness, that can flush with such a living glow under excitement, or the thrill of passion of any kind.

There was the affectation of indolence so dear to many men, in the attitude with which he leant in repose; the indolence that could be flung aside under the fire of impulse like a mantle before the sun; and if he did not work, and if he dreamt away his years over the Rosetta Stone and the Cat-headed *Goddess,* in unfruitful idleness, it was not because

the nervous, slim, well-shaped hand that lay on the marble fountain-edge, could not grasp at will, or do. It was all most evidently a superstructure upon his real character, as unnatural to him, as the would-be cynicism which curled beneath his long moustache, on lips, which were formed to tremble with eager passion, and to part with the sweet radiance of a love-lit smile.

They were parting now, he was softly smiling, and the steel-blue eyes had a curious, deep, fervent glow. For the witchery of all Rome was upon him. The magic of that living light and pulsing, vibrating air had thrilled his very soul. And besides and beyond this, an old, sweet memory was firing his heart with new, strong vitality.

The angel of life who had swooped down on him all suddenly, after seeming to have deserted him for years, had now plucked the torch from out the hand of the love-god, and was touching him with the memory of one old, smouldering fire. A fire that was lighting up, either revived or all anew, as he gazed across the Piazza di Spagna, and as he contemplated,—what quite obliterated the recollec-

tion of the obelisks and all thought of the Rosetta Stone:—

Between him and the foot of the great marble stairs that led up to the Trinità dei Monti, a little flower-cart had suddenly stopped.

It was a blaze of glorious colour in the sunlight; a mass of great crimson lilies, towering amid clusters of fresh spring green; a bank of violets and pansies, and pale, sweet, yellow primroses piled up in front, and a hedge of Roman hyacinths rearing their graceful white and lilac heads fringed with maiden-hair fern—a fine piece of colour, backed by the Spanish steps—and yet only a peasant's flower-cart from the Campagna, drawn by a rough, brown donkey, with red and purple tassels tossing about his ears, and surrounded by a group of flower-sellers of every possible age.

An old woman, with russet petticoat and crimson kerchief and wizened face, as imposing in aspect and dramatic in gesture as the witch Canidia may have been, who made love-philtres in the fields by the ancient Cemetery in the days when Horace *sung;* a boy with a sun-tanned, chestnut skin, and

those dark, wistful eyes that look at us from out the canvas of Murillo, with bare neck and brown, uncovered feet, with loose hanging shirt and generally-ragged raiment, which produced a marvellous effect of colour in its accidental combinations of dull and faded blue, of crimson and grey and brown. A little child was perched upon the cart's shaft, a child with golden-brown wavy curls, such as Italian children have often—for they are not all dark and black, as their painters well knew—a lovely child with large eyes glistening brightly, with a brown cheek, soft with the bloom of a sun-ripened peach, with hands full of lilies, and with tiny, ivory teeth, gleaming in a radiantly seductive smile.

And as there were several of these family groups with flower-carts and donkeys, scattered up and down the Corso and round the Piazza this morning, it was probably this child, lovely as a Bambino of Raphael, who had caught the glance and arrested the footsteps of *one* of those English wanderers, coming idly down the Spanish steps.

Adrian Dillon's gaze turned eagerly upon the group, and kindling with that fervent glow of strange,

unwonted feeling, was not fixed on the picturesque flower-sellers, with all their varieties of tints and artistic hues. He was no artist, and had no sketch-book in his pocket to pull out hastily, that the group might be noted there. He was only a self-pleasing *connoisseur* of many things; a dreamy, rather morose cogitator over crooked inscriptions of much "ancient and forgotten lore," and a man who had cast the soft things, and the fair things, and all the lovely and loveable things of life far, far behind him, and had thought *that* dead for him, which was now strongly, irresistibly thrilling him with sweet and magnetic power.

SHE, was standing close against the flower-cart, the crimson lilies rearing their graceful heads beyond her bending shoulder. She was not twenty yards away. She had not observed Adrian, so he, unrestrained and unnoticed, could observe her—the delicate, fair face; the graceful young form; the eager, impetuous gesture; the beautiful, frank, bright glance;—even the full, soft tones reached him as, in Italian, she spoke caressingly to the little child.

Then her hands too, were full of lilies and ferns

and white hyacinths, and the brown faces round her, all lit up with glances and smiles as radiant as the sparkle of their Roman fountains, as she covered the brown, open palm with coin—small bronze centimes and soldi—so little went with them so far!

"Bene, benissimo, signorina."

She was just the sort of "Principessa Inglese" they liked to find on those fine mornings of the carnival at the Spanish steps.

She turned, and then paused, her hands full of lilies, her eyes bright with pleasure and soft with admiration as they lingered an instant upon the pretty children of the Campagna—and then she looked suddenly round.

Adrian Dillon had sprung upright. He stood near her. Her gaze wandering round the Piazza, as if missing some one, at length turned his way. Their eyes met—his, eager, fervent, kindling with the light of a recognition, with a joy that was thrilling to his very heart; and hers, cool, calm, a little surprised, then at last kindling, too, with indignation, as they lingered on him for one instant of wonder, and then turned coldly away.

She was very beautiful, and she looked cool and stately; and as she turned away, her creamy-hued dress swept the pavement at his feet with a majestic movement, though she was so fair and young, and though the blue eyes that had turned for that one moment upon him were soft and lovely as the dew-washed violets among the hyacinths in her hands.

She was beautiful, but it was not this that so affected him. Adrian Dillon was not "*sensible*" to any remarkable degree; indeed, the very diametrically opposite had been his favourite *pose* for years. And yet, that cold, indignant glance quivered over the fibres of his being, like a flash of lightning on the electric cord.

It was the magic of a recognition—not of her, but of a living memory, hidden beyond that curtain which he had dropped before the portal of his heart.

A moment—and as she turned with a slight uneasiness of glance, her little anxiety was ended—she was not alone.

A graceful, well-dressed woman, taller than her-

self, her likeness, yet evidently double her age, came forward with a rapid step from out the doorway of the small gold-worker's shop at the corner of the great Scala, and was by her side.

"Oh, Car! what lovely flowers! And in February, too! Oh, Roma, come sei bellissima! It is really wonderful! Life *is* beautiful, intense, entrancing all day long! Look! while you bought your lilies I have found such a lovely little ivory crucifix, surely a real Cellini design—do look!"

The young girl, Car, as the other had called her, turned. She bent to scrutinize the new treasure. She smiled into the darker eyes, that in expression were so like her own, and she laughed, a low, happy laugh, that echoed the pleasure and satisfaction of her mother's words. But as yet she had said nothing in answer; when Adrian came forward and stood close.

For one instant he was unnoticed by their side, then,—

"Vere," he murmured, "is it really, really you?"

The mother looked quickly round, and a moment of hesitation clouded her face; then a flush of

warm colour mounted slowly and at first doubtfully to her cool cheek, until at last an exclamation broke from her, and a wave of wondering feeling rushed over every quivering feature of her countenance, and her fine eyes glistened with tears.

"Adrian—you, here?"

Her hand seemed unconsciously to clasp her daughter's for one instant, and the crucifix of Cellini remained in the girl's hold.

And then at last, Adrian Dillon had her two hands in his eager clasp, and his head was bending low above them, until both were pressed close to his lips.

She laughed a little then, for she would cover her agitation, which was not a common thing for her to show.

"Have you been so long in Italy, then," she said, "that you have learnt all these pretty Italian ways?"

"I came to Italy only to-day," he answered. "May not even an Englishman be betrayed sometimes into a feeling, or even the exhibition of the *same? Ah,* Vere, or Lady Daring, as I ought per-

haps to say, this is a city of wonders, but of all its wonders the most unexpected is this meeting with so old a friend."

It had taken them but that instant—they had both recovered their composure now.

"An old friend indeed, and a kinsman, Adrian Dillon. Well, years have passed, but you are a cousin always, and I think it must be 'Adrian' still."

"For old sake's sake," he murmured.

"For *her* sake," she answered, and once more she gave him gently her hand.

He held it, but did not lift it to his lips again. He had raised his head, his glance had brightened at her last word. He was looking wonderingly, wistfully round, until his eyes rested once again, with that electric flash in them, upon Car, where she stood, a little drawn back now from her mother's side, with her great bunch of scarlet lilies in one hand, and Cellini's ivory crucifix in the other.

"Ah! is it not wonderful," her mother said, "the likeness? Is it not her—her very self again? And she is Cecilia also—but for her I have added Cara,

and I call her Car—I could not bear more than the echo in my heart's thought of her, the hushed and softened echo of that dear, lost name. Car," she added, turning quietly to her daughter, "this is Adrian Dillon, of whom I told you only yesterday as we sat in the woods of the Borghese, and whom I have not seen since I went to India, when your father took the government of the Eastern Provinces, twenty years ago."

The girl turned now towards him, the sweet blue eyes no longer cold. They were full of kindliness, and opened wide, with a little wondering curiosity, and critical examination as well.

For what her mother had told her of Adrian Dillon had roused all her ready sensibilities, all her eager, newly awakened interest for heart-suffering of every kind.

She had been told a tale of romance amid the woods of the Borghese yesterday, at the soft sunset hour, and here—all suddenly—he was—he, who had so loved and suffered, and remained so true.

Their hands touched then, their eyes met, and

the magnetism of a ready sympathy thrilled both their hearts.

Her heart, that was merely fluttering softly, as a tender, half-fledged bird, stirred by the first instinct of restlessness, the first quickening sense of power, may flutter softly in the sheltered, hidden depths of its downy nest; and his heart, that was beating with strength and fervour, because of all the keen excitement which had possessed him since the early morning, and because she, standing there and looking up into his eyes with clear, starlike gaze, all tranquil and unconscious, her soft hand now meeting his with a touch so light and cool, she was as the centre of his entire life to him, a presence at which his past met all his future, and *love* sprang up from the ruins of that which had been—love eager, and strong, and new.

And that was how they met in the Piazza di Spagna. And so it was that the life-angel swooped down upon Adrian Dillon once more, with a rush in his wings; soft and swift as the doves of Venus that were floating round him in the blue air that morning, dipping their plumes in Bernini's fount.

And so it was, too, that the love-god, who is never far absent from the track of the fiery life-herald, nor yet from the dark-winged spirit of mortality that hovers low and often over Rome—the bright love-god came suddenly to him as well, returning, though driven once so roughly away, blowing up his torch anew, and firing Adrian's heart, and sending him on rejoicing, because of that glow and that thrill of a strange gladness within him, as he trod for six happy days, the sunlit pavements of Rome!

"And you are a Roman born, and have a Roman name, and you come here for the first time this morning?"

They had turned, and were walking side by side, the three together, across the sunny Piazza—Adrian between mother and daughter now.

They walked slowly, and he looked downwards on the selci causeway as he went, his eyes half-closed, as if the lids were forcibly lowered, to hide the keen strength of feeling which moved him still. And Lady Daring looking up at him, her dark eyes *glistening* with soft emotion, too, but her head raised

and thrown slightly back with a certain dignity of gesture which became her.

Control was not natural to Vere Daring, but it had been always necessary to her. She was a woman who felt more at most times than life had allowed her to show. For she had occupied, during those bygone years since Adrian Dillon had known her, positions in life in which dignity had commanded control; and although she possessed that charm of manner which never fails to win, the power of implying feeling stronger than her words, still she had been obliged, by all the circumstances of her surroundings, to express every sort of sentiment, sympathetic, understanding, or appreciative, with due reserve. The world had always closely encircled her—a critical and often a censorious world.

So there had come to her assistance already now, habit, that was stronger than impulse. She was feeling intensely, but her words were light and cool.

He accepted the control which she seemed powerfully to communicate, and he answered as lightly as she had spoken; while Car's blue eyes turned with

wonder and curious interest from her mother's countenance to his.

Was it thus that people met, then, in the world of conventionalities to which she had just come?—met, when the whole of a life's romance lay in the retrospect between them? Just one flash of feeling, one glance of fervour, a few murmured words, one lingering hand-clasp for old memory's sake, and then they turn and saunter easily together, and toss light, frothy words, such as everybody was saying all round and about them, in just the same heedless way! Was this the reality of romance?

"A Roman born, and with a Roman name; yes, true, though inconceivable," he was saying. "I have not been here since I was driven out of the Porto del Popolo towards Civita Vecchia when I was two years old. My dear father—what a fancy it was to call me by such a name!"

"I think I like the name," said Lady Daring.

"Do you? It seems very absurd! My father's name was George—George, the son of John—very English, and very good. But here he was, at that *time,* and the old Emperor, I suppose, haunted him.

For he spent hours out at the Tivoli Villa, they told me, every day; and one of my most familiar recollections of him is that favourite injunction of his: 'Never believe anybody who says that the Venus of the Uffizi Tribune came from the Portico of Octavia.' For, you know, he had written folios to prove the very niche that had been her resting-place at that villa of Adrian's through fourteen hundred years of beauty sleep."

"But why have you never come?"

"I do not know. I was coming once, you know, for the winter; it was all settled, I think I remember, was it not?" He paused, and his drooping eyelids were raised for an instant, and his eyes flashed quickly into hers. "I suppose that was why I never came. I have been to Egypt twice, and to several other places, but never here. I have seen Athens from the Acropolis, but I have never seen the sun set from the Capitol on Rome."

"You must see it now," she answered.

"Yes, perhaps yes. But I shall not have much time. I have only come to Rome for a week."

"Oh, Adrian, how like you!" and Lady Daring

laughed softly, with a break of sudden emotion her voice. "Rome in a week!"

"Yes, I lived my life out," he answered, ' three."

"But why? What has brought you? What tal you away?"

"I came, simply running in my groove," he sa "It ran me here. I am writing a thing on the c respondence between the demotic writing on t stone in the London Museum and the sacred scriptions in hieroglyphics on the obelisks here; I have had to come and see the obelisks. Bu must get back at once."

"Will the stone take wings and disappear?" said.

"No, but a thing has to be finished," he swered indifferently; "and as soon as I h copied the inscriptions that I want, I must But—"

And he paused again, and he lifted his e and looked round; a restless sigh fluttered on lips before he spoke again. He looked up at *blue* veil of the bright sky, round upon the g

flower-decked Piazza, at the pearl-winged doves dipping in the cool fountain, and then he met her dark, sparkling eyes again.

Vere Daring smiled.

"But now—"

"Well, it is this," he said; "a man gets very tired of a groove."

They had stopped in their slow transit of the Piazza, and faced one another for a moment. Now Lady Daring turned and went on again.

"I hate a groove," she answered emphatically. "Tell me, Adrian, have obelisks and inscriptions all these years been yours?"

"Pretty well," he answered.

"How extraordinary!"

"Everything seems extraordinary to any of us," he replied, "that makes up the interest of our neighbour's life. I have ceased to wonder."

"And I am wondering, wondering over everything, Adrian, still."

He laughed with a little cynical bitterness, and his eyes turned from her suddenly, and sought Car's face.

There was wonder there—much wonder—th critical, grave, wistful wonder with which a chil looks out on life. He smiled, a soft, bright smil quivering on his lips for a moment, as his gaz rested on hers.

"I have ceased to wonder long ago," he adde "I sat down quietly before the sphinx of my exis ence, Vere, and awaited the solving of the enigm in the evolution of time. Yes, and I sometim thought it would come, too; and so I kept up n heart."

"You were not always sad, then?" said Car su denly, with that look of wistful scrutiny fixed up him still. "Not always sad?" she repeated, aft an instant, for that romance of the Borghese Ga dens was with her still.

"No," he said, "the Rosetta Stone is not a s subject, and I seldom contemplated anything mu beyond. But now I am awakened, and in cons quence I also am wondering—so, Lady Daring, w you tell me *your* part in the combinations destiny which has brought us all together her When did you come to Rome?"

"We have been here three months—at least, Car and I have. I came home by Venice, and she met me there. Frederick came by Brindisi and Ancona about a fortnight ago."

"Ah! Sir Frederick is here?"

"Yes, he has a six months' leave; he was 'done' for the time; things have been difficult in the Eastern Provinces lately, and his work has been hard. He is enjoying himself now in complete rest, as he tells us; but that means what would imply herculean enterprise to me. He is a little in your line —ruins, obelisks, pyramids—only he sketches them instead of copying their inscriptions, as you seem to do. He is out now in some direction, doubtless; he is happy with pencil and sketch-book from dawn to night. Ah! how pleased Frederick will be to see you, Adrian, again."

They had reached the west corner of the Piazza, and once more they all paused.

"Such a pleasant meeting," Lady Daring continued again. "As if home, with all its old, sweet memories, was travelling out to meet us on our way. Making me feel so young again once more, Adrian,

just as I was beginning to be sedate and middl aged, to bear myself as Car's mother and h chaperone must do. It seems so strange—we a such new acquaintances," she added with a litt laugh, and a cloud of quick feeling dimming t brightness of her glance for a moment, as she turn towards the girl. "Perhaps you do not reali Adrian, that this daughter of mine and I, have r met, until this Roman winter, for more than t long years."

They looked as if they so entirely belonged each other, that the thing was indeed difficult believe.

"*Malgré tout*," said Car softly, "I do not thi we were ever really apart."

"We are all together, for once, at all ever now—at last, at long, long last," Lady Daring w on. "And Rome, Adrian, your native Rome, is pleasant ground for meeting. You must be with constantly—for the time—short or long, that y may be here. This is our house; we have an apa ment here. I believe it was the house of Mende *sohn* while he dwelt at Rome, and Car adores

accordingly. Ah! you shall hear her play, and that allusion, *en passant*, will be made clear to you. But will you find your way upstairs, will you come this afternoon, will you come this evening, will you come always—we will make you welcome always, we will teach you to love your Rome."

"Will *you* come to the Phocas Column?" he answered, covering once again his emotion arising at her words under an effort at a return to his familiar groove and shell.

"We will go to all the columns and obelisks of the eternal city, if you please," she said, answering his tone; "and you shall translate all their inscriptions for us. But Rome has other things than obelisks, Adrian, and we shall enjoy it all afresh again in showing it to you. Where are you living, by-the-bye?"

"My servant carried off my possessions to an hotel which is called the Paris, I believe—it is just here, at the Piazza corner. I have a view high up, over the Pincian Hill."

"Oh, that is charming—you are not a stone's

throw from us; and if Frederick returns to luncheon, I will send him to look you up this very afternoon. A rivederla, cugino mio—see, we must not linger another minute or Car's lilies will every one of them die."

CHAPTER II.

CECILIA OF THE BORGHESE.

THE romantic story, which had been told to Cecilia-Cara of Adrian Dillon amid the woods of Borghese in the soft sunset hour only of the day before, had been a tale of many years ago. And Lady Daring had told it, because in the happy ease of intercourse to which she drifted quickly with this daughter just restored to her, she discovered a fascination, to which she yielded her deeper self with a freedom as charming as it was unusual to her.

Lady Daring valued the deeper feelings of humanity, all the keen sensibilities of which she was conscious within herself, as among those hidden treasures of life which might indeed make its experience one long and exquisite enjoyment, were there not other and external things to which this purely *personal luxury* of delicate sentiments

and their indulgence must be immolated witho mercy.

She was capable of fine feeling on every kin of subject, very sensitive to impressions, and ali to the effects of beauty, in music, in character, person, in scenery, in art; but she was also mo keenly alive to the dazzling influence of distinctio of brilliant achievement, and of worldly success. Ar all these last had been hers, during those bygo twenty years, in which she had shared the hi place and social dominion of her husband, who life had been brilliant in its course.

Vere Daring had been formed in the mould twenty years of predominance, in all things soci over every one within her reach, and she valued that outward part which had grown like the ca ment of a second nature over what had once be her.

She had been proud throughout her eastern li and, while always brilliant, somewhat chilling that position which she filled. She was prou for her husband than he ever was for himself; a *though he* had often been forced to leave her s

tary, and though, when she had married him, she was very young, she had guarded the dignity of his name with an exclusive and reticent denial of any fancies of her own, which had made her life often one of seclusion.

People had lived far from her, during these years, few coming near enough to touch even the outer rim of her inner life. Few indeed had been worthy among the many encircling her, and few had had any power to touch her sensibilities at all —and to those few, she had denied all opportunity.

Instantly, when they met again, she knew that Car's quick and poetic instincts could reach and touch her, and that her child's delicate nature was sympathetic to hers.

Vere Daring had never indulged herself in that far east with any dreams or vivid anticipations of that meeting with her daughter, and she had not realized what it would be. She had thought of her simply as "the child" whom she had sent home for safety and education ten years ago, and children had never been much in her line.

But, when there met her at Venice, this girl,

trembling on the fringe of womanhood, with the light of her own youth in her blue, dreamy eyes, and with the form and likeness of the Cecilia, that had been, the sister of that bygone youth, so like her in every winsome way—then she knew that Car touched her as few things for many years had done. And that post of enterprise to which she often mentally appointed herself, as the convoy of her child through the rocks of her social life towards a harbour at least as worthy as the one in which she herself had anchored—that post lost its significance sometimes, as she let herself float so sweetly away on the stream of this soft companionship, which brought so much to her that she had never looked for, and aroused so many feelings of which she had little dreamt. She was in fact so young herself still, or her youth, at least, had gone so short a distance away, that the view lay still, clear right across it to the very dawn, and the light was on every point vivid and strong. And so, it was very pleasant, to tread again the tangled path of sweet romance and soft love-mystery—from which she herself had only just strayed away.

On the girl's side also this curious experience had been most fascinating, and her brilliant and changeful mother was to her an acquaintance, delightful as she was new.

Only, while Lady Daring, full of sweet surprise at the intense enjoyment which sprang up like a fresh-water spring from the depths of her own best nature in this new-found companionship, yielded herself without question, without criticism, and with that unwonted freedom which was so pleasant, to all the charm which she discovered in her child,—Car felt often in a maze. Because this influence, that was so strong and fascinating, was also variable and contradictory; and because it failed to harmonize with many thoughts and feelings that were already vigorously developed within herself.

In fact, Lady Daring's views on soft subjects of sentiment were not at all times the same. Tender, and intensely sympathetic often, in her eager appreciation of love in all its deepest phases, of life strung at its loftiest pitch, there were times also when ideal views of all such things fell quite away from her, and she would smile with soft, cynical

scorn, and push aside all idea that life could be lived out, or "played out," as she sometimes called it, on such principles as these.

One such softly cynical time had overtaken her amidst their first happy intercourse at Venice; and had roused Car, even in those early days, from her dreamland of sweet mystery to some curious reflections and to some surprise.

A circumstance befell, which had scattered for the time being all the soft sentiment and unpractical ideality from Lady Daring's active mind, and disclosed an unexpected vision of her most *un*romantic self.

It was only a meeting. The son of an Indian friend, of a late Governor-General, at whose house the Darings had been always "at home," arrived suddenly at Venice. It was young Lord Farnham. He was travelling with the escort of a clever tutor for his father—Lady Daring's friend of Indian days—was dead. The boy had succeeded to his peerage, though not yet of age. In a few months he *would be,* however, and in the meantime he found

himself quite of years for the privilege of falling in love.

Lady Daring gave him dextrous assistance, and directed ably the quick disposal of his heart; and Car woke up from dreaming, to realize that her charming mother, whose soft voice and tender, mystical talk on many thrilling themes had bewitched her enthusiasm, and enchained her love, was now requesting her, with all coolness, to accept the privileges of a destiny in which she herself saw nothing that was ideal; to give her hand where her heart had never gone, and to promise to marry Lord Farnham without any question, and on the strength of an acquaintance that was slight.

Car hesitated, and wondered almost silently. Her amazement was so great that she was not at once ready with words,—and Lady Daring decided not to wait for them.

"Why should the child be troubled?" she thought to herself. "What can she know? Why agitate the tranquil dreaminess which was her greatest charm?"

Lord Farnham should be answered, but not ne-

cessarily by Car at all. She herself answere
and left a pleasant state of uncertainty behi
in the young man's mind (when she depart
denly from Venice), by which, he remained
ful, if he were engaged or not, but conscious
only of one thing, that Venice was a wilder
dreary network rather, of blank, quite uninte
canals, which two days ago, while they flo
their gondolas together, had been a para
poetry and delight.

Lord Farnham left Venice when they di
went on to Naples, waiting eagerly the tim
Lady Daring should give him *rendezvous* at
Meanwhile, she took her child to Florence
they spent together many sunny days—sunl
soft happiness, and full of deep and ineffa
joyment — as they threaded their way t
through all the wonder and fascination
lovely city. And from thence they had
quickly, on the news that Sir Frederick was
back to them for a Roman winter, and
hoped to find them settled in a home there,
he might join them before the cold set in.

They were ready for him in the Piazza di Spagna before November was over, and for the last three months the little family of wanderers had been very happy together. For, during this Roman time, Lady Daring allowed herself to resume all that softened *pose* again, in which she found indeed for her own self so much sweetness and charm. Lord Farnham was safe; she thought of him often with complacency, for she heard from him sometimes, and she thought he was safe. And meanwhile, that she had done so well, as she felt, on this her first excursion in maternal enterprise, she might yield herself once again to the charm which this wayward, dreaming girl of hers had for her so continually; might please herself by softly playing on the sweet and mobile nature, and in being with her daughter, often the youngest, the brightest, sometimes the most romantic of the two.

The child's enthusiasm so delighted her, it was always charming to fan it into life. The young fancy sparkled so prettily sometimes in answer to her own excursions into sentiment, or fanciful thought. And then Car's one irresistible power—

her lovely gift of music—remained always for her mother's impressionable though guarded nature an unfailing delight. Over music, over poetry, over Rome and all its glories, she loved to be romantic with Car, waiting always the correct moment for the prosaic.

It was in one of these occasional moods of intense softness that they had sat together, having dismissed their carriage, in the glades of the Borghese Woods only yesterday afternoon. And Lady Daring had been for the moment curiously *sensible* to the surroundings, the sympathetic spring surroundings of the Roman atmosphere and sky; and as she had met the gaze of her daughter's blue, dreaming eyes, full of reflections from her own youth, and yet more from a youth of another who was gone, she was betrayed into reminiscence; and she told of twenty years ago, when her father had been home from his foreign embassy, and they had had a house through all the lovely summer by the riverside; near Formosa it was, just where the woody bend of the stream is so beautiful at even-*tide.*

How, one hot July night—it was after dinner, as she could recollect—she and her one sister, Cecilia, had been lingering together by the water's edge; and how the swish of long oars had come to them up the river, and from beneath the low, hanging trees, and an outrigger shot up towards the sloping lawn close by their feet; and their cousin, Adrian Keith Dillon, stood up, tall and strong, in the evening light, as the boat touched the shore;—he had sprung from it lightly to the grass. And he had stayed, and his friend with him, and such sunny days had been.

Only one summer moon, and all the tale was told! She herself had liked the friend—he, as well as Adrian, was young and eager, full of sentiment, and full of classic lore, which they brought floating down the river from their college life. But hers had been a light, merely a pleasant liking, that had gilded sweetly those summer days. Already her eager, ambitious mind was full of other things, and life must always have had action and purpose for her, as well as poetry and romance.

But those others—how they had loved!—Adrian

and sweet, proud Cecilia, who had never bent her heart or head before. How they loved, and what bliss was theirs on lawn and river through all those summer days! Till their moon waned, their golden summer moon, and then it seemed all over—there came coldness and misunderstanding and pride.

Adrian Dillon was poor; his father was a second son. His uncle, Sir Humphrey Keith Dillon, had an heir of his own. Naturally their father objected. "He would take them, his two daughters, with him," he said, for he was about to go eastward then, and —well, perhaps it was her fault a little. She had spoken to Adrian once, as they stood together by the river's edge; and they had agreed that Cecilia was beautiful, and that a long engagement was a weary thing, and that poor marriages were even worse perhaps, and that it was all a pity, for Cecilia was a woman who might aspire to much.

He had said it all, not she; but she had perhaps too readily agreed with him, had echoed that all these reflections of his were only sensible and true. Perhaps she should have answered otherwise —who knows? but so it was. He wrote a stern,

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proud letter, and Cecilia answered with one that was yet more proud, and worse far than stern, like his; it was quite relentlessly cold. And that was nearly all that had happened. Just that one summer moon, and then they went away abroad again, and she married Sir Frederick Daring, and went off to govern provinces in the far east.

And Cecilia? Oh, nothing ever consoled her, and he never wrote again. She stayed awhile at home, and then eventually married, for no one does *not* marry in that eastern world, and in two short years she died. And there remained nothing, but the soft memory of that glorious summer time at Formosa by which to think of her, when one would recall her, as she was.

It was not for years after this, that the news came out to them that Adrian Dillon had remained also unconsoled; that he had never married; that he had thrown up his career; and that the memory of that summer moon had so stayed with him all the years since, that his life had been of little value to him at all.

And when Lady Daring heard this, she had

been very sorry, often sorry for that talk of theirs by the river's edge; and she had thought she would tell Adrian so, if she should ever meet him again.

She said many soft and pleasant things indeed of him to her daughter as they lingered in the Borghese Gardens, and often she repeated the wonder, if she "should ever see him again?" And there, the very next morning, was Adrian, leaning where she found him, upon Bernini's fountain in the Piazza, and watching Car as she bought her flowers!

Adrian, when they left him at the corner of the Piazza, just where the Via di S. Sebastiano turned up towards the Pincian Hill, went into his hotel and had luncheon.

It was a nice little hotel, with the road sloping up the hill running close by the western windows, where the student boys from many a monastic college, in their robes of scarlet or black or blue, went trooping up in processions continually, and from where all the gay life of the idlers of the Pincian *might be* seen without fatigue.

A quaint little hotel, with stone staircase winding up high, and with rooms on the top story, which Adrian had chosen with alacrity, because the view from their windows stretched clear over the hill-top and across the spires and domes and arches of all the west side of Rome.

There were scaldini, great copper basins, standing in the winding corners of the gray, stone stairs, and from them a soft warmth and a sweet scent of smouldering chestnut wood was diffused over all the house.

It was pleasant as the chill fell after dusk; for though the sun was radiant during the day now, and the streets of the old city full of flowers, it was only February still.

There was a *table-d'hôte* at the Albergo Parigi, and all the commonplace assembly surrounded it which haunts such refections even at Rome. But there was a difference; the tone of their conversation was other than it would have been at an English seaside resort of fashion, or at a German spa.

And Adrian, taking absently a place that was

offered to him before he made up his mind whether he would adopt this way of sustenance or not, found himself so immediately interested that he forgot he was doing any thing so foreign to his tastes or habits, as eat his luncheon in a crowd.

There was a spare, intellectual-looking man, apparently a clergyman, just opposite to him; and there was a man of artistic aspect, and a young Englishman, who soon declared himself Oxonian, on either side. And the two had been to the fountain of Juturna, to the Rostra Julia, and to the scene of the Curtian Lake that morning; and there was a sharp controversy raging when Adrian took his seat, that waxed fierce in a triangular fire across him, while he ate his luncheon calmly, and listened with interest, and with the recognition that this was really Rome!

"If you disagree with Plutarch, Livy, Dionysius, and Ovid," the voice of the clergyman was saying bitterly to the younger man, "you may cling to the old fable of the Forum opening, and Marcus Curtius plunging, horse and full armour, into the lake, still *called, as I* acknowledge, 'Curtian.' But I hold that

the three authorities I have quoted are sufficient, and that the name has come down from Mettius Curtius, the leader of the Sabines, and not from Marcus Curtius at all."

"Well, I cannot help it," answered the younger Englishman, who was evidently a little presumptuous, and quite resolute in his own view. "When I was at Oxford, Mr. Swinford, and used to promise to myself that at some good time or another I should cross the Sacred Way, by the front of Cæsar's tomb; then, in spite of Plutarch, Livy, Dionysius, and Ovid, it was of the grand old Marcus Curtius I used to think."

"You should think correctly, my young friend," said the reverend gentleman with asperity, "and not base your view of the Rome of the classics upon a fable, however stirring may be the incidents it relates."

"I like the old fables," said the Oxonian sturdily. "Besides, come, Livy tells too of the Forum opening, eh? You remember, sir, Book VII., 7; both views of the name get authority from Livy,

"Yes, and the testimony of stone does no far in deciding the question," put in the artist; the incident of the Sabine War, of Curtius was his war-steed in the lake after that awkward b about the loss of the Sabine wives, is grave relief on a stone in the Capitol, and the oth preserved with equal tenacity on a marble in Borghese Museum now."

"Nevertheless, the tale of Marcus Curtius w fable," said Mr. Swinford emphatically; "so we consider that there is an end of the matter."

This sort of discussion of the divers testi of stone in inscriptions or in bas-relief had the kind of thing which, for many years, had very sympathetic to Adrian Dillon's mind. though, to himself in particular, it had appe more interesting to unravel the evidence of statutes of Rameses XXII., as graven in my caligraphy upon ancient Egyptian stones, there still been many times when he could have k appreciated a controversy on the point, of w Curtius—Marcus, of the plunging steed in *Borghese*, or the Sabine leader in the Ca

—had given his name to the lake by Cæsar's tomb.

But to-day, though he was here in Rome for the very purpose of some similar erudite investigation, such as these now sounding about him, it was extraordinary—but the thing seemed almost quite suddenly incomprehensible to him! That a man's mind could be engrossed, and his spirit and temper violently agitated on such a point of dispute! And yet, had it not long and often been so with himself?

It has been written, by some one whose spirit was undergoing at Rome the sort of experience in revulsion that was now assailing Adrian, that "one living flower is better, than many dead stones." And there *was* some one, who had seemed to him to have all the grace and the sweetness and the beauty of an opening flower, whose presence, haunting suddenly his whole heart and memory, made these dead old facts of comparative evidence from inscriptions, seem as dry as that wilderness of Ezekiel strewn with time-whitened bones.

And he arose soon, impressed truly by the class

and kind of associates which the everyday curre of Roman intercourse would evidently bring to h but amazed within himself, because it all so col engaged his interest—so coldly, that he wonde how it enchained theirs. And leaving them, with revealing anything of himself to them, because wanted to get away and to be alone with what ı indeed himself, and his only self, for the time be —with the thoughts of the morning's *rencontre* the Piazza di Spagna, and with all the memorie that old, long-lost past, which it had aroused.

CHAPTER III.

DEEP SPRINGS AND SWEET.

THE first walk of the "Forestiere" at Rome must inevitably lead him, before the sun sets, to the Hill of Gardens; up the slope of shady nooks and winding walks and floral glory—which was coveted by Messalina; which passed from Lucullus to Valerius Asiaticus; and which was held by the Pincii as the pride of their family when the days of the Empire were numbered and few.

They might well be proud; for in all its modern glory of busts and pedestals and hydraulic clock, their name stays with it still—the Monte Pincio—the centre point of modern social Rome.

Adrian found himself wandering up the winding way from the Piazza del Popolo about four o'clock. The strains of music attracted him; and besides, as he had been too tired to climb the Capitol tower in the morning, he was eager now, as the sun dipped

behind St. Peter's to arrive at some high point of vantage for a view over all.

Crowds were trooping up the Pincian. He went with them, and glorious it was indeed as he ascended, and the view broke upon him slowly, stage by stage. The winding Tiber flowed with a golden lustre beneath the deep, still light of sunset, which lay on its turbid current in broad flakes of fire. The angel of the round fortress shone high against the violet and the crimson veil of the heavens, with a curious flash, like a fire-fly, quivering in the evening air; the roof of the Pantheon, and the columns of Aurelius and Trajan, the Capitol and the Milizie towers, and the great palace of the Quirinal, all caught the golden light in vivid gleams; and in the west, towards the distance, where the Janiculum rose and the dark pine-fringe of Monte Mario was drawn against the lustrous sky, towered in grand and awful majesty the great cathedral of the world. Dark under the gorgeous, golden light that was scintillating and quivering everywhere, that dome of Michael Angelo rose indomitably above all, and beneath its gigantic

shadow lay, sombre and wrapped in a strange silence, the palace and the mausoleum of the papal power.

There was a gay multitude crowding on the hill-top, from the Villa Medici to the Muro Forto, and the band of the Bersaglieri were playing, and modern Roman life, in all its variety and brightness, and all its infinite and vivid charm, was abroad and to be seen there, idly lingering in crowds round the circle of the band, or sauntering along the shady promenades, enjoying the soft luxury of the sunset hour. Beautiful carriages, drawn by beautiful Roman horses, carrying proud and often beautiful Roman women of the *haute noblesse*, followed one another in numbers up the hill's steep slope by the Via di S. Sebastiano, across the level platform at the summit, and down the quick descent by the Piazza del Popolo, and out by the Porta towards the seclusion of the Borghese drives. And crowds of carriages went also with these, that carried no Italian quarterings on their panels, but the insignia of foreigners from every land and clime.

People come to Rome from really everywhere, and there are few tribes of any speech or hue who have sent no representative to join that crowd of a fine evening on the Pincio, which is surely the most international in the world.

They pleased and amused Adrian as much as the grand view had impressed him. Sensations were succeeding so rapidly to one another with him that day.

The scene amused him, until suddenly the spectacle of the central obelisk recalled to him once more the sense, of what he had come to Rome to do! He walked up to it, and recognized it at once. It had been brought here by his own particular emperor, Hadrian, and his skilled eye conned the inscription upon its base, "Antoninus Osiris Oracle, utterer of truth"—Hadrian and Sabina's monument to "Antinoüs," found in Gerusalemme outside the old imperial wall.

He knew all about it; it was the third oldest obelisk in Rome.

"This is original," he murmured to himself, "original and pure Egyptian. That other I saw

this morning before the large church at the top of these steps from the Spanish Place is only a copy, I feel convinced—a copy of just about Hadrian's time, perhaps—I am sure that *that* is the one which Marcellinus says stood once in the garden of Sallust, which, by the way, could not possibly have been far from this point—and that one is certainly a copy. But this is another thing. Hadrian brought this one from Egypt, I dare say; but never that other. Ah! I wonder what Mr. Swinford would say to it? I will put the question to him without delay —to-night at dinner; yes, I declare I will. Come! this is my third obelisk; I believe there are at least ten. That is a good one in the People's Place down there," he went on, musing dreamily in an abstracted way; "time at Rome of Augustus—I never saw anything finer than that one in its way: Seti and Rameses, the blind king and his son—there is no doubt about the names—and it is from the temple at Heliopolis, too, as that inscription of Augustus says. It is a fine thing. I take it that is the original one for which the ships were consecrated at Puteoli; it came here about the date of

Cleopatra's death, and—yes—it *is* interesting seeing a thing when one has thought about it so much; but ah! what has happened to me? Am I drunk with the wine of the Great City? Have I lost my realizing power in my journey to this shrine and centre of human history? Have I lost my way to Thebes and Heliopolis, and strayed into the Garden of Hesperides instead? Am I dreaming? Oh, Arcadia! I also! have I become entangled, all suddenly again entangled, in thy sylvan shades? Obelisks are a bore sometimes, surely; at least, so many of them! I could wish I had been satisfied with our acquisition on the Embankment at home. For here, here at Rome—ah! surely that is my cousin Vere Daring bowing so charmingly from that carriage?

And so certainly it was.

Drawn up under the shade of the ilex-trees, just where the grand sunset view was seen in its perfection, within hearing of the strains of the Valse Viennese, which the Bersaglieri were playing with such verve and rhythm, was a barouche that looked *English* in its excellence and simplicity, and which

was "good" at every point. Ensconced in it were Lady Daring and Car, both dressed to that highest degree of finish to which an afternoon *toilette de visite* can be carried with perfection of good taste.

It had been a lovely afternoon; it was nearly the height and climax of the carnival, and indeed everybody was dressed up to the very apex of fashion on the Pincian Hill.

Adrian, too, had cast off his travelling attire by this time, and was as *cap-à-pie* in his own unaffected British style as every one else. And as he approached the carriage—walking with an eager step, raising his hat as he drew near them, and throwing his head back at the same time with a gesture of pleasure and a glad, bright smile—Lady Daring thought, with a touch of pathos, what a charming-looking man he was, so handsome in that simple, high-bred style she had always so much appreciated, and with such a fine nature, so eager and earnest and true.

It had all been a pity, that jar in the long past which had driven him in solitude over that dreary

Egyptian desert of inscriptions, pyramids, and hieroglyphics—all a pity, however—

"Well, my cousin, so you have discovered the Pincian obelisk on its eminence here? And is it the object you find the most fascinating on all this world-famed hill?"

"I do not find it fascinating in the very least," he said.

He was smiling still, and turned from her softl cynical face to Car, who was leaning back by he mother's side, and who was looking across at hin as he approached, with a curious, speculative, hal questioning expression. She answered his salutatio with a sunny smile, which flitted for an insta across her face and again left it grave, and for moment she turned away from his side of the ca riage, and looked over the glorious sunset vie Then suddenly, he was conscious, that from her f corner of the carriage, she turned upon him aga her clear, lustrous eyes, and he felt that she pr ceeded to scrutinize him, as he leant on the do and answered her mother's rallying words, and th

she did it calmly and gravely, with a quiet gaze which was searchingly steady and keen.

"You were looking intently enough at that obelisk, at all events," continued Lady Daring. "Do you know, we drove round you twice before you even observed us?"

"Did you? I am very sorry. How stupid I am! But yes, oh, yes, it is interesting," he went on indifferently; "it is the obelisk from the Varianus Circus. Of course I like to see it, as you know. But I was just thinking it rather a dull affair at that precise moment, and was more conscious of the charm of that valse music, and of the brightness of the whole scene than of the value to science of the immortal evidence that Hadrian and Sabina deemed Antinoüs to be the 'utterer of truth.' What a charming scene it all is, to be sure! What a view! What a bright assembly! What variety! What a glow of colour! I somehow never realized there was all this pomp and fashion in modern Rome."

"The most brilliant and diversified winter society in Europe, my dear cousin," Lady Daring replied; "and there are many of the loveliest wo-

men in all Rome on the Pincian this eveni
have seen the famous Principessa Branacia a
Duchessa Pantuoili pass while we have been
already; and see," she added, bowing with a
smile, as a beautiful victoria swept by them
is the Spanish Contessa Zolinos, the pretl
them all, to my mind."

"There is Cardinal Andeloni," said Ca
Lady Daring bent again in answer to a
salutation from the great Ecclesiastic; and a
the carriage of the English Ambassador
along the alley and down towards the B
Woods, and again, and again, as many acquai
of divers nations passed her barouche in th
and pretty carriages, or sauntered beneath t
shades on foot.

Adrian remained leaning on their carriag

"You know everybody, Vere," he said.

"Oh, no; almost no one," she replied, la
"If you had only a conception of how man
are to know, and of how diversified a kir
are, too, and from how many climes. W
only a very few. But I have some dear old

here of my long-ago years, Adrian, from my father's diplomatic circles: people who have known me always, and they have been kind. There are no receptions, you know, at our Embassy this winter, for all has lately been changed there; but our present Ambassador, who has just driven past us, I have known since my father had the Hague, more than twenty years ago. So we *have* had all that is most pleasant, I think, of what is really Rome, and Car has enjoyed it, too: have you not, little girl?" she added.

Car brightened and smiled a ready assent, but evidently she was not just then thinking of this her first winter's conquests and experiences. She was perseveringly, and with the same speculative look in her eyes, continuing her scrutiny of Adrian. She looked across at him under the falling fringe of her lace parasol, and fancied that he was therefore unconscious of the scrutiny, and of the grave question in her eyes.

But he was quite acutely conscious of it the whole time; and neither was he thinking altogether, of anything concerning the attraction of Roman

society, which Lady Daring described volubly while. He had turned a little away for a mom leaving only his clear, firm profile for inspect from beneath the parasol fringe; and he pretenc in obedience to Lady Daring's continuous i cations, to be engrossed in all he saw, in all gay crowd of English and American and Ita idlers, who were sauntering round the Bersag bandsmen in the shade or in the sunset, thro the soft evening hour.

He watched them all, and gave ready ech her words, and assent to her enthusiastic admira as one after another the pretty carriages with t many graceful inmates followed each other in s array; and as the college youths trooped pas their blue or scarlet, and sisters of La Carità fli down the ilex alleys, and smart soldiers of Pope's Guard, or the King's Hussars, or the little Bersaglieri strode along the terrace; and cardinals, in their low carriages, drawn by Pope's black, long-tailed steeds, drew up to e the view, and priests of every grade in the sa office paced with slow footsteps among the crow

As all the gay, diversified, many-coloured multitude trooped past them in the sunset glow, he looked absently at them, and seemed to listen while his cousin talked; but all the while, as beneath the influence of a soft electric force, he could feel every nerve thrill, and every pulse quickened in his responsive magnetic being, under the soft, firm hold of those radiant, grave, blue eyes, that from under the fringe of that lace parasol continued their veiled scrutiny of his still.

Suddenly he turned round—he looked straight across Lady Daring to where Car was ensconced so quietly by her side. The parasol was raised instantly, and the full, clear gaze of the bright eyes met his.

"Are you satisfied?" he said in a quiet tone, and Lady Daring looked round at Car with a little mystified surprise.

There was an instant's silence.

"Satisfied! yes, I fancy she is much more than satisfied; I think she has really quite thoroughly enjoyed it all."

For Lady Daring's mind was still wandering in

the pleasant and sunny garden of Roman soci life.

The girl laughed low, a sweet light quiverin for a moment in her eyes as she still met th steady gaze from his, which said so clearly, "If yc wish to look well at me, to weigh my reality an worth, do so, but look me straight and full in tl eyes, please, and I will answer your scrutiny, if yc will."

She understood him, and his gaze lasted f that moment of silence, and she answered i challenge with a bright courage, by no means at a dismayed. Then she laughed that low, sweet laug as her mother spoke, and she lowered her eye finding them refuge in a bunch of roses that l unheeded until now in rich crimson contrast again the soft cream tint of her dress.

And Lady Daring went on again,—

"But after all," she exclaimed, "I do not lil the Pincian of an afternoon, the sunset always e cepted, though under the circumstances even th is rarely a thing of joy. I do hate this crowd; w *never* remain here, and we only drew up this afte

noon because we descried you, mooning over there at your obelisk, Adrian. But I am going now; can we not take you anywhere? will you drive? I have some cards to leave, but there would be time for everything, if you would like us to convey you anywhere first. It is so fine this evening, we may still stay out an hour."

"Thank you," he answered; "you are very good, but I—shall I not be in your way?"

"Not in the least; do come in."

He opened the carriage door and took his place on the seat opposite to them; and as the footman shut him in, and Lady Daring gave her orders rapidly, he leant back, looked around him upon the gay scene, and across to where the sunset glow was deepening gorgeously behind St. Peter's dome; and then he glanced once towards his neglected obelisk, and from it to Car's bending face, and the thought swept across his mind and quivered curiously to his heart, that this was all quite extraordinarily pleasant to him, and that the fair and bright things of life had a subtle, strong fascination of their own. Even such foolish things as the idling through the sunset

hour in a lady's carriage, doing nothing, tangibly nothing, save leaving cards of compliment from door to door.

His cousin Vere tried to make him leave his cards with theirs at some places, but that was a step beyond him still, and he persisted that he would be too short a time at Rome to make acquaintances of any kind. And although Lady Daring said it was too absurd to *talk* even—of his going so quickly, still she could not quite make him produce his cards.

But she left numbers of her own, with Carr's name and that of Sir Frederick, and explained to him about each different personage as they passed from door to door, and she made continuous and most pleasant plans and projects for him, as she turned from each, taking up her running thread again and again.

"Ah, you must go to the English Embassy, Adrian; Frederick shall take you there; we cannot let you be *sauvage*, my cousin; and yes, I will take *you* to the Princess Branacia's little breakfast to

morrow. I know her so well, and she is so charming; I can easily get you a card. And I should like to introduce you to dear Mrs. Walrond, too; the pleasantest centre of everything English at Rome is her delightful *salon;* one never knows; you can never tell when you may want to come here again; and, dear me, shall you only stay one week? What a pity!—the great ball at the Quirinal is put off for a fortnight from next Thursday, because the old Prince Portalonia died last night. Oh! you must stay, Adrian; you must see a ball at the palace; we can arrange it all so easily for you, can we not, Car, through our charming Marchese, the king's master of the ceremonies?—he is quite an intimate friend of ours; yes, you really must see it all."

Lady Daring had such a keen enthusiasm for people doing entirely and altogether the right thing; for their knowing the right people, and going to what each day or evening was the right place; and if they did not do so, she had very slight patience with them, and gradually cared little about them, in a general way, at all. But with Adrian it was

different. She knew his ways of old, and meant, possible, to win him out of them.

Meanwhile Adrian sat very happily, leaning bac on the soft cushions of his cousin's carriage, o posite to her, smiling his thanks for her intere and ready enterprise for his sake; grateful for thi and still more grateful because she took him suc a charming drive, and because she allowed him *be* there, just where it was, for the time being, intensely pleasant for him to be.

The lace parasol was held rather low as th drove, and as Lady Daring talked—and Car sat little forward and upright, often leaning her sc cheek against the parasol's long, ivory stem. H face was turned nearly all the while a little aw from Adrian's side of the carriage, and she look out steadily now in an opposite direction, as if sl were strangely interested in every object th passed. And as Lady Daring's flow of speech w interrupted now and then as she busied herself wi her calling-cards, and her attention was drawn awa Adrian was left occasionally, to what he felt to

his turn—and he profited, making his observations from his side.

He noted first, as it seemed to him, the more external and superficial points. He observed that Car wore no flying-off, æsthetic-looking hat, like many young ladies of the Pincian promenade, but a delicate, cream-lace bonnet, which he thought the loveliest little head-dress he had ever seen. It sat lightly on the thick, soft cloud of her gold-brown hair, the delicate lace nestling in the wavy tresses. Such trivial points of her pleasing external aspect seemed first to reach him, and the sense of their general completeness and perfect fitness in all detail seemed to be conveyed to him as a part of her superficial self.

But as he could now and then during this drive abandon himself to a quiet, scrutinizing gaze (that went deeper in his thought of her than any of these external points), the wonderful charm of the girl's expressive countenance grew upon him with electric speed. It was such a proud, sensitive young face, every feature cut so delicately, the outline so finely drawn. There was reserve and a touch of hauteur

in the lips; they were firm towards the corners, and expressed force of purpose there; but they curved beautifully with a soft fulness to the centre, where they parted slightly, just where Venus loves to curve in an arch of ruby, the likeness of Cupid's bow; and there was a tremulous, changeful quiver often on the parted lips that gave her countenance constant vivacity, for it answered the changeful light in the clear eyes; and as the eyes seemed always looking out and seeing far, and noting many things, the *réplique* of bright expression played continually between them and the curving mouth. They expressed alike, a fancy that was rarely dim, and a mind that was never idle; and they seemed ever eager with some ready thought, that, beaming in the bright gaze and trembling on the mobile lip, awaited only the touch of sympathy to be unsealed in speech.

But a habit of frequent silence had evidently grown over her, probably because her mother talked much and easily, and possibly because in the developing days of her young life she may have been *much* alone.

It was a charming drive they took Adrian, and full of interest at every point—such an hour's drive as you can take at Rome and there only, in no other city upon this earth.

For it is only there, that the threads of all human history seem to be woven and twined together in a network so close as to be quite inseparable; and only there, that we seem sometimes to gaze over the ages—over all the mighty ages that have been —to gaze and dream and wonder, and gaze silently again—until the panoramic vista becomes clear to us, as the history of all the world may become, perhaps, when we gaze back on it in the sunlight of eternity from the Day of Doom.

But though they passed many things of most thrilling interest, both classical, mediæval, and Egyptian, too, as they drove along; and though fine points of view opened up to them everywhere, and many buildings quite marvellous in antiquity and architectural grandeur were passed upon their way, Adrian observed far less, and admired less, than he ought to have done. For he had embarked on a

novel line of observation and of eager study, which absorbed him quite curiously now!

It was getting late, and it was at the last house at which Lady Daring proposed to stop—a Palazzo in a quaint, old courtyard—that the servant who took her cards said that "La Signora Pallavicini was a little suffering, and had told him to say, if miladi called, that she would be so charmed to see her." And accordingly Lady Daring felt it incumbent upon her to alight.

"It is getting very late," she repeated, as she stepped from the carriage; "I will not remain above five minutes; but, as she wishes it, I must just go in. Adrian, I hope Car may be able to amuse you; I shall not keep you waiting long."

And she passed through the great, dusky archway of the portico into the huge, dark house, leaving them sitting in the carriage in the old court.

They were alone then, for the first time, those two, quite by themselves then, together, and—alone.

The evening was falling in soft, dusky shadows around them now, especially within this grey palace-*yard.*

The shadows were deepening beneath the heavy stonework cornices, and the broad, stone ledges of the barred windows and of the carved balustrades of the heavy balconies that projected just above their heads; and only in the centre of the court the sunset glow seemed still to linger on the silvery spray of a fountain which rose towards the blue darkening sky of the evening, from a cornucopia held aloft in one hand by a graceful, marble water-god, who caught the falling shower in an open, pink-lined ear of Venus, which he held extended in the other, and from whence the water fell again with rippling musical cadence into the stone basin at his feet. Great marble vases filled with orange-trees stood round the fountain, and the air of the warm, sheltered courtyard, where the sun-rays had fallen so hot and so strong all through the day, was laden with the faint, sweet scent of the delicate flowy blossom glistening among the dark, green leaves.

They were alone, in the twilight of the soft evening.

Adrian's heart beat suddenly, as it had not done

for years; and Car bent a little forward, and laic her closed parasol down on her mother's place.

She took up the great bunch of crimson rose between her hands, and she contemplated them calmly for one instant; not to cover any sort of shyness or conscious embarrassment that might have sprung from their suddenly deserted position, but seemingly to reflect for that moment, as he was still silent, upon how she should begin.

Then her eyes were raised—so quietly, so earnestly to his, and again with that bright light of wonder and of inquiry in them which he had encountered before during that afternoon.

"Will you tell me," she said, "now we have time, will you tell me why the Egyptian obelisks and inscriptions interest you so very, very much? I have been trying to think it out for myself ever since—since we first found you in the Piazza this morning, but I cannot quite understand—I do not quite see."

The eager, earnest eyes held his, while she questioned him, with such an intense expression of *interest* in their sweet, blue depth, that he almost

smiled at her child-like gravity, as she asked her question with purpose so direct and clear; and yet there was something in her gaze that thrilled him strangely; because, veiled beneath the earnest interest of the inquiry, there was a lovely, tremulous gleam of sympathetic solicitude, which he felt, with that thrill of his heart's responsive echo, was a sympathy far less for his one especial subject of erudite investigation, than for *himself*—for himself and his history, and his heart's veiled and passionate sorrow, of which she knew.

But he answered the question simply (in his spoken reply), answered it just directly as it had been uttered; and the response to that deeper inquiry, which the sweet, blue eyes were making of his heart, as to the real spring of curious motives there—the response to this, he intrusted confidently to that same silent language, in which he, for his own part, was also eloquent.

His steel blue eyes, looking straight into hers, as they sat in the soft twilight together, said in that eager and voiceless speech things that were strangely different from his cool, demure words.

"Do you really care to know what is the interest of deciphering Egyptian inscriptions?" he said.

She knit her low, fair brow for an instant above the dark, delicately arched lines, and the lids fell over the questioning eyes. She paused, and then raised them again and looked full at him.

"Yes, indeed, I really do; I want really to know —I like to understand; I think about things so much sometimes—but perhaps you may not care to tell me?"

"I do care," he replied. "I should like to tell you everything—all the little I know. I should like to tell you anything you may care to ask me, and perhaps many other things besides."

"I should like to ask you many, many things," she answered him. "I think there are things, many different kinds of things, which I should like to ask you about, that I think about often, and that I know you would understand."

"Shall we begin with the hieroglyphics?" he replied softly, looking with a curious gleam of infinite amusement and gentleness into her grave eyes.

"Is it perhaps because they are so difficult that they interest you?" she said.

"Not exactly—though, to a certain degree, yes; there is a curious stimulus to effort in the sense that what becomes acquired and certain knowledge to *you* is a sealed mystery to the mass of men, and that you may learn to explain to others what, without your explanation, or such as yours, they may never understand."

"But what do you explain?"

"I—individually, nothing; at least, not as yet; but others in my groove of investigation do."

"But what?" she repeated.

"The minds of great men, of great nations, in great times long ages before our own, or any of which we clearly know. And the chronicle of great and mighty deeds that have gone away into myth and mystery, after doing the part allotted to them n the forming of the world, with which *we* have o do."

"I like that," said Car softly. "Go on, please. Tell me a little more, and first about your obelisks."

"Ah! the obelisks—well, they illustrate what I

just say. We see them around us here in Rome, where they have been for centuries trophies of enterprise, but meaningless, except as such; and we go first back to Marcellinus, and we learn how they came here; how at Thebes, among other wondrous works of art and architecture, he there saw many obelisks in their original places, formed like a sun-ray, and covered with strange devices—and now, since Young and Champollion and many others have taught us, we know that every detail of these strange devices, that perplexed Marcellinus nearly two thousand years ago, has a meaning (quite clear, as it becomes intelligible to us), and that by them we may surely read, the history of those ages, that have been. We find a clearly defined science of allegoric meaning that never alters. On pyramid, obelisk, or single stone the vulture means always the same, is always the insignia of nature, and the bee the symbol of a king. He may sting, if so he pleases, as well as scatter sweetness around; and so with many emblems, and many of them so pretty, too. But do you care about it really?—somehow I do not to-day, not as much as I thought I did; there is

surely an intense power of life in the very air around us here," he went on suddenly. "It makes one want to live and feel and do, among things of beauty and things of life, so that hieroglyphics seem somehow, to have become suddenly for me, a very slumbrous theme!"

"I think it is the ripple of that fountain that is slumbrous," she answered with a little laugh. "I like to hear you talk of your hieroglyphics—I like it very much."

"And I like to talk to you," he said suddenly in a lowered tone; "but it need not be always of hieroglyphics?"

"Oh, no," she said, also in a softened voice, as she lowered her gaze to her bunch of roses,—"oh, no, there are so many things."

"Will you tell me one thing," he said then, bending a little towards her, and trying to look up under her drooping eyelids again,—"will you tell me, have you ever heard of me in your life before until now—ever known anything of me at all in any way?"

She looked up once more, quite gravely, as at

first, straight and with quiet composure, into his eyes.

"Never," she said, "never in all my life until yesterday afternoon; but I think I have known you always, I fancy I have often thought of you," she said.

"And I do not think that you have ever been absent from my life," he answered. "But then since this morning I somehow begin to believe in the transmigration of affinities—not souls, for there *is* a certain difference between now and then, between you and *her*." His voice sank away almost to a whisper as he uttered those last words, as if he spoke to his own heart, and murmured to his memories more than to her.

"Yes, I know," she answered, bending her head with that sweet gleam of sympathetic feeling coming again into the depths of her eyes, "I know, yesterday mother told me."

"You are the same, and yet another," he added; "so I do not say that I believe in the transmigration of souls."

"*No,* I am different — quite different," she

ıswered him; "if I had been there—if I had been
en, I mean, I do not think I should have done
ıt the same."

"No, and I do not believe it either," he said
phatically.

And at that moment the old palace doors were
g open, and Lady Daring emerged.

And none too soon, considering everything. For
e, in the soft twilight, with the fountain water-
tossing its silver spray from shell to shell, and
the musical ripple falling sweetly on their ears,
ɜ two, were fast straying into pleasing converse
ɔerilously softening themes; and the admirable
ligence with which they had started, in clear,
ıerate accents, on the discussion of things most
esting and erudite, was fast subsiding into the
tones and hesitating murmur, in which are
anged soft confidences—of quite another kind!

CHAPTER IV.

"BE MY CICERONE."

"Now, this is the very thing we ought *never* to do," said Lady Daring in despairing tones, as she took her place in the carriage, and as they turned out of the courtyard. "The very way, so people tell me, to get fever and all sorts of dreadful things at Rome is just exactly what we are doing—driving just after sunset, coming out into the evening mist after talking as fast as one could in somebody's warm boudoir; and, worse still, what I did unfortunately in leaving you two sitting in the chi' shadows of the courtyard here. I do wish dea Signora Pallavicini could have done without seeir me for this afternoon; but really she was ve pleased, and I am glad I went up. But you two do hope you have not caught cold. Car, my darl child, do put that Rhumpoor Chudder of mine ro your shoulders; and, Adrian, why, you have not e

got your overcoat; you should never drive in the afternoon at Rome without it."

"I did not know I was going to drive," he answered, smiling pleasantly at her, as if he had not minded on this particular occasion the dread of chill, and as if the ardour of her friendship, which sent her up the long palace stairs to visit La Contessa Pallavicini, had not been a source of regret to him. He bent forward as she looked with disquietude at him, sitting opposite to her, clad only in a grey frock-coat, such as he wore often in London in June.

"Do not fear for me," he said; "I am quite warm and happy, thank you; but let me wrap this round you, your raiments are much thinner than mine, be it said."

He drew her thick Indian cashmere of rich, soft hue close round her shoulders as he spoke, and she allowed him, thanking him presently with her radiant smile.

And Car obeyed her at the same time, throwing a cream-coloured Rhumpoor Chudder in light folds

across her shoulders, above her dress of soft-hued vecuna.

"Not that it is cold, for the air is really delicious," said Lady Daring; "but one is told so much of its subtle dangers here. What a lovely evening it is!" she added, as they crossed the great square of the Quirinal, and the view opened out before them, beautiful with a new glory now, as the mists of the sunset rolled away from the distant domes and arches and palace roofs, and the moon shone out suddenly in a sapphire sky. "Lovely as is the sunshine of this Italia," murmured Lady Daring softly, "and radiant as is her midday heaven of turquoise blue, I do think the hue of the winter evening sky, darkening and deepening into night, is yet more exquisite, more wonderful still," and she sighed, a quivering, tremulous sigh of intensely appreciative feeling, as the carriage rolled swiftly on, and turned downwards suddenly through narrow, darkening streets, where the old houses stood close and towered high, and where, beyond their roofs and summer loggie set aloft, little of the sapphire *skies could* now be seen—just a blue strip, with the

crescent of the half-moon set slanting across it, like a scimitar of gold. "And what have you two been talking about?" she said presently. "I hope Car managed to amuse you, Adrian, and prevented your execrating me for keeping you waiting at a lady's door."

"Were we waiting?" he answered. "I did not seem to know it."

"A pretty compliment for you, Car, and neatly and concisely put. What did you talk about?"

"About Egyptian obelisks, mother," was the demure and promptly given reply, for which Adrian was grateful to her. For at that moment the sensation of the simple fact that they *had* talked together was so strong upon him that he could not have recalled one word they said. "Speech," seemed to have had so little to do with it, to have taken so subordinate a part in the sweetness of that intercourse, which had been so expressive and so swift. "We talked of Egyptian hieroglyphics, too, a great deal," Car added, after a little pause.

Lady Daring laughed, and turned her sparkling, dark eyes, full of amusement, upon Car's face.

"About hieroglyphics! What *can* you know, my dear little girl," she exclaimed, "about such things? That comes of having just left one's school-days behind one, Adrian, you see. I believe I shall have to turn you over to this little philosopher when you want to air your own subjects just now and then. Does she really know anything about hieroglyphics, now?"

"Mr. Dillon told me, madre mia," she answered again, for he only laughed softly, and was silent still, "about the bee and the vulture, which mean nature and a king."

"That is all quite beyond me," exclaimed Lady Daring, and she laughed brightly again.

Just then they crossed in front of the Palazzo, where the Virgin of Agrippa, encircled by her sisters of old allegory, and supported by Neptune and his ocean steeds, and the Tritons with their horns, presides over that splendid fount of water, to whose source that virgin led Agrippa once, at the well-spring by her father's door. The foam was glittering beneath the moon-rays like molten silver; and the water, rushing over rock and stone, shone with

ite a living lustre, as it poured in countless eams and cataracts from out the marble monsters' de-gaping mouths.

The way widened here; there was space above eir heads now for a stretch of sapphire blue, and ound the scimitar of the young moon the first- ming stars shone in the darkening sky—those ittering messengers heralding that vast array—the yriads of lustrous jewels, which are the glory of e Roman night.

A crush of carts and carriages obstructed their ogress for a moment; they paused before the eat fountain, and with mutual accord glanced one the other, with eyes glistening in eagerness of lmiration, and with intense enjoyment of that oonlit vision—that dancing, foaming, impetuous ing!

"The Fountain of Trevi," murmured Lady aring.

"How splendid!" exclaimed Adrian; "what a rious sight!"

"Very grand in this silver moonlight," said Lady

Daring. "Yes, I do think moonlight makes
thing more infinitely, more ineffably lovely at R

"Oh, madre mia," whispered Car, suc
catching back the quick, impetuous sigh that
trembling from between her parted lips; "
mia, may we go to the Colosseum? Do cor
this glorious moonlight! What a time for—
to have his first view; for him to feel what
really be!—oh, do let us turn back and go j
ten minutes to the Colosseum."

"The Colosseum by moonlight! What! to
a fever like Daisy Miller, you little, foolish gi
no, it is bad enough to have you out at all a
an hour."

"Oh, mother, carissima mia!" she pleade
as all their latter phase of life together, had
lived as yet in Italy, she had got into the
persuading her mother in those soft, carressi
lian words.

But this evening Lady Daring was qui
durate.

"We must really drive straight home, and
showing Adrian the great sights of Rome, C

mie, we may feel quite confident that he will see everything that is to be seen without any help from us. How much had you not seen already when we found you on the Pincian this afternoon? Half the obelisks of the Eternal City, I believe?"

"Ah, but I wish you would show me things," he answered; "I should enjoy them under your direction ten times more. I have such a little while, will you not become my cicerone, and show me some of the wonders which I should take any amount of time to discover for myself?"

"Oh, that is nonsense," laughed Lady Daring; "you know exactly what there is to see, and how to enjoy it, too; you have prepared your faculty of vision, Adrian, with which to look at Rome, long, long before you came here to see it. And that I perceive to be the case, my cousin, all your talk about your obelisks notwithstanding. But we will show you anything you please. Tell us, what is your own idea?"

"My ideas, when I started for Rome, as I told you this morning, were generally based on the Rosetta Stone. I had forgotten and ceased to antici-

pate, or think, about all the infinities of associat which the glorious old place has revealed to already. But my ideas now—" he paused, glanced inquiringly, hesitatingly, towards Car.

Perhaps he thought she could best inter what were his present ideas.

Lady Daring was looking away from him the moonlit darkness of the narrow streets thr which the carriage was rolling quickly now. as he paused she went on,—

"It is a curious thing to follow out, but r this city does contain so much, and such var that it appears to me each person must form a of his own of what is really Rome, and each c away a distinct memory and impression acc ingly."

"'Each finds here, just value, for what brings,'" quoted Adrian.

"Yes, just exactly so," replied Lady Da while Car's eyes brightened up; for, though spoke not, the thought pleased her, as a though almost anything nearly always did.

She looked eager to pursue it, and her gl

met Adrian's in the dim light suddenly, keen and clear with the reflex of some fancy or feeling within herself, which she waited eagerly to express to him, but for the moment her mother continued,—

"Yes, if we each were to say, now, what we should like to show you—what we ourselves would visit if we came for the first time, or returned after a long absence, to Rome, it would be curious, the difference."

"Ah! there are so many things," murmured Car with that gentle sigh again, "there is so much we might show him."

"The galleries," began her mother.

"Oh, yes, of course, all of them," replied the girl with an absolute fervour of enthusiasm in her voice now, as her excitement rose in the intense interest of the fair prospect, and at the width of enterprise it implied.

"All the greatest, at least," said Adrian, smiling with a warm glance of gratitude in his eyes now, as he watched her quickening interest and solicitude for him.

"Oh, more than the greatest," she answered.

"Do you know, if I made a pilgrimage here after a long time, it is not so much to the great galleries, like the Vatican or the Capitol, that I would go immediately; it is not these I should so tenderly desire to see, except, perhaps, just one or two things in each of them—yes, one or two; but beyond and before them I should make my pilgrimage to the Cenci in the Barbarini, to the Rospigliosi, to the garden and the loggia there with that sweet view, not so much for the 'Aurora' at all; and I would go to the little Sistine Chapel in the S. Maria Maggiore and hear an angelus, and to one or two studios I know of, and to—"

"Ah, your list is growing, Car," her mother said with a soft laugh, and looking into the girl's face with a tender, proud glance of pleasure, in which amusement mingled curiously, too.

The fervent young enthusiasm so touched and so amused her, as it always did, all at the same time and all together. But Adrian wished for no interruption of the eagerly given list of her favourite corners of the mighty city, and he would hear more, as she paused at her mother's light laugh. He

bent towards her, and said in a low courteous tone,—

"Will you take me, then, without fail; will you promise to take me to see all these things?"

"You will make Car's pilgrimage with her? Well, why should you not?—it is a charming project in many ways. But now, do you know, if I were making a pilgrimage here, to visit the shrines that from association have become most dear to me, I am not sure that among the very first I should not go to the Fontana at the Ponte Sisto, where Ouida's old Crispin sat, where the Faun sang to him in the musical waters, and where Ariadne came to seek her way to the Portico of Octavia, which had become the fish market of the Ghetto, while she dreamt of it as still the haunt of the gods. Ah! in all our modern writings about this glorious old place there is no more beautiful book than that poem in prose, Ouida's lovely 'Ariadne;' yes, I shall make my pilgrimage to the Ponte Sisto every time that I return to Rome. But meanwhile Adrian has seen quite enough for one afternoon, and I am glad to say we are at home. Why, your father will have

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come in long ago from his sketching, Car, and he will be distressed at our being so late. Here we are, quite close to your hotel, Adrian, in our old Piazza again," she added, as they swept down by the boat fountain once more, and passed the scene of their *rencontre* of the morning. "Will you mind walking across the corner to your hotel?" she added, as the carriage stopped; "this big archway is our door."

"Walk across? of course I will. How good you have been to me," said her cousin; "so kind to have taken me such a charming drive. How many thanks I owe you!—what can I say?"

"*Au contraire*, we should thank you for your pleasant escort," replied Lady Daring. "When shall we see you again?" she continued, pausing as the footman opened the door, and Adrian descended and quickly turned to assist her to alight.

She bent forward and smiled kindly at him, as she let him take her hand.

"When shall we see you again? You have not yet met my husband since you arrived at Rome. *Stay;* let me think. We are going nowhere, are we

this evening, Car? I am sure I remember it was a blank night, for I refused the Serini's 'musicale;' and it does not matter about the Finches' 'at home.' Yes, you will find us, if you will come in at nine o'clock to-night in the unconventional way in which everybody visits here. I know Frederick will be so pleased to see you again. Do come!"

"I will come with a great deal of pleasure," he answered.

And then she swept her long skirts over the swinging steps, and passed him with a smile of dismissal to her door.

Car did not require much assistance, but she let her hand rest also on his for one moment while she alighted, and one sweet glance of those wonderful eyes of hers, that were blue in the soft light as with the sapphire gleam of the sky above their heads, shone deep into his for that moment, and made his heart beat within him as if touched by electric fire.

Up the stone stairs of his hotel went Adrian, a few minutes after this parting, in a singularly happy frame of mind.

That he was the same man who, less than a week ago, had paced the gray pavement, through the gray fogs, from the Albany to the British Museum in a condition of spiritual being grayer than the fogs or the pavement; that he was the same man who had done those things with indifferent content, he did not believe in the least (for the time being), and it would have been useless for any one to have endeavoured to prove logically to him that undoubtedly self-evident fact.

For he could not feel it; he could not have believed it; he was not the same man! His whole identity, his whole mental, sensible, and spiritual individuality had changed, and what could you alter more than these? Positively it would be difficult to say. The whole conditions and *entourage* of his existence pleased him now; had they ever done so before?

As he went slowly up the stone stairs, with its soft, thick matting and warm glow of lamplight, he liked it all; and the subtle fragrance of burning, sweet-scented wood that filled the whole house was *pleasant also.* It rose from the large copper scaldini

which stood at each corner of the landings of the staircase, each filled with warm, smouldering charcoal that shone with a rich, deep, ruby glow, and diffused that sense of warmth and comfort and welcome as he went up the stairs.

He descended again speedily, to find that the *table-d'hôte* repast was nearly over, but he did not care about that, as in his poetic frame of mind just then, dinner was a point of small moment to him so long as he could get it over and reach the hour of nine.

Besides, Mr. Possidoni was far too assiduous a host to allow any one of his guests to suffer default of their particular comforts, and on a small table in a window-recess Adrian found a solitary repast delicately prepared for him.

He found he was seated just behind the white cranium of Mr. Swinford, and opposite, on the other side, beyond Mr. Swinford's shoulders, he could see the Oxonian and the "æsthete" seated, in consequence of his own absence, now side by side.

They were supported respectively on one side by an American travelling at the head of a large

family party, who extended beyond him along the table to the right, and on the other side by an English spinster, who was "doing Rome" and letting everybody within reach of her know that she did it.

Much sharp controversy had evidently been raging this evening, and Mr. Swinford's amiable-looking and lady-like wife, as she ventured to glance over her shoulder, to see who Adrian might be, and what he was doing, looked as if she had gone through a great deal during that dinner.

Controversy, when it extends far along the flanks to right and left of a *table-d'hôte*, and especially when it becomes international, is apt to be fatiguing as an experience, and not always, even at Rome, so instructive as one might expect. In point of fact, under such circumstances, the sublime tends towards the comical, so persistently, and with such purpose of will, that the comical generally assimilates and absorbs it, until they are completely one.

Fierce dissension had been going on over the temple of Castor and Pollux, and the Regia Numæ, and on the Vestal Virgins, all of which the English *spinster* had visited that day. And it was she who

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had accordingly insisted upon these spots as the centres of public discussion for the evening, in defiance of the "æsthete," who wished to enlarge on the Tyrean dyes and the curio shops of the Ghetto, where he happened to have spent the day; and likewise of the Oxonian, who had been to "the street of the ox-heads." Mr. Swinford, indeed, who had been tracing out the Ædem Larium at the beginning of the Via Sacra on the Palatine Hill, the minster had talked down with much difficulty; but just as Adrian finished his *consommé* she seemed to win the day, for Mr. Swinford had so much to say further upon Castor and Pollux or the Vestal Virgins, that he consented finally to divert the particular channel of his own remarks. For, after all, it was evidently much the same what subject, scene, era, mound, ruin, street, or edifice they touched upon, so long as each had the opportunity given him or her, to relate his own experiences in investigation, and to say his own especial say.

Mr. Swinford did not give any one much opportunity certainly, once he got off with a fair start; then he was very edifying, very lucid, very

erudite, and even Miss Brownrigg was silenced at last, and the Oxonian toned to respectful attention, and the American reduced to open-eyed amazement, and the "æsthete" to a languid posture, in which he ate maccaroons absently, and gazed sadly upon his plate, when Mr. Swinford brought all his battery forth, and cited again, one after another, with amazing glibness, the same great authorities with whom he had extinguished Martius Curtius at lunch. Suetonius, Pliny, Dionysius, Horace, and Plutarch; they seemed all as familiar to the Roman diners at *table-d'hôtes*, and were quoted as playfully, as Dickens or Artemus Ward might be at home.

He told of Pliny's raven in the temple of Castor and Pollux—on this the Oxonian had a view; he treated eloquently of the battle of Regillus, and withal spoke thereof with much warlike ardour for a man of peace; he gave them in Horace's own graphic words, and in the original, accounts of how "the yellow Tiber rose, with waves forced back from the Tuscan shores," to sweep over the Vestal Temple, and to demolish the Regia Numæ, the *monument* of the kings; and above all, of the vestal

maidens did he quote them many things, until Miss Brownrigg herself rushed with burning ardour to the fray, and broke in with controversy irrepressible, to challenge his statement from the "Fasti," VI. 265, of Ovid; because some one had assured her, that the round temple, Ovid's "symbol of the whole earth," was the building near the Tiber, of which Livy speaks (the round temple of Hercules, in fact), and not the smaller one, which stood between the Capitol and the Palatine, of which much has been by many writers said:—The conservatory of the Holy Fire, with its roof of the bronze of Syracuse, and with the "Palladium Sacra" once guarded within; the one which was burnt by Nero and Commodus, and rebuilt by Vespasian and Septimus again; where at this hour the investigations of the excavators are being carried on with the keenest zest, and where the ancient tales of the vestal maids, to whom Augustus gave the Regia for their own, are being brought one by one by vivid testimony to the light.

Eloquently did Mr. Swinford enlarge on all this, and indisputable was the force of quoted authority

he brought to bear, reducing even Miss B at length to complete discomfiture, and dr to seek dignified retreat.

How they all did amuse Adrian, as, be shelter of Mr. Swinford's white head, he solitary dinner.

Ah! he too had been an enthusiast stones and their testimony, and that—not ago!

CHAPTER V.

PSYCHE, IN A SOUND-WAVE.

[INE o'clock came at last, and still in the same
y frame, still indifferent to ruins and their sug-
ons, and eagerly sensitive to impressions of a
r kind, he started for his cousin's house. He
d his way quickly across the Piazza, not linger-
one moment to admire the picturesque aspect
e Spanish Place by moonlight, and taking little
of the groups of idlers sauntering round the
ıt-lit doorways of the Alberghi, or of the
stieri turned out in troops after their *table-*
'e dinners, who still sauntered from window to
low of the side-pavement of the Piazza, from
end of the Via Babuino to where the Condotti
ed down, just opposite the Barcaccia Fountain.
He hurried across, waiting to admire nothing by
way, and as he went in under the wide arch-
of the entrance, and passed the *concierge*, who

gave him smiling welcome, and went eagerly up t
stone stairs, he was conscious of a sense of ke
enjoyment at the prospect of the hour to come.

The shadowy old staircase was carpeted warm
with red drugget, laid down by Lady Daring, i
mediately on their arrival, when she had set hast
to the work, of making the chill marble interior
an Italian apartment, present an aspect of warm
and home-like comfort, with which to greet her h
band, when he came there, fresh from the grace a
luxury and the fierce sun-heat of his beautiful r
dence in the far east.

She and Car had had much to do; and n
from the moment the threshold of the arched port
was crossed, in the ascent of what had been a c
and shadowy staircase, before even passing
special entrance to the apartment on the first fl
her care and her understanding were quickly
cognized in the changed appearance of all th
The warm crimson, which the foot trod, cover
the wide steps, with only a border of the wh
marble showing on each side; the curtains of r
Indian stuffs hanging over the grated windows

each landing; the great vases of Etruscan pottery, filled with ferns and palms and arum lilies, which stood in the corners where the staircase turned; and the soft, warm light that pervaded all, shed from Pompeian lamps placed on brackets in every shadowy crevice and swinging from the centre of the square landing at the top.

There Sir Frederick's native servant was in waiting for Adrian, ready to arrest him on his upward way, and he flung back instantly a heavy *portière* hanging across the door, with many deep salaams; and with the low-murmured request that "the Sahib would give himself the infinite trouble of entering," he disclosed beyond the crimson and gold curtain a short narrow corridor, and beyond this, which Adrian traversed with rapid steps, was an octagon-shaped entrance hall, a diminutive likeness of the tribune of the Uffizi, inlaid with many-coloured stones in ceiling and floor and walls.

The crimson carpeting was carried in a narrowed pathway for the footsteps round here also, and a lamp, like a pink pearl, hanging low in the centre, shed a soft light; and just below this stood

a lovely modern statue of "Discretion," which Sir Frederick had bought lately in a famous studio in the Via Nazionale, and which he insinuated that he had chosen as the guardian-angel of his hearth. Lady Daring had placed it here, because the lamp-light, glowing warm through the pink glass globe hanging from the ceiling above, threw such a full, soft tint of colour on the cold marble, which Sir Frederick said was not correctly "artistic," but which she said she "liked."

There were vases full of lilies, scarlet amaryllis, and snow-white, of the Nile, standing there also, as well as a soft, green fringe of fern round the statue's base. And the four windows of the octagon room were draped, like the entrance door, and like the barred lattices of the staircase, with curtains of some soft, warm Indian material, in which rich and varied colours were woven and blended together with marvellously good effect.

Through this little octagon hall, after many assiduous attentions from the Hindoo, Adrian passed to an inner corridor, also warmed and draped and *carpeted*, and pleasantly lit, where he found Lady

Daring's English servant, ready to announce him in the conventional way, and a double door was thrown open on each side, which disclosed to him a pleasant, home-like scene.

A large and lofty room, with ceiling curiously painted many centuries ago, with walls lined with soft bright panels of tapestry, which Lady Daring had discovered cleverly to match the ceiling. Four large windows down one side were draped, like all the others, with beautiful stuff brought by her from the east, and a thick warm carpet from Teheran, covered the marble floor from end to end; it was a beautiful piece of wonderful colour in itself, and a charming foundation on which to work, in grouping things for use and ornament all over the large room. The room was not over-furnished, and not very full, for Sir Frederick liked space around him, and was much prone to movement. But what there was, Lady Daring had placed well. The vast length and breadth of the apartment was broken in several places by folding-screens, in the corners of which small tables stood, covered with countless little things of use and beauty, and flanked each by low easy-

chairs; cosy nooks and corners these, of which each of that home-party had their especial one—where each read in solitude, if it so pleased them, at their own particular shaded lamp, or to which they retired for *tête-à-tête*, two of them together often, or sometimes with some especial friend. For many came in of an evening, during that bright Roman winter, for an hour of pleasant converse at the Casa Pia.

Many came—few indeed who were invited ever failed to come—for there was so much to draw them to that beautiful *salon*, where the charm and talent of that home-group of three made the hours pass delightfully for visitors of many varied tastes.

There was taste and knowledge in everything Lady Daring touched, and she was also an ardent collector of many kinds of things.

Sir Frederick was rich, and he had complete confidence in his wife's taste (notwithstanding the pink lamp above the head of Discretion), and he had most unbounded satisfaction in her talents; so he never restrained her when she professed to have discovered anything that it was worth while to buy

Some day they hoped to make together a home in England, where all the trophies of their years of travel and exile would be placed at last, to form a beautiful museum of European and Asiatic treasures. And meanwhile, here at Rome, they had gone on buying much; and Lady Daring had not spared herself the trouble of unpacking those Indian draperies and rich, embroidered stuffs, nor the Teheran carpet either, which she had stopped on its way to England indeed, in order to embellish and make luxurious—for her husband's passing resting-time—this his Roman home.

The result was beautiful, if a little "*bizarre*," as Sir Frederick laughingly pronounced it all, when he had first arrived; and if it had been so then, it was now ten times more *bizarre*. For in the great *salon* there was scattered upon every available standing-place *bric-à-brac* of every description, and casts of tagli and impronti work; and there were statuettes, to—copies of the antique as well as charming little things, quite original and found often in some studio yet but little known. There were copies also of some of the great pictures leaning upon tall easels,

or standing upon the little tables below the soft lamplight; in fact, every kind of thing; and, amidst it all, Lady Daring's pleasant, English-looking tea-table, behind which she sat, when Adrian entered, ensconced in her own especial nook.

It was not far from the piano, very near to which, Car was seated, in a low chair, talking, or listening rather, to Sir Frederick, who was narrating his day's adventures, in return for all they had just told him of theirs.

Sir Frederick sat near the great high Italian stove, with its carved façade of marble, and its decorations of beautiful fruit and flowers.

He sat back in a long, low chair, close to the corner of the stove, which stood at the further end of the long room, from where Adrian entered.

He had set wide open the two sides of the burnished door of the stove, and a bright fire of logs, piled high, blazed within for his evident comfort and satisfaction. He sat reclining low in his huge chair, his head thrown back with an indolent aspect of complete abandonment to an absolute

luxury of repose, as Adrian crossed the threshold of the door and first discerned him.

But he had sprung to his feet with an active energy, ready and alert, in curious contrast to his reposeful attitude, before Adrian had come three paces into the room, and Sir Frederick was the first to give him greeting.

"My dear fellow, I am so glad to see you," he said, and he advanced with both hands extended. He had pleasant recollections of Adrian, and of that summer by the river-side, when he himself—the father's friend, and twenty-five years the senior of Adrian and of that other young man who arrived in the boat, rowing from Oxford, on that July night—had carried off with him, when he returned to India, the one who had been his choice of the two sisters, little recking of all that in that summer time had been; and he retained little more than a vague, pleasant remembrance of those two young boating-men.

And of Cecilia—of the hidden heart's history of that sweet sister of his own bright Vere—who, as the wife of the chief commissioner of his Indian

presidency, had fallen so easy a prey to a slight touch of fever out there so many years ago, Sir Frederick had heard little at any time, and had long ago forgotten what he had been told. So his recollections of Adrian Dillon were all agreeable, and he received him with cordiality now.

How pleasant was the whole scene and its surroundings; how attractive and home-like! How beautiful in its reposeful dignity, its size, its luxury, its richness of soft, mingling colour was the room; and how entirely belonging to it they all looked—Sir Frederick himself, as much as any of them.

He had worn well, and carried his years with grace and lightness. He was a tall, striking-looking man, and though his smooth, close-cut hair was quite white, with streaks of glistening silver where it swept back from his spare temples, and his long moustache was of the same snowy hue, this was the only evidence of his sixty-five years, or of his long and arduous service.

He wore no beard, only that drooping moustache, which hung long and low in stiff points, leaving all the rest of his strong and handsome face uncovered,

revealing a firm chin, with a delicate cleft, like Car's, in the centre.

He had a great deal of the manner of "his Excellency" still—grown over him by long use and habit, and coming out curiously and often, to his wife's amusement, when he received in his Roman rooms. It was merely a habit, for in reality, in his own character and among all those with whom he could be "at home," he was an exceedingly pleasing man, utterly unpretentious and unaffected, and charming easily, with ready social talent and much intellectual and artistic grace.

Near his great chair, where he had been lounging at ease while he talked to Car, stood an easel supporting a large portfolio of his drawings; and many others, with sketch-books and colour-boxes, lay round him, on divers kinds of tables, in this his particular part of the room.

Lady Daring looked charming behind her tea-able in what she would have called a "tea-gown," a lovely arrangement of pale, violet-grey velvet and old Venetian lace, intended for the seclusion of her home circle on quiet evenings like this.

And Car?—Car, seen now by Adrian's eager eyes, turned for her contemplation as soon as Sir Frederick's greeting had been received; seen for the first time in evening-dress, without even the smallest lace covering on her graceful head, sitting there under the soft lamplight, by the corner of her piano — was indeed bewitching, to the love-glamoured eyes of Adrian, at all events.

She had certainly a very prettily-shaped head—love had not blinded correct judgment there; and the gold-brown hair waved backwards from the downy cloud that fringed her forehead into a knot of great silky coils behind, worn low, as some people still wore their hair that winter, although many had raked it high.

From the fringe of the brown cloud in front small silky rings strayed down over her temples, and curled softly round her low forehead. She wore a cream-hued dress again this evening—it was evidently a favourite colour; but this was of an exquisitely delicate Indian gauze, which her father had just brought home for her, and upon the shoulders it was turned back with lace, and cut just a

little open for the evening, allowing the smooth, white pillar of her lovely throat to rise free and untrammelled. It supported her head, as does the lily-stem the flower, with a certain little stateliness of grace, which was inseparable from her. A single row of small Roman pearls encircled her throat, and she wore also this evening small, star-shaped earrings of pearls.

Adrian noted and remembered everything—every detail of her dress; and the scent of the bunch of sweet narcissus, which nestled close among the laces about her neck, remained with him always, when he thought of that evening, and whenever he recalled it again.

She was at work on a piece of lovely embroidery as she sat there, listening to her father's pleasant fireside converse this evening, working a wonderful device in silks of every sort of soft hue upon a width of pale, golden satin, and copying her pattern from a piece of old Italian church work, which her mother had found for her in one of her favourite curio shops. It hung from the table by her side, with a book placed on one end, to keep it there—

an open book, from which she had been readin until her father came in from the dining-room, t talk. The piece of beautiful, old, embroidered sati made a fine bit of warm colour in contrast to h soft-hued dress as she bent her head over it co tinually, to follow the intricacies of the woven d vice as she copied.

When Adrian passed on, from exchanging h greeting with her father, she looked up for a m ment, and brightly smiled her welcome. Then sl paused in her work, and laid it down, with bo her hands resting on the golden satin among h bundle of mingling, delicate-coloured silks, a then she put up her left hand with an ea familiar gesture of kindliness towards him, and l him clasp it for an instant in his. Just then La Daring claimed his notice, for he had passed rapid on from father to daughter, and had not reach her special corner yet.

"Here you are," she said. "I am so glad. V have been telling Frederick all about you, a about our drive together; and is not this co fortable and home-like, having an English cup

tea? We always have it everywhere, wherever we are. And now you take that huge chair there between us all, and let us be happy and sociable, for we have told them to say 'not at home' to every one else this evening, that we may have a nice quiet talk quite alone with you. For we want to hear all about you, Adrian, and Car shall play to you, and Frederick shall show you all his Roman sketches, so I hope you will not be dull."

He laughed a low, joyous laugh in answer to her last words, as he took his place where she invited him, in a large chair near the stove-corner, facing Sir Frederick, but on the opposite side from him, and not very far from the low seat near the grand piano, where the old Italian embroidery hung from the little round table, and where Car sat and copied it.

"It is a very great pleasure, Sir Frederick, to see you in Europe again."

"And a very great pleasure to be here, I can assure you," the other replied, "though it is only for a short period of *relâche*. Things are in a difficult state in my far eastern district, Dillon, I can

tell you, and I must soon hurry back; but meanwhile I am enjoying myself like a school-boy at play."

"I have no doubt of it," said Adrian.

"Yes, father," said Car, looking up at him with a quick, soft glance, "I always think it is worth while working as hard as you do, to enjoy a holiday as thoroughly as you do yours."

"It is," he answered; "I do enjoy it. And you, Dillon? you only arrived to-day at Rome?"

"This morning," he replied.

"Well, it is a glorious experience in its way. What will be your line here, now? Let me see—of course—yes—Egypt. Why, Arbuthnot, a civilian whom I met in Calcutta two or three years ago, told me, that you are the first authority that they have got at the society in these days on the demotic and the hieroglyphics, so, of course, the Egyptian trophies of Hadrian and Augustus will be your especial line."

"Yes, that was what originally brought me," said Adrian, with a slight return to the dryness, which had become encrusted for so long over his mind

and manner while he conned those inscriptions of his choice, a dryness that had somehow abandoned him on this golden day, since a very early morning hour. This manner gave place to a touch of pathos now, as it occurred to him that after all "yes" —this *was* his line, and that he had almost forgotten it!

"Well," Sir Frederick went on, "I have sketched a good many of the obelisks, and I have done the *soi-disant* pyramids, too."

"There is only one pyramid here, as far as I know," said Adrian, bound to accuracy, in all its dryness, if the subject was driven upon him; "the Caius Cestius, as it is supposed; it is not really Egyptian—but," he continued, with a brightening of the eyes, and an expression of keen feeling coming into them suddenly, "I know where it stands, though I have not found my way there yet."

"Oh!" began Car, with her quick, little, hesitating sigh, "I know too, where that is, and it is one of the very particular places I want to take you to see—that you must go to in the pilgrimage, you know, that we spoke of this afternoon."

"I meant to hunt up a Shelley at that book-shop at the corner—"

"Yes, Piale's," said Car eagerly.

"And I proposed to myself to look out the route in 'Adonais,' and to find my way as it is described for us there."

"What—straight to Caius Cestius?" said Lady Daring, quoting—

"'"Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."'"—

"Yes, just from those very lines, and from the page just coming before, and from the stanza just following them, one should be able to find the resting-place of Keats without much fear of error, and the—

'Pyramid with wedge sublime,
Like flame transform'd to marble;'—

also."

"Oh, do let us go," murmured Car.

"I will certainly wait until you can take me, if you really will," he said.

"*So that* is something else," she answered, with

a bright, satisfied smile. "Oh, I think we shall show you everything in time."

Lady Daring was smiling softly across her tea-table at him, with some unuttered feeling in her glance.

"Oh, Adrian," she said presently, "I remember how Shelley-mad you were, and your poor friend, too."

"You are kind in your remembrance," he answered courteously, but he said no more.

"But, Frederick," continued Lady Daring, "have you not a drawing of the pyramid of Cestius in that last Roman portfolio?"

"I have," her husband replied.

"Well, but do show it to Adrian, it will interest him; and show him all your charming sepia drawings of the ruins, my dear. I know they are just what he would admire; they are so exact."

"So matter-of-fact, perhaps you mean to express politely?" said Sir Frederick pleasantly, smiling across at her as he turned and stretched out his hand towards a small portfolio that leant against the wall near his chair. "I know you think this

sort of work uninteresting and matter-of-fact, Vere and perhaps Dillon will not care about it either."

"I am sure I shall," exclaimed Adrian, "especially, I imagine, if the drawings be really matter-of-fact. My line lies all that way," he added, glancing with a low laugh towards Car, who inclined her head a little to one side for a moment at this remark, and steadily contemplated her work with a dubious smile.

"Really quite nonsense, however, all the same, said Lady Daring; "very matter-of-fact, indeed, the man must be, who even now, Adrian, when the ardour of youth cannot be made a plea, proposes to himself a pilgrimage to the shrine of Keats and Shelley, with Adonais as his guide."

"Even at our extremely advanced age, Vere," replied her cousin, with a touch of cynicism and bitterness, even annoyance in his tone, at the particular turn she had given to her last remark, "even now we cling to some lingering illusions of our youth."

"We do," she replied emphatically, but there was a slight reflection of his annoyance in her tone

now also, as he had turned the shaft upon her a little, and included the flight of her youth in the implied regret for his own.

It is true, no one could have borne better the unwelcome fact implied. than she could, still blooming and beautiful as she was; and as she looked this evening in her pearl-grey velvet and Venetian lace. She neither felt, nor looked, nor was old. But then neither was he, and so Car thought most certainly, as she looked with soft admiration at her mother, and then let her calm bright eyes rest a moment, with that critical expression once more returned to them, upon Adrian, too. He was of her mother's generation, but, no more than her mother, did he evince anything of the loss of youth. Tall, strong, and graceful, from his perfect simplicity and ease of gesture and attitude; she pronounced him acitly, within her own young judgment, to be her deal of heroic vigour and manly force; worthy to tand there by her own handsome father, she thought; is equal in address, in appearance, in demeanour, 1 every respect. And he was the very first man of hom she had ever held this particular opinion,

since she had been taken away and banished from that adored and charming father, when they reluctantly sent her from them at Calcutta ten years ago. Now she thought she liked to see him this evening with Adrian, the two standing presently side by side.

Sir Frederick rose to exhibit his drawings, and Adrian came forward to inspect. They leant the portfolio against a tall picture-stand, which Sir Frederick wheeled forward to the light, and then saying "This is the matter-of-fact collection then first, as you know." He drew forth a bunch of drawings from the portfolio's depths, and spread them before Adrian on the low, round, small table by Car chair.

She laid down her work, and turned with alacrity to join in the inspection, as Sir Frederick took them up again one by one.

They were not matter-of-fact by any means, but they *were* exact. He had many portfolios full of water-colours, many of them of gorgeous India scenery, of resplendent colour and brilliant effect and he had done also many charming painting

since he had been at Rome; but this collection was of another kind.

Sir Frederick had been an engineer officer at an early period of his life, and had taken high honours for professional drawings in every branch, and through all his after-years he had especially enjoyed making studies, in outline or sepia, of architecture and stonework, exact as his engineering designs. He had grand studies of this kind of the Indian temples and gigantic Indian ruins, and of Egyptian and Assyrian wonders, that would all be exhibited, to edify Adrian, in course of time, and here in Rome he had achieved a remarkable collection during the last two months. Ruins, temples, arches, numbers of those glorious visible relics of that glorious, long-lost past, were here drawn by him with a wonderful perfection in outline, with a softness of shadow and a clearness of light—which were all in their way artistically beautiful, and interesting, as Roman mementos, to a high degree.

There was the pyramid of Caius Cestius, of which they had talked, drawn in clear outline, casting a sharp shadow on the "green acre" of

Endymion's poet, the smooth marble of its tapering structure, with its basement of Travertine, shaded effectively in soft sepia-grey. There was the beautiful arched façade of the Porta Maggiore; there was the ruin of the villa of Mæcenas; there were the towers flanking the circus of Maxentius; there was the round temple of Hercules, near that other of patrician virtue; there was the Tarpeian rock, with the *centum gradus* by which the Vitellians climbed when they took the citadel. There were the baths of Agrippa, that scrap of rugged ruin built into the dwellings of modern Rome. There was the obelisk resting on Bernini's elephant, and how many more!—the Colosseum in every point of view; the arches of Constantine, Titus, and Severus; the Meta-Sudans, with the basilica of the forum of Cupid beyond; the grotto of the fountains of Egeria in the Almo Valley;—so many points of interest, each bringing up something (as they turned them over) to be remembered, to be quoted, to be said, and all drawn with that wonderful perfection of outline for which Sir Frederick's able work was always renowned, and shaded with soft sepia in that parti-

cular style of artistic beauty which he had made his own. Finally, as the last of the collection, and the one on which he had been working that very day, they came to a remarkable drawing, beautiful in shadow and detail; a great rugged circular tower, with castellated balustrade, jagged and broken, but still traceable round its summit, and with the arched ruins of a Gothic church standing near.

"What is this?" exclaimed Adrian.

"Ah, father, that is what you have just finished —my tomb!" Car laughingly said to him. "You know," she added, softly smiling up at Adrian as she spoke, "you know—I am 'Cecilia,' too!"

Sir Frederick was holding his drawing extended in one hand, and was examining it afresh, with keen doubtful criticism, and with half-closed eyes.

"Do you not know it, Dillon?" he said, and added, quoting, as he had already done many times from many sources, modern and classical, during their inspection of his work, "do you not

"'What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—a woman's grave.''

"Is it really?" Adrian answered in a strang altered voice, and taking the drawing from Frederick's hand. "Is it Cecilia Metella? How traordinary!—this is really what Plutarch descril to us, what Lucius Cornelius Sylla built."

"That is really what Byron describes to u responded Sir Frederick, "and with mu c hm fetching effect than Plutarch, too; but the sar phagus is there no longer. It was moved to Farnese Museum ever so long ago."

"Cecilia Metella," murmured Adrian low, a then he turned to Lady Daring, with the drawi still in his hand, and with a deep flush sweepi suddenly across his brow. "Do you know, tl twenty years ago I used to think of this thing, a I wrote a poem on it and its unravelled myste because in my youthful arrogance I thought Byr had failed to do full justice to the loved one, mourned, so honoured, so unknown."

"Cool of you!" laughed Sir Frederick, "esp

cially as I think that sudden burst of sentiment over that rugged, round, old tower—

> 'Standing with half its battlements alone,
> And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
> The garland of eternity, where wave
> The green leaves over all—by time o'erthrown'—

is as fine a peroration as Byron has written over any corner of Rome, excepting always the Gladiator —he never dreamt, nor wrote, a grander stanza than that. But in his Italian pilgrimage I think 'Cecilia Metella' comes next."

"So do I," said Lady Daring, for she had a charming way of nearly always agreeing with, and echoing Sir Frederick on subjects like this; a way that naturally always delighted him, and impressed him afresh with her bright intelligence and good taste. "I am sure your poem was lovely, Adrian, and some day you must read it to me; you know how more than interesting it would be to me; and you are right, dear Frederick, the Gladiator is simply perfection, and, by-the-bye, Adrian must see it in the Capitol, with the Faun and many other things; and the stanzas on that old tower of yours

are beautiful, as you say, Frederick—indeed, so i all Childe Harold in Italy, only I do just think tha Byron need *not* have made that faint insinuatio against Cecilia Metella's character; for, you see, n one could contradict it, or say for certain what sh may or may not have been, and, at all events, h could not know."

"He only raises a query where all is conjecture my dear."

"Yes, and that is just what is so unpardonabl in him, a query to which he could never give a assuring reply. I know it affects me, Frederick. somehow never have felt satisfied about her since read the lines,—"

"Where would conjecture stray?" answered Si Frederick, still quoting, as he gathered up his draw ings,—

"'This much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love—or pride!'

At all events, it is about the most interesting tomb ruin here, to my mind; unless perhaps the baker's outside the Porta Maggiore, on the Via Labicana I am going to draw that next; you remember abou

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, I dare say, Dillon," he went on, "the tomb of urysaces, the baker, discovered close to the Clau- ian aqueduct, embedded in the wall of Honorius? n the Uffizi at Florence they had an ancient draw- ng of it by Baldassarre Peruzzi, or De Sangallo, so hey knew it must be somewhere thereabouts long efore it was found. It is tremendously interesting s a monument of domestic manners and ideas; ou must come and see it."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Lady Daring, "Adrian hall go—he shall go everywhere along all our re- pective lines of taste, or he will persuade us to *hink* he goes in his pleasant way; but for the mo- nent, dear Frederick, do you not think we have ad just enough of tombs? Shall we let the baker nd his family and his *panarium* rest in peace, while ar plays to us for a little while?"

"By all means," Sir Frederick exclaimed; "you re never very fond of ruins in the cool, critical ght of positive evidences, Vere, and no doubt you ave had enough of it all now; too much, I dare y."

"Never too much of your drawings, Frederick,

nor of your own notes thereon. Come! I only once complained, dear, only once — and that was the night you brought Mr. Swinford from the Paris to dine with us, and he was the whole evening long so 'exceeding fierce among the tombs,' even you said so, you know you did."

"I remember," he said, laughing; and Adrian put in,—

"Swinford! Oh, that's my own particular clergyman at my *table-d'hôte*. Oh, he is splendid when once he breaks away. Fierce! indeed, you may well say so. I wish you had heard him discomfit the whole phalanx of the international dinner-table to-night on the real temple of the Vestals, against some one's false opinion concerning another one."

"Did he now? Capital!" exclaimed Sir Frederick, delighted at the idea. "Did he indeed? I believe it—he is tremendous in the classics. I wish I had heard him."

"I can assure you," said Adrian, "it was very fine."

"It must have been; but you know, Dillon, it's all very well for Vere to pooh-pooh us, but there

e quantities of places which a scholar like you ust really see. I will take a few turns round with ɔu myself, if you like, and give up the drawing for ɔme afternoons."

"Thank you, oh—thank you," Adrian answered, ut there was a certain doubtful ring in the accents f his gratitude.

"I will," reiterated Sir Frederick with enthu-asm.

"But he is to go everywhere with all of us," ersisted Lady Daring, while Car looked up from er work with a slight flush mounting to her cheek ow, and a deprecating, protesting expression com-ıg into her eyes. There was the pilgrimage! Had ıdrian forgotten that? The pilgrimage which they ere to make to all her favourite shrines. If her ıther carried him off, and absorbed him in ruins, he thought she "knew how it would be." But she ıight have trusted Adrian. He had a cool quiet ay of doing, against everything in the long-run, ıst the thing that pleased him best.

"It is all very well, though," Sir Frederick went ı again, as he stood in a corner of the room, with

his back to them, blissfully unconscious of all inte changes of looks, dubious, protesting, or otherwis and intent on putting away his drawings wi elaborate care, "it is all very well, but it is barb ous, Vere, if you prevent him seeing things. I must do all the tombs, you know, and we must ta him into the catacombs."

"We!" exclaimed Lady Daring. "No, Frederi if that is going to be exclusively your line, then y must take Adrian under your wing, and carry h off in your own way, for if there is one thing I c not stand, it is that continual visitation of the c combs which you delight in—and yes, there is step still worse, and that is the Capucine monks

"Oh! he must see *them*, of course," said Frederick, turning round with one of his quick phatic gestures from his portfolio. "But there time for everything, and now certainly is the t for music. Cara, carissima mia, I have opened y piano," and he raised the heavy lid of the "Ple as he spoke, and turned towards Car, with a br smile and much chivalrous grace.

She was so charming to him, and so perfe

a harmony with his most fastidious taste, this lately young daughter of his, she who had made, for the three months of his repose, the star-like glory of his Roman home. He was never tired of admiring her, in her likeness, and in her contrast to her mother. And he never abated the enthusiasm of his chivalrous attention to her, nor any of those *petits soins* which are so instinctive and become so natural to men, who live much in a world, where women are dependent upon constant thought for them, and on this excessive care. He thought her a delicate, precious thing, to be cherished delicately, and his pretty graceful ways with her were very charming indeed. And, much as he admired his wife's fine style of beauty, and as he loved the deep lustre of her dark eyes, he admired Car none the less because she differed, and because, with her mother's height and carriage, she had the brown-gold hair of his own family, and the true Daring eyes, "thrown down to her," as he used proudly to say, "from the walls of the lovely old home of his ancestors in Hampshire, by stately dames of the house of Daring, who looked out from the canvas

of Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds with just suc eyes."

As the crown of all her charms for him, he music was his great delight. He loved it, and i soothed many an hour of rest for him during thes months, as he sat yielding by force of need to tha languor of fatigue and overstrain, which often pos sessed him at this time.

His eager frame had been overtaxed in many ways, his quick, keen brain overworked, repose was difficult to him, and Car's music helped him farther towards it, than anything else he knew. Eagerly he turned now, and gathered up the bright silks that lay about her, and she rose, pleased to please him, as she ever was; and Adrian stood back a step as she swept her long, soft, gauzy skirt past him towards her piano.

She took her place, and Sir Frederick paused a moment near her.

"What," she said, hesitating, and looking up at him with a sweet gleam in her eyes, as he stood close by her side, "what will you have?" Her white fingers rested in hesitation now upon the keys.

"What you will, my Pearl," he answered, with the echo of a deep tenderness in his voice. "What you will; you cannot mistake." And then he smiled pleasantly at her, and nodded in his quick, bright way, and turned away then, and left her to herself, and to the inspiration of the genius which he knew would come.

He walked across the room, and signed to Adrian to come to him, as he pushed back one of the Indian curtains, and showed a door beyond.

"One moment, Car; pardon," he called to her. "Dillon, is not this in your line?" and he disclosed the vista of a small room leading out from the large drawing-room, in which was displayed every luxury and attraction possible to a smoking-room or to a "divan," as by Lady Daring it was generally called. A centre of the Casa Pia this, on which she had expended the utmost energy of her devisive power and forethought, before her husband arrived.

It was lit up, and looked seductive and inviting enough; but Sir Frederick only passed in for a moment, and returned again. He and his most socially

disposed lady had been too long in the east, an too continually together in their exiled life, t cherish any lingering western prejudices as to limi in the range of those floating vapours emitted b Sir Frederick's latakia; and so back he came now with cigarettes in one hand, and a small Etruscan lamp in the other. Etruscan in original design at least, in reality a copy made by a skilled "orefice" at Genoa, under Lady Daring's own direction. It was an adaptation, conceived by herself during a few days she had spent at Genoa, of the graceful Etruscan form to the purpose of a light always ready on the table of the divan for Sir Frederick's cigar. She had had it made as a Christmas present for him. He was delighted with it, and as he went continually from room to room from the divan to his studio, from the studio to her boudoir, from there to Car's little room and then back into the large *salon* again, he was always carrying the lamp about with him, until Lady Daring said she regretted much having given it to him, as he "was certain to set somebody eventually on fire." As yet he had not done so however, and still the little gilt lamp

velled here and there, and he set it on the low le by his own chair now.

"A cigarette?—Turkish; I think they are good," said to Adrian, extending to him a little Benares ay on which his cigars for the evening were piled. You will have one? Oh, do! Do not be nervous out the hangings of Vere's rooms; they are well-asoned, and neither she nor Car mind in the very ast, do you, Vere?"

Lady Daring smiled, and nodded her assent to is words; and Sir Frederick, after holding his igar-tip to the little lamp-light till it glowed in a iny star, extended his long, spare figure in the epths of his great chair, and yielded himself up to omplete repose. And Adrian, taking a cigarette lso, and lighting it, as his host had requested, and ecause it was friendly and more sociable so to lo, forgot instantly all about it again, as he slowly rew nearer and nearer to the piano, and leant gainst a tall, old marqueterie cabinet by Car's side.

And so the evening was closed in for him; so ie picture and the memory were made complete. s silence fell upon the large beautiful room, dimly

illuminated, full of rich colouring and deep shadows, like an interior of Rembrandt's; as Sir Frederick's latakia rose in feathery clouds, floated across the light, and was lost in the dim shadows, diffusing a faint, sweet odour on its way; as Lady Daring moved slowly forward and took a low seat a little distant, but in view of the piano—and gave herself up, to the dreamy enjoyment of this musical repose, which to her also was very sympathetic at times; and as now, from beneath the touch of those white, delicate fingers, on which Adrian rested his eager eyes, there stole forth music, lovely and full of subtle bewitchment, and marvellously varied too; like the dance and rush and ripple, and the wave and fall and flow, of those sun-kissed and storm-tossed waters of Undine's enchanted stream. Now liquid, rapid, and restless; now soft and flowing; now rising, in a passionate wave, to power and fervour, and sinking, with ineffable sweetness of harmonious pathos, almost to silence again. It was very wonderful to him, and he felt it to the very innermost heart-spring of his deepest being.

It made him still, and almost stern, from in-

tense emotion, as the passionate strain swept on and on; until he stood, with gaze lowered at length, even from her, to the ground at his own feet, while his eyelids fell heavily, and their dark fringe lay almost upon his cheek; and his head bent with a sort of intense reverence which stirred him, as even the "soul of his soul" (as Dante puts it) was reached at last, and he touched that joy ineffable, which art in all its great expressions can bring to us. All art indeed, but none in form so strong and pure, as that which echoes the unexplained and spontaneous breathings of immortality within us, and bears us with strong bright wings on high; as Schiller felt and described once, "Swung by the might of music up to the spirit-land." She played great things and bright things, and sweet things and dreamful things, one after another in succession, losing herself and carrying them with her through the enchantment of her tangled musical maze, and finding her way out again, and rising at the last, to that fervour and intensity of power and sweet pathos with which she so swayed and affected him towards the end.

"Very charming, my love," her mother said, s
she paused, and as a murmur of satisfaction can
from the depths of Sir Frederick's great chai
"very charming. But, dear me," she added, as sh
glanced at Adrian's stern and quivering face, "yo
have solemnized us all too much, I declare. *Qu'*
est sensible," she murmured to herself then, as sh
contemplated him for a moment, and her *sotto vo*
reflections floated on. "And how picturesque h
looks, against that huge *rococo* cabinet in the shado
there, trying to *pose* as if he were adamant, an
could not feel. But all the same, I fear, Car ha
conjured up poor Cecilia Metella with a vengeanc
indeed. What is to be done?" And she continue
aloud, "Adrian, why do you not make yourself con
fortable, and smoke?"

"I am very comfortable," he answered, rousin
himself with a strong effort, and biting his underli
impetuously beneath his bronze moustache—for th
struggle for self-control was hard.

"I am sure you cannot be comfortable in th
black corner there," and she laughed in a pleasan
reassuring way, and smiled across at him, indicatin

a low, luxurious seat for his benefit, that stood between the piano and herself.

And Car gathered up her small possessions, handkerchiefs, gold bangles, and big rings, which she had taken off and laid on the desk, and she prepared to rise and close her piano.

But Sir Frederick suddenly spoke. He was not satisfied—he had not had quite music enough; his cigarette was glowing still.

"Before you leave the piano, one more, Car," he said. "My favourite; you know, the one with the mythological name."

"Oh, he means Tito Mattei, the 'Psyche,' dear; oh, yes, do! it is charming, and only a little, pretty thing! She had some lessons from Mattei, Adrian, and he gave her this himself."

Once more the notes awoke beneath her touch, and now, in a bright rippling stream, like the soft shaking of a bunch of pearl-strings, held absently, as it might be, and danced with slow, unconscious rhythm by a Roman girl, such as one sees in the Via Condotti behind the windows of a pearl fabbrica, singing to herself in a low tone, and dream-

ing sweet, wandering, wistful dreams, as she pas the sunny hours away, and as she dances l pearly wares for very idleness in her small bro hands.

And this was the musical lyric which he hea last that evening; and it was the one that stayed w him, echoing its sweet rhythm within his heart, a mingling its strains always, with the scent of n cissus and of fragrant and very delicate latakia, a making part for ever with all the precious a perfect memories of that night.

The night was far on its way when at leng Sir Frederick parted with him, after several frienc cigarettes, and he went out across the Piazza or more.

The scene had changed again since he h traversed it at nine o'clock. Then, all was still f of life and brightness, crowds standing idly abc on all sides in the gay light of the shop-windo and of the hotels. Now, all was still and solita even the great doors of the Alberghi swung to, a only the night-porters' faint gleams illuminati

their little windows. The seller and the buyer alike had disappeared long hours ago from the shops, and the treasures of the Piazza's art-commerce were veiled and curtained carefully away.

The beggar followers of old King Beppo had all deserted the Spanish Steps, all crept away into heaven knows what fearsome crannies and corners of the old ruins, into the cellars and attics of the Ghetto, or the low-lying parts of the Trastevere by the riverside. In the sunlight life was easy for them, but they vanished before the chill lustre of the winter-moon.

The flower-sellers, too—the donkey-cart with the pretty Bambino among them—had driven back to their little garden-home in the Campagna, and all the other vendors of the midday street were gone. Even the noisy, busy traffic was at rest; only a distant roll broke the silence occasionally, of a carriage, returning from late ball or reception, rumbling beneath the *porte-cochère* of a palazzo, or hurrying along some distant street.

Intense silence reigned; the air was cool and clear, the moon-rays white and radiant, filling the

Piazza with a cold lustre, that was quite mysti and Dantesque; for it was indeed like the atr sphere and colouring of some weird and silver spirit-sphere. Clear-cut shadows fell dark acr the whiteness of the earth from the tall houses, fr the obelisk at the end of the Piazza, and even fr the light spray of the fount. And as Adrian, dra by a strong attraction to this last point, looked dc into the water in the great marble bark, he saw t the moon-rays pierced deep into its hidden dep and made the little bubbles on its surface, and ripple of the wavy currents caused by the fo tain's fall, glisten like the dew of hoar-frost bene the sun.

It was wonderful; it was beautiful; it was we out there in the deserted Piazza at this midni hour, for it was indeed nearly twelve o'clock.

It was chill and very dangerous too, only t he had forgotten, if he had ever known it. drew his light overcoat around him, obeyed his pulse, and just where he had rested at that morn hour, and seen Her come down those Spanish St and buy her scarlet lilies, he rested again now,

ked round, and up the stairs' steep height and
ve their summit, to where the tower of the
nità dei Monti and the obelisk rose; and beyond
m again, towards the dark-blue, cloudless sky,
t stretched such a veil of wonder above the
eping city.

The moon sailed there in that mighty silence,
alling indeed, in the radiance of her white, silver
ry, the golden monarch of the day; and around
r, stretching across the heavens in countless array,
s all that wondrous star-realm of hers, where she
igns, to our finite vision, pre-eminent and moves
preme; all were marshalled in their places, her
bjects and her trains of honour—constellations,
anets, spheres; all pulsing and throbbing, as they
) always pulse and throb, as if with some ineffable
ar-life of their own, in those glowing southern
imes, and all shedding forth that wondrous electric
rrent of subtle magnetism which reaches this
rld of ours, as we gaze up and meet these orbs
fire and light, and feel that they quicken and
thrall us, sometimes with an awful sense of their
gnitude and of our nothingness, and sometimes

with a thrill of infinite sweetness, as beneath t gaze of eyes—we have loved.

Adrian rested alone there by the bark-fountai and his passionate eyes searched the midnight sk Many a time had that same sweet thought possesse him in the years that were gone; many a night fro out the murky northern sky had his Cecilia Metell lost and dear, looked forth for him in these pulsin orbs of light; and now did she see, as before? An was it joy, in the tranquil radiance of the star spheres, for her, to know of him, that life had com to him again; that his soul was aroused from i long and morbid torpor; that it was alive and fu of radiance again; that a thrill of passionate hop was vibrating anew in his heart now; and that th sweet magnetic currents of strong affinity were onc again quickening his whole being; as on that sum mer night, when, far away in their homeland, b the rushing river, in their eager and passionat youth, they two had looked each other deep in th eyes, and known, with quick, mutual glance of re cognition, that, as they met—they loved?

Now, it was so again; and in those starr

spheres Cecilia Metella seemed bending above his head with peace; and the tale was told to her (in that deep confidence of which we know in our souls), of this strong young love, which had reached his vigorous manhood since the sun rose golden on the domes and arches of this city of all history, before the gaze of his weary eyes that day.

All dulness, all dreariness, all solitude, were gone from him; he loved.

He told the stars he loved. He breathed it to the still, deep night; he whispered it to the tender Spirit of that long ago; and he questioned not, of the whole future before him, concerning anything at all. He asked his heart nothing of what the future might bring. He loved! And life was strong again within him, and warm and keen; and a great gladness, as of some strange and wondrous glory, possessed and overpowered him.

He looked down from the radiant heavens at length, and hid his face with his strong, nervous hands. He covered his burning eyes, and he sat still a moment, drinking deep into the well of gladness that sprang up fresh and beautiful within him

as he welcomed back—the eagerness, and the passion, and all the lost joy of life!

Just then, a bell chimed through the silence, from afar across Tiber, the midnight hour; and then it was answered by another near at hand; then the Trinità dei Monti echoed the chime high above his head, and then another, and another, till the sky was full of their music, and the air seemed to throb with the sound. And a midnight peal rang out from the great tower of St. Angelo, and every corner of the great sleeping city vibrated with countless echoes of the hour.

The day was over. His first Roman day of love, or the redawn of love. He must go forth, strong and hopeful, to greet the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

CECILIA METELLA—CECILIA CARA.

BEFORE Sir Frederick had parted with Adrian Dillon it had been arranged that the next afternoon should be spent by them together. And it had been further decided, that the tomb of the baker Eurysaces, should still remain unvisited for another day, because Sir Frederick remembered that the Fountain of Egeria, in the Vale of Almo, which he had already drawn, was the wrong one (speaking classically), although it was Byron's—

"Egeria! sweet creation of some heart!"

It was that "young Aurora of the air," the nymph of Venus, to whom Byron has given in these later days such fresh immortality indeed; but the wrong one still, according to every credible authority, and not really the "Fons Perennis Aquæ" of Livy at all. That lies beyond the Porta Capena, under the Cœlian Hill, where Juvenal saw it, upon the

site of the grove of the Camænæ, and where it is now enclosed in the charming grounds of the Villa Mattei.

Sir Frederick recollected that he had a special permit to visit this scene on the morrow, and he proposed that Dillon should share the privilege with him.

Adrian, while he went through his morning's explorations—made in something of his own especial line—doubted greatly within himself as to the merits of this privilege, until luncheon-time, when he received a small note from his charming and most kindly-disposed cousin, who, while she reminded him of his engagement with Sir Frederick, made him supremely happy by the addenda, that they were all to go together.

"Of course," she wrote, "she and Car had numberless things which they ought to do, and there was the Princess Branacia's breakfast, to which she had hoped to have taken him; but a little sight-seeing was such a pleasant variety amidst the frivolous social life of Rome, in which all its higher interests seemed lost and absorbed,

hat they could not resist the temptation, especially as Sir Frederick really seemed to wish it, and it was much better for him to go in the carriage than, as he was too fond of doing, in the tramway; which mode of conveyance he found a more novel and amusing one than any other. But she, for her part, thought it neither dignified nor safe; but that was *en passant;* the point of her note was to say that they would start about two o'clock, and would Adrian mind being there, to start with them from the Casa Pia, to save time, as Sir Frederick was dreadfully punctual, and the days were still short."

Adrian did not mind; he, too, was punctual, and at two o'clock they all started together, Car looking very bright and charming, as he took the place opposite to her in the carriage, and showing no signs certainly, of being regretful of the Princess Branacia's *fête.*

She seemed, as she would have herself expressed it, to have "a great many things in her head" to-day; and Adrian, with a renewed sense of that pleasure, fresh and healthful and eager, which took possession of his whole being again from the

first instant that he contemplated her, smiled, as h met in her clear, bright gaze that same expressio which he had noticed the afternoon before—of in telligence on the alert, and of mind eager for con verse, and for the quick utterance and interchange of the many girlish thoughts and fancies, with whic her vivid young brain seemed full.

He had watched that expression gleam acros her face and glisten in her eyes so many times while he and her mother had talked or questione each other during their first drive of yesterday And now, as the carriage rolled on up the Corso across the Forum of Trajan, along the Via Alessan drino, and past the basilica of Constantine, and a Sir Frederick and Adrian and Lady Daring took u the thread of their talk of last night, and exchange views and criticisms and speculations upon ever object they passed, Car listened, with bright, sym pathetic eagerness of glance turned from one to th other, not often contributing much in words, but whenever Adrian spoke, answering his remark, if sh approved it, with an emphatic assent from the full clear gaze of her expressive eyes, or disagreeing a

emphatically, with a turn of her small, graceful head to one side, and with that little, dubious smile, just as when he had said last night that he was "matter-of-fact."

"That is about the finest thing in Rome," Sir Frederick said, as they swept past the column of Trajan.

"I do not know, but what I agree with you," Adrian replied; "I think it is about as grand a trophy as I have seen. How, in heaven's name, did they get it up?—it is such a size and height! I find one can make nothing of the devices or caligraphy from the pillar itself, but I got some fine photos of it this morning, and I have been examining them with a strong glass—they are beautiful."

"What! you have been round here already this morning?" exclaimed Lady Daring.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I came out very early, and had a great 'turn around,' as our *table d'hôte* Yankee puts it. I came all along here," he continued, as they drove now behind the basilica, "and I paid my first visit to the Colosseum over there, too."

"Ah, well," sighed Lady Daring, "that is always

something done! Much as I love it all, it is so large, so diffused—I mean the whole thing here—that it is fatiguing, if one allows one's mind to dwell on what is to be seen, what must be seen, as Sir Frederick says."

"Yes; but it is all a very fine enjoyment," he answered, "of the rarest, of the most sublime sort," and his gaze rested in the depth of Car's as he went on, for those sweet, clear-speaking eyes were so directly opposite him, so bewitchingly near. "It was lovely here this morning," he continued; "the atmosphere was so transparent and clear; the whole thing looked grand."

"Stupendous, is it not?" added Sir Frederick, while they all gazed in silence for a moment, as they passed that huge, immortal thing—the ruin of ruins—the Colosseum, rearing its great, broken summit in desolation vast and unbeauteous, against the sweet, blue, lustrous sky.

The sky of Rome, clear and transparent, unclouded as the eyes of childhood in innocent unconscious bliss, and yet, still, the sky of Rome, which might well, from its limpid depths of radiance, have

shed tears of anguish, tears of bitterness, and tears of blood over that ruin of colossal horror, where the gladiators and the martyrs died.

"Wherever one drives at Rome," said Lady Daring presently, with some impatience, "it always seems to me one has to pass the Colosseum. I am really tired of its great, jagged walls, and its empty eye-holes, and I never will quote, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday' again. Do *not* do it, please Frederick; I see you are just going to begin."

"It is a glorious passage," he answered, laughing brightly at her. That way of hers, of dashing a cascade of the ridiculous over his tendencies to the sublime, was always a special delight to him, because he knew she felt it all as much as he did, only, as she expressed it, she "hated the thing to become dull."

"Do *not* do it, dear," she begged; "I could not stand the Dacian babes, nor their mother either, just at present. There now, you will forget it; the carriage has turned, and you cannot see the Colosseum any longer."

"You need not have come this way unless you liked it," said her husband; "indeed, I doubt if it is at all the most direct road to Baron Hoffmann's."

"Oh, the coachmen will always do it; it is no use remonstrating," she replied. "I suppose their sensibilities with regard to the Dacian babes and their parent are not so acute, Frederick, as mine. But here we are, at the Porta Capena."

There was not much to draw at the Egerian Fount, but still Sir Frederick decided to reject his wife's suggestion of making simply a light water-colour sketch of the view over the Alban Hills, and chose to carry out his usual process of careful outline-drawing ("just as a memento of the scene and day," he said) of the prosaic enough mediæval bath-house, which is built over the sacred water, as it springs from the well under the Cœlian Hill, at the corner of the grounds of the villa.

And he invited Car to companionate him, as she had done often before—sitting on the grass, or on a piece of rock, beside him, mending his pencils, or arranging his sepia ready on successions of fresh palettes, and talking to him the while, much lighten-

ing the solitude of his sketching-days, and forming many pleasant memories for them both.

To-day she consented at once, as usual, and took her place by his sketching-stool, but her attention seemed to wander, as he spoke to her at first, and her gaze travelled away from the scene of the fount, and from the delicate outline of the study on his paper, from which on other days she had hardly ever lifted her eyes.

Both attention and eyes wandered now, up across the alleys of the garden, towards the slope of the Cœlian Hill, where Lady Daring was slowly conducting Adrian, with the simply beneficent purpose, as she said, of showing him everything, and of beguiling as pleasantly as possible for him, the bright afternoon.

That there was any other object more attractive to his mind at that moment in the grounds of the villa now called "Hoffmann," than that view towards Caracalla's huge ruined baths, or of those aqueducts of the Campagna, clearly visible from here, or even than the pedestals of the statues of Marcus Aurelius, dedicated to the soldiers of the

fifth cohort of the Vigili, and bearing their names; that there was an object, restrained down there in the corner by the Egerian Well, infinitely more interesting, to his thinking, than all or any of these things—she had not an idea! not the remotest suspicion had reached her of the thought of such a thing—nor did it for several days!

And quite unconscious, not dreaming of his real thought, she slowly drew him on through the villa grounds from the far corner by the fountain, up by the site of the wall of Servius Tullius, to the alley of ilex, where the antique pedestals of the statues stood.

And there they paced together through the sunny hours; she, pleased at the opportunity, given so easily by force of circumstances, for this converse with her friend of olden days, always to herself, *bon camarade* and cousin—and, for her sister's sake much more.

And he, pleased also, because he had always thoroughly liked her, and it was very delightful to renew this footing of friendly ease; and pleased too, because of the turn their conversation took gradually

towards the only topic that for the moment he really loved. In the course of their talk he heard many things he wished to hear, and was told much that he desired to know.

At the beginning of their *tête-à-tête*, as the afternoon light glowed softly round them, and the ilex cast their dark, deep shade, as all was quiet and suggestive of softening themes, their words took form from their surroundings; and because, so vivid a spot lived in the past for both of them, memory soon began to murmur its sweet, old tale; and youth came back for them with all its intensity of association, and their hearts stirred with gentle feeling for he loved and gone.

And Lady Daring pursued the theme, as perhaps she would not have done just then, had she nown, that that Star, which she thought shone afar or him, in unchanging though remote effulgence bove his past, had come down, come quite close to im all suddenly into the living present, and that, ith the joy and the glory of a living lustre, it was ining, full of hope and brightness, along the future his life.

She did not know, and he almost felt as if he must tell her; but no, his heart said emphatically, not yet, not now.

So the past was revived once more between them in the ilex alley there, and Lady Daring at length said, what she had often longed to say to him, something of her own view of all that had been in that long ago; and after many softly murmured remarks in reminiscence, she concluded, with a sudden brightening of voice and smile, with her own summing up of such a case.

"It was entirely your own fault, you know, Adrian. It is the way you men make a mess of things just nine times out of ten. If we women could only have some apprenticeship, to learn the possibilities of procedure in you, before we meet the *one* among you who is our destiny, and who, if we allow to you *ce grand honneur*, my cousin, makes coolly a ruin of our lives."

"Surely," he said, with sudden pathos in his tone, for he did not like that particular view of it, by any means, after all his own personal sufferings, "surely, Vere, I was not to blame?"

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"Of course you were," she answered. "Why did you draw me on to say all I did that night in the rose-garden? You did it; I scarcely knew what I said, and you, you said it all, Adrian, not I; and it was nothing but your masculine vanity and pride."

"I dare say it was," he replied, in a meditative manner this time, for it struck him forcibly, as she recalled that talk, that he would not do the same thing now.

"Of course it was. Why did you give way to such ideas? why did you express them to me? A man loved a woman, and she loved him, and behold! they agreed, with all courtesy and deliberation, to abandon one another, because—I am sure I do not know the 'because'! Nor, for the life of me, did I ever understand why you did not come back again! If you cared, Adrian, why did you so easily let it go?"

"I supposed she did not care," he answered; "you know I thought so for long."

"Until I assured you otherwise, too late," was her answer now, in a softened tone again.

"Yes, till you sent me those letters and little writings of hers from India afterwards; those revelations of her hidden self which seem to have bound me in strong fidelity to her name till now; I had no idea, I never thought, I fancied all the pain was mine."

"Dear me!" sighed Lady Daring, "when I remember everything! What! the pain all yours, you thought! the loss, the ruin, all, only yours! How like that is, to all you men, again; 'you never thought,' you 'had no idea,' you 'never knew'! Why does it never cross a man's mind, I so often ask myself, why does it never come to him to wonder, if a woman, who at least once *seemed* to love him—may not be suffering, too?"

"Ah," he answered quickly, "that does not occur to us. I suppose we should imagine that *that*, if you please, would be vanity, more than the other vanity which you described."

"No, not vanity; only a feeling that ought much oftener, in my opinion, to exist. You win a heart—you love to win it—and then because something in the wearing of what you win, threatens to sting and

inoy perhaps, you put it aside; you lack courage ten on your side, Adrian—courage to take possession of what you desire and win. Why do not ien understand better all the reserve and doubt nd difficulty which so many young things like Cecilia, feel always, before the complete resignation f their lives. Oh, Adrian! why did you not give er one other chance, after she came to realize herelf—her heart's true history—and you?"

"I threw myself into other things," he answered. I thought it was over, all done for, as regarded iappiness for me, and I did not want it to destroy ny force of interest. I took up a line, and have gone on."

"Just the old tale after all," she added, smiling t him, and slowly shaking her head. "Donna ulia was right, when all is said; you could make it 'thing apart;' it was her 'whole existence.'"

"It was my whole heart's existence," he answered. "After all, Vere, it was she who married, ot I."

"Ah! now there is just another point where you ave so much the advantage of us," Lady Daring

replied, with conclusive emphasis. "Women often must marry; a man never need. But after all, Adrian," she added, in an altered tone, "was that really the reason why you have not married in all these years? Really the reason? No?"

"The only one," he said. "I had my view of it, you see. There were only two things left for me to do after I got your Indian letters, and knew that all was over. I might have married—formed an eligible alliance such as my dear old aunt, Lady Dillon, used to recommend to me continually; a marriage with nothing in it of all I had hoped to find; or I might wait, if it was my whole life-time, wait—until I found my old ideal again once more, or until, at least, its likeness came back to me again."

"And you waited."

"I waited and I worked; that was all that was left for me to do."

"You have worked, indeed; and, in your chosen way, worked well. But now, Adrian," she continued, with that soft intonation of sympathy, which will steal at such moments, into every charming woman's

voice, "now, must it be always so? It pains me to think of all that the past has cost you; all, of which it has robbed your life."

"The future may compensate—far more than compensate," he murmured, with a sudden ring of intense sensibility and passionate tenderness, echoing in his low, eager tones.

Lady Daring looked quickly at him, for the sudden change of voice took her by surprise—she had not expected it—he had been so cool through all their retrospect, so calm under even her personal aggressions upon his past, so decorously composed and absolutely controlled, that this exclamation startled her now with its weight of passionate feeling, and it touched her also with a curious agitation, with an intensity of sudden sympathy for him, which was quite real, not the mere outcome of softened sentiment, as before.

"I am sure I hope it may, dear old friend," she answered. "God grant it may."

And there was a moment's silence between them.

He was gathering himself back again; she was

dreaming over the significance of his last words—and, more than the words, over the tone of his voice and his manner; and she was wondering—suddenly wondering—what there was, after all, that perhaps she did not know—evidently something. And then she suddenly realized, that she had not seen him for years.

She, too, gathered herself together again after a moment, and said with energy, and in her usual bright, sweet tone,—

"After all, we are all apt to go on, for years sometimes, living calmly and almost (I say it of myself, not you) stupidly, below, far below the level of life possible to us, if we only knew—living long, without the enjoyment of the finest feelings of which our nature is capable; because we do not realize what they may be to us, and we let them alone. The water flows close by our very feet, and we know it not, and though often enough athirst perhaps, we do not stoop to drink. It was so with me and that sweet child of mine—can you believe it, I never realized, what she would be to me, till I met her at Venice?"

"No?" He said it in a tone of surprise—of inquiry—of presumed interest, which suddenly became strangely cold and stern.

She misunderstood his tone, as was now perhaps natural. She glanced round at him again; his eyelids drooped, a flush of deep colour swept over his face for a moment, and left him pale; he compressed his lips beneath his long moustache with that effort at composure which made him always stern; and only that monosyllable came in answer to her sudden confidence of feelings, so very personal to herself.

"Do not misjudge me," she said presently, in a deprecating tone, so utterly had she read his countenance wrong. "I do not mean, that I did not care for Car—that I was a heartless mother, Adrian, deserving of your reproof, but I was never a child-lover, as her father was; and so occupied was I always in India, with so many large social concerns that were so important to Frederick, and always wishing to be with him, that I never acquired the habit of those maternal dreams and longings which, I fear, form so great a part of the exiled life

of so many Indian mothers, weaker, or perhaps softer women than I. So she came like a surprise upon me, Adrian, in her beauty, her *naïveté*, her charm. And now you cannot imagine what it is. The wonder she is to me always, and continuously still. We can hardly conceive to ourselves, Adrian, you and I, in our middle age, what that bright young mind is in reality, in her world within herself, almost the only world she knows."

"To whom did you send her?" said Adrian suddenly, as she paused, "when you parted with her ten years ago?"

"Oh, to Frederick's sister, Helen Daring, at Hampton Place, near his old home, you know, near his elder brother. Helen is the unmarried aunt of the family, and we sent Car to her care: she has had the sweet old-fashioned bringing-up of an old-day country home—it was what Frederick wished for her, and I think he was right. Only she came to London and Paris because of her music. We wrote and begged this, when Helen wrote and said, she had such promise of a gift in this line. Frederick is so fond of it, and he alway

ays he likes a woman to have, what he calls, a grace.'"

"I think Sir Frederick is right," said Adrian, and his eyes were raised to her face now, and fixed there with a grave, eager expression of interest, that said much more than his words, and she went on again,—

"Helen Daring is a good woman, and from her, no doubt, Car has imbibed many of her ethereal ideas; she is a little *exaltée*, you know, on most of the more serious questions of life; but it is pretty to hear her, it is touching and pretty in a bright young thing like she is, with all her life and pleasure to come. And, dear me, it is enviable sometimes, to our fatigued and clouded vision, that wonderful clear, bright gaze. That child, Adrian, believes everything—all that we feel to be so doubtful and so dim."

"Enviable indeed!" he said in a low, grave tone. 'What is hid from the wise and prudent," he added, with a soft cynical smile.

"Yes, just so, exactly; and she has a way of her own, do you know, of talking to herself about it all, explaining to her own mind in allegory, 'thinking pictures,' as I call it, when she tells me sometimes her little thoughts. It is very wonderful to me. Life had long ago grown so day-light to my vision, so unmystical, so exact, and here is this young thing with me continually now, contesting again and again with most foolish, most unpractical, but most unanswerable arguments, many of my most cherished views; and the strange part of it is, Adrian, what you, who have long known me, will scarcely believe, that I, who have been all my life most persistent in my own views and theories, I *love* to have them 'bouleversé' by her."

He smiled—such a sweet winning smile upon her now at this point, and with such a tender eager sympathy in his grave eyes, that she felt he quite understood her, and once more she spoke again.

"But the worst of it all is, Adrian, when I think about her life. What am I to do with her, that will come up to her ideal? How can I find for her

what will make her happy, and yet be all that I should like her destiny to be?"

"Ah!" he began in a deep tone, and then caught himself up again, and said no more.

"Yes, that is it. When I think of what all, all of *us* managed to suffer, and to inflict upon one another in the days of our young life—I fear. And when I think what the world is for women, if they do not succeed according to the standards it has set up for them, and how much they must often sacrifice for that success before it is theirs, then I fear again and again, Adrian, and I realize what it is, when some one lives for you, whose happiness is dearer than your own. I so fear that she will sacrifice so much, *all*, according to my views, to those ideals of her own, and then that they may prove illusions for her in the end; and yet, I could not see her suffer, even as I suffered, far less as others did, at that forced abandonment of what, I do believe, if it came to it, would be all her life to her. But dear me, Adrian," she exclaimed in a quickly changed tone, but with a ripple of laughter that had a softened echo in it still, "could you have

believed it of me? Fancy my beguiling you under the ilex shades, to bore you with a maternal rhapsody all this bright afternoon!"

His heart was so stirred within him, that as he paused and turned round in the avenue before her, he could not for a moment speak.

She looked up, and met gratefully the expression of silent sympathy in his kind grave eyes, and she answered with a gleam of friendly affection from hers, and she would again have spoken, but the impulse of conscience was strong upon him just then, and he felt he must, he ought to tell her all.

"Vere," he began, and he pulled his long bronze moustaches. His eyes burnt strangely as they rested on hers, and she thought again, as she had done the night before, "how *sensible* he was!" He paused, and then in another moment he would have answered all her confidences, as his high-strung conscientiousness impelled him to do—but that one moment was lost to them, and for days it did not return again!

Sir Frederick's cheerful tones were heard just then, echoing across the grounds, and calling them

both aloud by name, and then with a ringing "Hurrah! here they are at last, Car!" he appeared at the further end of the ilex alley, and they realized, that, as they had slowly paced and earnestly talked together, with interest so concentrated, so absorbed, the sun had gone low down towards the western horizon, and that the crimson glow of the Roman winter evening was deepening quickly on the Albano Hills.

It was long since time to be driving homewards, and the carriage was ready, waiting at the lower gate.

The city seemed on fire as they drove along the Via Paolo, and round by the great old ruins once more. That wondrous crimson and orange light shed forth from the gorgeous golden throne of the setting Italian sun was glowing deep, warm, and intense, with lustrous ruby hue, upon every ruin and building of the great city, on everything, old and new. The carriage bowled rapidly on, as through a fire-mist. The Sun-king was dying gloriously to-day.

"I like this," murmured Car suddenly, after a moment of silence in which they had all looked round upon the splendour of the scene. "I like the day to end in light, like this."

"You mean you like a good sunset," said her mother, with her little bright laugh.

"Oh, but I mean in everything; I like it to glow brighter and stronger and more beautiful to the end. I hate the day to die in gloom, and I dislike to read the last chapter of so many books, because in such gray and desolate sadness they droop away and fade. To die gloriously, whatever happened, would be my idea always," she continued; "die in light, in the lustre of achievement, like this day—light, life, colour to the very end!"

"You have been 'picture thinking,' I see, you little dreaming thing," said her mother tenderly, putting up a finger to touch softly the girl's warm, flushed cheek. "While your father has been doing his outline of the Egerian Fount, you have been sitting there dreaming away the time by his side, and he has no doubt been talking on to you, without ever realizing that you were wandering away,

and that you had conjured up Numa's mystic nymph from the depth of the water-spring to converse with you the while. I see it in your eyes, Car; you have been 'picture dreaming.' I wish I had been there to wake you up. I told you, Adrian, and just look at her now; does she not look as if we had just startled her from her dreams? I told you of her 'picture thinking,' did I not?"

The girl blushed crimson for an instant, and she glanced reproachfully at her mother's laughing face. The rallying tone in the bright voice would have dissipated, pleasantly perhaps, but quite effectually, most day-dreams; and then Car looked round upon Adrian sitting opposite to her, and in the ruby glow of the sunset she met his deep grave eyes, and she felt, with a thrill of strange and intense sweetness in her young heart, the strongly magnetic sympathy of his steady gaze.

He understood, he was quite grave.

She answered his gaze full and steadily, a light quivering in her eyes, as they searched and questioned and drew out the expression of that subtle deep current of understanding in his.

"Picture thinking?" he said softly, in a he
ing and meditative tone, as if making quite cle
his own mind the idea in hers.

"Yes, yes," she said, "you understand.
finding meanings in things, like your hieroglyj
as you told me yesterday, about your vulture
your bee and your king."

"I see, yes," he answered brightly, with a su
eager light and a smile breaking over his s
face, "I see."

"Yes, I know you do. He does it, m
too!"

Lady Daring laughed tenderly again, and p
the girl's hand with a quick, light touch, and
glanced across at her husband, who was co
Car's vivid countenance with a quizzical and ar
gaze.

"Well, well," she said, "if you read the
glyphics of life aright, my darling, with your
ture thinking,' and interpret them as well as A
interprets his hieroglyphics of the antique, t
am sure I shall be satisfied, even if I may n
ways follow your flights. But how does your

tical picture progress, Frederick? Did you do good work?"

"Oh, there was not much," he said, "that was very interesting to draw. This one afternoon did it; I will not give it another day. To-morrow I shall go to the baker's tomb."

"Dear me," said Lady Daring, with a little quick sigh, for which Sir Frederick laughed at her, and shook his head.

"Oh, you need not come," he said, "none of you. Though, of course, Dillon must see it while he is here. But I shall be quite satisfied to do a day's good drawing by myself to-morrow."

"Satisfied without our pleasant company even?" said his wife, shaking her head, with a bright glance at him in her turn.

"Well, it takes up time when there are numbers," he replied; "that is certain. But what do you think you will all do?"

"Oh, there are quantities of things we ought to do," began Lady Daring; but Car interrupted her reply.

"Oh, mother, do let us make the pilgrimage to-morrow."

"You mean, take Adrian for a day's sight-seeing. Well—"

"You did promise to do it, you know," said her cousin.

"Did I? Well, why should we not? It shall be Car's pilgrimage—to everything she likes."

"Not everything," the girl murmured, as her mind wandered over vistas and arrays of her favourite corners of Rome; "but just a few. Then on other days we can do the rest. I did not say nearly all when we talked of them, you know. I have been thinking of so many since. There is Raphael's house, and—"

"Oh, we enumerated quite enough for our start, my love; and more than enough for to-morrow."

"Where shall we begin?" continued Car, colouring up now, and her eyes dancing with enthusiasm as she gave the enterprise her best and most eager thought.

"The Cenci—?" Lady Daring suggested.

"Oh, yes," Sir Frederick said, "take Dillon there.

o and look at those eyes," he continued, turning Adrian, "for you will never see them in any copy. othing approaches the reality of that picture in ıe old Barbarini Salle; nowhere in the wide world ın we see the gaze of Beatrice Cenci without com- ıg to Rome; save," he added, with a tender em- hasis in his tone, "in a case just now and then, hen you meet them gazing at you—from a woman's ace. Only Guido has painted them; but you meet hem just once in a lifetime, and when you do— hen know, Dillon, that you are a gone man."

"My dear Frederick, how affecting," said his ife, "and from you, too, when I fear no one can redit *me* with having the Cenci eyes!"

"No, indeed," he answered pleasantly, "yours ave their own special qualities, my dear—but the enci! Her eyes have that pathos which is irresist- ble, if not always deserving. It is a something that ffects us, Dillon, in the gaze of a saint or a martyr ruly, if you will, but also affects us equally some- imes in the eyes of a woman—who has been, nei- her a martyr nor a saint."

"My dear Frederick!"

"You take him to see it," Sir Frederick concluded, "and we shall hear what is his view. By the way, I hope you two were not impatient," he added presently. "Car said I kept you waiting such a long time to-day. But the place was pretty; you did not mind, did you, Vere?"

"Not in the least, for my part," she answered, "and I hope Adrian was not too much bored."

"I—impossible!" he answered.

"We had a pleasant, old-day gossip," Lady Daring went on, "and told each other all kinds of things."

"That is just my idea of what I really like," said Car, in a quiet tone of decision.

"What—a gossip about old, long-ago days?"

"Not always that," she answered, looking across once more at Adrian, and speaking gravely and emphatically now, as if straight to him. "But what I think is the beginning of *liking* people, and the niceness of it all through, is when you feel you want to tell them things, and when you feel there is so much you want them—to tell to you. 'Telling each other things,' that is what I mean by friend*ship*," she said.

Her mother laughed her bright, rallying laugh again, that was always provoked, half-tenderly, half-derisively, by the demure utterance of one of Car's small private meditations for the benefit of the general talk.

And just then, before any one could answer, the carriage swept up to the door of the Casa Pia, through the old Spanish Place again, and the drive was at an end.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CALTHORPES.

WHEN the "*psyche*" dwelling in the solitude of two beings, looks out in each from its hiding-place within human nature's depths, and there is a mutual recognition, and the genius and essence of the soul goes forth in one to meet the other, along the mystic courses of the heart's election and affinity—imponderable and occult forces, for which we have no very definite names—then a time comes when there is an eager and impetuous longing for the interchange of speech. And this is occasionally obstructed by battlements of opposing circumstances, which are difficult to overcome.

This Adrian felt to be his position as he went up the stone stairs again of his hotel at the Piazza corner, and looked dreamily into the burning crimson depths of the hot charcoal of the scaldino, as he paused on the upper landing to think.

What was to be done?

Vere Daring, his pleasant, brilliant cousin, what should he do—with her, and with all that he instinctively knew to be her social theories and views? If he had been a *parti* of the quality most desirable, and she a mother of the great world, most desirous of binding him and all his mundane advantages at her daughter's feet, she could not more dexterously have pursued her course than she had done that afternoon.

Every word she had said had deepened his love for Car, every little attribute and peculiarity of the nature she had described to him, had made his thought of the girl more delicately tender and sweet.

The whole soft picture of her own mother-love, and of all that her young daughter had brought of heart's depth and beauty into her life, had touched him ineffably, and he knew the very fact of all she had said to him showed how unconscious of the truth she was.

For Adrian was no *parti*—a poor man always—son of a second son, a man who could never have

made a fortune, and who had been careless of the world's favour and of all its lower good.

Such distinction as he had won for himself, very real as it might be, was yet of that special kind for which a special culture is required even to appreciate it.

Like the taste for olives, or for fine, old wine, those who could recognize its real merit were few. No girl could be said to make a brilliant alliance because her husband could interpret the Rosetta Stone. And to Vere Daring he well knew it would be a bitterness if her daughter made any alliance that was not brilliant. So, with the imprisoned "*psychai*," who pined for intercourse, how must it fare? Ill, he feared badly. Ought he to go off on the very morrow?

As he so reflected, a door opened on the landing by his side. The great dinner-bell was clanging through the tall house at the moment, till now quite unheeded by him, doors were opening simultaneously everywhere, and people were going down to dinner; and just then this particular door was thrown suddenly open, along with the rest, and

after an instant's pause and hesitation some one exclaimed his name,—

"Mr. Dillon, how do you do?"

He looked round, as a lady came out on the landing and extended her hand. At the same time she called back into the room,—

"Philip, here is actually Mr. Dillon! How round the world is! Whom may one not meet?"

"How do you do?" Adrian said; "I am very glad to see you. I was not aware that there was any one I knew in the hotel."

"We have only just come to-day," she answered. "We have come from Naples on our way home from Greece."

"From Greece?" said Adrian absently.

"Yes," she continued, "actually from Greece; and you must come in after dinner and see some nice old pottery we found in these last travels of ours; we have just been unpacking it. I am sure it will interest you very much."

"I know it will," he said; and he turned again to shake hands with the small, intellectual-looking

man who had emerged also from the sitting-room as they talked, and who was her husband.

They were the Honourable Philip Calthorpes—pleasant, well-bred, and well-to-do people, whom he knew in London, and one of the small and highly cultured circle who knew much of him.

They were people who had strongly developed that "olives and old wine" taste, and, having wealth and no children, they could travel all over the world to indulge it.

"Let us dine together," said Mrs. Calthorpe, when the exchange of greetings had been accomplished; "we have a little table for ourselves apart. Philip shall have a third place put ready for you while you dress, for I see you have only just come it. We shall be only too delighted to wait."

"Thanks, very much; that will be charming. I shall not be more than ten minutes," he said.

And accordingly, in little more than that time, he joined them, attired with haste, but with care also, for he appeared in full evening dress.

The *table-d'hôte* did not require this; but the fact of the matter was, that, before leaving the Darings,

he had promised to join them in the Teatro di Apollo at nine o'clock.

He had a pleasant dinner with the Calthorpes; and so attractive was their talk and all their graphic reminiscences of Athens and many other cities and corners of Greece, that, absent and dreamy as he was just then, he became gradually interested; and he certainly, at least, had no available ears to-night for the *table-d'hôte* controversies which waxed as warm and raged gradually as furiously as ever, over every kind of curious subject open to dispute in the Rome of the classics or the Popes.

It was all lost upon Adrian, and only Mrs. Calthorpe now and then listened, and was amused.

But even her attention seldom wandered from their pleasant little triangle of interesting converse at their own small table behind Mr. Swinford's back; and if her listening powers did wander, they were speedily recalled again by her husband, because of some question of memory at fault on his part, or on Adrian's, on some point of the ruins so unspeakably interesting of that still more classic land than Italy, from which they had just come.

They had an agreeable dinner; and afterwards they begged him to pass the evening with them in their *salon*, and to tell them of his Roman explorations among the trophies of Egypt to be found in Rome; and to examine their fine specimens of pottery brought by them from the south. They pressed the invitation cordially, as they walked together up the staircase after dinner; and when, after many turnings, and passing many glowing scaldini, they once more reached their door.

"Oh, thanks, very much," Adrian said, hesitating a moment, and glancing doubtfully into the warmly-lit *salon*, "I should like immensely to come in just for a little while; and I am so very glad I have met you, Mrs. Calthorpe, but—the fact is, I am going to be rather frivolous this evening, and am not exactly in a frame of mind in which I might descant to you on the obelisks as worthily as I could wish. I am going to join my cousins, the Darings, at the opera at nine o'clock."

"The Darings!" exclaimed Mrs. Calthorpe, as she led the way into her *salon*. "Not Sir Frederick and Lady Daring on their way back from India?"

"Yes, just exactly them. She is a cousin of mine; and, well—I think I must go for a while, as I promised. But otherwise, the opera is not, generally speaking, much in my line."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Calthorpe cheerfully, for she was a very cheerful and enlivening lady, pleasant on many subjects besides pottery and Greece. "Why not? But the Darings! I am so pleased. Why, she is one of my oldest friends, and I have not seen her for years—not since Philip and I made that tremendous Indian tour of ours. We stayed with them then at their Government House, and they were so kind. We shall be so pleased to see them again, shall we not, Philip? My dear, you need not surely put more wood on that fire."

Mr. Calthorpe had come first into the *salon*, while she had paused a moment on the landing with Adrian, and had been occupying himself with the fire, which is more or less a source of constant occupation in those southern countries during the absence of the sun. He had piled on wood, and made a cheerful blaze; but now he assented to his wife's opinion that he had done enough towards

warmth and cheerfulness, and he turned and stood, like a true Englishman, on the rug, and enjoyed it, surveying Adrian the while.

"I am very glad, indeed," he said, "to hear that we shall meet the Darings—him especially. Sir Frederick is a first-rate man."

"I fancy he is," said Adrian. "Here, he is for the moment at play, amusing and enjoying himself like a boy. It is charming to see him."

"He well deserves it," said Mr. Calthorpe. "He has done good work."

"And she," continued Mrs. Calthorpe, "did you say she is a relation of yours, Mr. Dillon? I believe, in some way or other, she is also a cousin of mine. I am so bad at remembering how relationships stand, though I know it is the case. But, besides, Vere Daring is my very old friend. She is charming; but, do you know, she is the one woman in the world about whom I never in the least can make up my mind. Is she, can you tell me, the most worldly, cool, and ambitious, or the most *sensible* and disinterested person of your acquaintance—which?"

Adrian laughed a little, and lowered his eyes from her face to the level of the bright dancing flames of the log fire; and he smoothed his moustache, considering, before he replied. Then in a quiet tone he said,——

"I fancy she has, like many of your sex, Mrs. Calthorpe, a character which is a little complex."

"Difficult to classify or describe," retorted Mrs. Calthorpe, smiling at him, "or, at least, you will not do it. I dare say you are right. Well, at all events, I shall be delighted to see her again; and do tell her so, if you meet her to-night. Oh, you are going to join her, you said. Where? At the opera, the 'Apollo?' And, by-the-bye, of course, yes, I hear she has had her pretty daughter out here to meet them, and that she is taking her about. Is she pretty?"

"She is like her mother in many points," he answered, rather evasively again. "Pretty" seemed such a slight, poor word to apply to Car, in all her young, stately grace.

"But you will see her," he added.

He feared to give himself rein just then to say more.

"Ah, I hope so. I hear that young Lord Farnham lost his head and heart to her at Venice. He was down at Naples all last week."

"Indeed!" And this was all that on this point Adrian seemed to wish to say; so Mrs. Calthorpe continued,—

"Yes, he was there with his tutor. A nice young boy is Lord Farnham, too. It would be a charming thing for her: he his own father already! He has a fine position, and is just of age. What more could the heart of mother, or daughter either, require in this intelligent era, Mr. Dillon?"

"What, indeed!" he replied; but his gaze turned uneasily away from her quick eyes, and wandered to where Mr. Calthorpe had now betaken himself, to a *buffet* where the quaint old pieces of rare pottery were arranged. They were curious, rather ugly, but of infinite value, being excellent specimens of the four styles respectively of the ancient fictile art—of the Phœnician, early Greek, classical, and the "decorated." It was difficult to see such

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trophies of a collector's ardour anywhere outside the walls of the Vatican or of the museum at Naples. But Mr. Calthorpe, as a collector, was indefatigable indeed.

"I really must be off," said Adrian suddenly; "but I should just like to look at these. How fine they are!"

"Are they not? A satisfactory 'find,' indeed," said Mr. Calthorpe. "Look, this is Phœnician, this pale red with horizontal bands filled in with animals and fruit and flowers; and this," he added, touching a strange-looking but rather graceful jug, "is the early Greek, or Etruscan, as we call it—only it is really Greek. Look, this deep, red ground with black devices; and this," he continued, taking up a huge and very ugly old vase affectionately, "is a piece of genuine 'decorated,' from a Grecian tomb. Do look! How the style of ornament has altered! This is the latest date I have—all symbolic devices, all mythological."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Adrian. "What splendid things to have picked up! How clever of you!"

"Oh, I got most of this at Athens, and the rest

at Naples. That tutor of Lord Farnham—'Jorrax,' the fellow's name is—he was capital. He knew every hole and corner of Naples, and told me of numbers of things," said Mr. Calthorpe. "He is coming on here, I hope, immediately."

"Oh, yes," said his wife, coming slowly up to his side, before the great *buffet* laden with pottery, "they will be here to-morrow or next day. And do not the Darings expect Lord Farnham?" she continued. "You have heard them speak of him, I suppose?"

"I have heard them mention him, I think," said Adrian, with a certain touch of coldness in his tone, for at that moment he decidedly did not like her—and felt disposed to show it! She irritated him extremely for the time being, did pleasant little Mrs. Calthorpe, with her pottery, and her cheery smile, and her emphatic statements, and her lively, friendly ways; and yet, he did not feel inclined to say anything in answer to those statements; nor, indeed, did anything occur to him on the subject which he felt it would be desirable to say. Only he was deeply and uncontrollably

ritated; and as for the Grecian pottery, in the resent sadly deteriorated condition of his appreciave mind—the Grecian pottery bored him to the ıst possible degree!

So he took his leave a few minutes after this, nd went off to the Teatro di Apollo.

Lady Daring had announced casually during he afternoon, that, because they had an agreeable, :lever cousin, who had made his appearance and :equested to be lionized about Rome, this was no reason why they should turn their backs entirely upon society, or abjure the world; and as the Duchessa di Pantuoli had been so amiable as to send them her large box on the second and therefore "grand tier" of the Apollo for that evening, they might as well go—also invite some people to meet them there, and Adrian amongst the number, if he so pleased.

And accordingly he arrived—a little late, because the Calthorpes had detained him much longer than he had known—arrived, to find their large palco the brilliant centre of a very brilliant scene.

The carnival was approaching its height. In the next week would be the gay days of the confetti, of dominoes, and veglione and tempesta dei fiori, and all the other joys and riots of the carnival's close; and now, this week, were the great operatic nights, when the Teatro di Apollo afforded beautiful performances of the most lovely music for the most select *élite* of the Italian social world. And when even the spectacle of the house was brilliant, filled throughout in every palco and seat, from the smallest and most obscure corner to the great royal box, where sat the King and the lovely and much-loved Queen Marghuerita, the "Perla d'Italia," surrounded by all the grace and bravery of their bright young court. Several of the embassies and their *entourage* were present, resplendent in every national variety of diplomatic dress. And beauty and youth and fashion were all there as well, ranged in glowing circles of colour and of glittering light. It was a very brilliant scene; and, above all, floated continually lovely strains of orchestral music, and more lovely echoes of song.

In Lady Daring's box there was assembled,

en Adrian arrived, a gay and lively party. An lian Principessa, whom Vere for the moment ed, sat in the front seats, with Car by her side. id by the Principessa's chair was Sir Frederick, ile a trio of young persons were grouped behind id beside Car—an Italian, an Englishman, and a ussian, choice flowers plucked by Lady Daring, ith forethought and care, for appearance in so nspicuous a place, from the highest social grades f multifarious nationalities to be found at Rome. hey were all being evidently very pleasant to each ther, and to the Principessa; and at intervals, when he gave them in turn an opportunity, being most harming also, according to their divers lights, to ar. But she was, or pretended to be, absorbed in he music, and gave them little chance.

As Adrian entered the box she glanced round, nd for one second a beautiful radiance lit up her hole face, dancing exquisitely in a passing gleam oth on lips and eyes, and enchanting him in his irst glance her way. How lovely she looked!

They were going on to a great assembly at the olonna Palace after the opera, as he knew, and

therefore the full radiance of her attire. It was simple enough—as became her age and her mother's perfect judgment in such things; but to his mind it was lovely in its delicacy, lightness and charm—lovely, though only another variety of her favourite cream gauze and pearls. The pearls were twisted through her brown, bright hair to-night, and curled round her throat and arms.

He could not reach her, to talk to her—he had come so late; so he could only, all the evening through, admire, and delight his never-wearied gaze in admiring, the beautiful *pose* of her head, as she sat there, and as she turned occasionally in that pretty, stately, deliberate way of hers, towards one of the three young men around her chair.

He had to be content with this still, this distant and speechless gaze, and he had to sit down, in the back part of the palco, by Lady Daring, who hated the glare of the light there in front, but who carried on her own charming person, in prospect of the Colonna ball, enough splendour in diamonds to illuminate the shady curtained corner, where she had chosen to sit.

A handsome Italian, elderly and covered with ders and decorations, sat on one side of her, and ıe other seat near the door had been kept for drian.

"Why are you so late?" she said to him in a ɔw tone, as he entered. "See, the only place re- ıaining is this very bad one, this last by me."

"I can never count my fortune bad, that brings ne by you," he said courteously, as he took his ɔlace.

"Oh, that is all very well," she answered, "and it is very prettily said, but you need not have been so far back. I always like best to sit here myself, it is true; because, when I am going on afterwards, the heat and glare of the front places make me tired. Besides, one can talk a little in lowered voice back here; why did you not come?—I said eight o'clock."

"Yes, I know it is very stupid; but the fact is, I met some people, and we got talking about Greece, and about pottery and things. They have brought up some very good old ware from the south. And,

by the way, they know you, and send you all kinds of sayings, *bien de bonnes choses de leur part.*"

"But who?" she said.

"Oh, I forgot, yes," he was gazing down the box (at the stage, as she thought) really at the pearl-wreathed coils at the back of Car's head; "I forgot, it is the Calthorpes."

"What! the Philip Calthorpes, Lord Caringford's son?"

"Yes, it is them," he went on, a little absently still. "Very nice people, I *used* to like them very much," he added, suddenly demanding of himself what they had said or done that evening that had made him like them less than before. Why had he hated them emphatically during that last ten minutes, he wondered—because they had spoken of Lord Farnham, whose name they had linked with Car's? —only empty and groundless rumour perhaps, for Lord Farnham had been mentioned several times at the Casa Pia, without significance of any kind. But still it startled him, to realize how annoyed he had been!—and he had always so very much liked the Calthorpes.

He was annoyed still, but he roused himself. He would think no more of the Calthorpes—nor of Lord Farnham either! The present was his own, and there was at least to-morrow. He would banish his sense of irritation entirely for the time being, he would listen and dream and enjoy, and gaze also—as Car's lovely profile was at that moment turned a little towards him, while she bent her head ever so slightly to listen to a low murmur from the young Conte Salini, whose seat was next to hers.

So Adrian's restless thoughts ran on, as the flood of beautiful sound filled the house, and the lights danced brilliantly on lovely women and on many jewels and on the bright stars and decorations of brave men, and as his cousin Vere Daring said again suddenly, while his thoughts went wandering down still to the front of the box,—

"But the Philip Calthorpes are very charming people. I am so glad that they have come. I shall be delighted to see them, and I will write and ask them to come and lunch with us to-morrow, I will; I will send first thing in the morning, and perhaps,

if she has not arranged for her carriage yet, she might like to drive with us in the afternoon, for Car's pilgrimage, you know, Adrian, is to come off to-morrow."

This last brought his attention back, and he listened, as his cousin went on,—

"She is a dear little woman; only, you know, I never feel quite certain about her; she puzzles me more than any one I know; she did out in India. What do you think, is she quite genuine? That love of those hideous old potteries, you know, and that kind of thing, the character is so contradictory, eh? What do you think?"

"A little complex, I should imagine," he murmured, still in a low undertone, and with a curious little smile curling the corners of his mouth.

"Complex," repeated Lady Daring, "yes, just so, complex, yes, very; but, at all events, I like her extremely, and she is a relation of mine."

"So she says," said Adrian; "only she does not know how."

"Oh, I know; she was a Fitz-Edward, and her mother a Denleigh, and my grandmother was one,

too—that is it; she is no relation of yours, Adrian; you and I are cousins on my father's side, and through your old aunt, Lady Dillon, whom you mentioned to-day. And that reminds me, how is your dear old uncle? How kind they used both to be to me when I was a girl, and how I loved to go to the Court! How is he? And his son, Henry, he never married, did he? Where is he?"

"Tiger-potting in Mysore at this precise moment, I believe. Yes, the dear old uncle is alone at the Court; he is getting on in years. You will find him altered; I often go to see him, and I shall run down when I get back to England."

"Oh, then, do give him my love," she responded lightly; "and now we must listen to this lovely song."

As they all came out an hour afterwards, Adrian was clever, in that quiet way of his of arriving at his own goal, and perhaps Car helped him a little on this occasion; but so it was, as they all trooped down the crowded corridor to the exit, her gloved hand was nestling softly within his arm, her blue, bright eyes were looking for that fleeting, but per-

fect moment deep into his, and her voice was saying in low tones of reproach,—

"Why did you come so late?"

And he was answering, he never knew *what*, in words! But for that little time they were alone, in the solitude, so complete, of a busy crowd. For the Principessa absorbed Sir Frederick and all the three young men in finding her gorgeous carriage, and Lady Daring was well cared for by the handsome old Italian with the great star.

It was a blissful, intoxicating, fleeting moment—but the *psychai* travelled far towards the meeting-point, far and swiftly in that little time!

CHAPTER VIII.

"LOVE THE PILGRIM."

CAR'S "pilgrimage" came off next day; on the Wednesday of that significant week,—according to promise.

Very early in the day, considering how late the Colonna ball was kept up, Lady Daring sent two notes to the Albergo Parigi beneath the Pincian Hill. One to Adrian, saying, that in the hurry and confusion of their separation at the Teatro di Apollo she had never wished him *la buona notte*, neither had she given the invitation, which accordingly she sent him now:—"Would he lunch with them that day, to meet the Philip Calthorpes and drive with them afterwards to wherever Car chose, as this was to be her special afternoon?"

He sent his servant with an appropriate reply, expressing as composedly as possible the intense

ecstasy of gladness in anticipation, which glowed deep and glorious within his heart.

For indeed, odd to say, considering his annoyance of that night, the thought of the Honourable Mrs. Philip Calthorpe was a great accession of happiness to him this morning. A feeling which she herself, pleasant little lady as she was, would have found it difficult to explain in all its intensity.

Mrs. Philip Calthorpe knew that Mr. Adrian Dillon liked her very well, and that her pretty little house in Chesterfield Street was one of the very few places in London where he cared to dine, indeed he had often said so. Their sympathy on the subject of antiques of all kinds was so eager, and their understanding on the demotic caligraphy and on hieroglyphics was so complete; but still, the lively pleasure with which he thought of her arrival this morning, after reading Lady Daring's note, would have surprised her indeed!

Full of the highest buoyancy of hope he worked through a very stirring morning, going with Mr. Calthorpe to see the Vatican Obelisk, and various other points to which this gentleman, one of his

miliar spirits at the British Museum, directed him, s a matter of course.

Mr. Calthorpe knew Rome well, and he thought e knew Adrian Dillon *au fond!* "that dry fellow, rammed up with hieroglyphics;" and the associaion of his friend with Egyptian puzzles in general vas a thing of which Mr. Calthorpe could not easily id himself. He felt obelisks, inscriptions, and ieroglyphics, to be a sort of mental sustenance for which he imagined Dillon's nature did constantly and insatiably crave.

And Adrian went on an Egyptian hunt accordingly with him this morning, because he was evidently expected to go, and because it is very difficult at all times, to rebel against the adoption of that particular *pose* which your friends imagine belongs to you, and from which they cannot separate you in their minds.

Through the glories of the bright Italian morning he went, while the sun danced round them with all the sweetness of the early southern spring; while it danced upon everything, from the grim, old obelisk of St. Peter's Place to the great, snowy

plumes of the two fountains' spray; danced in the brown eyes of the beggar children, and on the gay uniforms of the soldiers, and on the cassocks of the many friars and priests who passed them on every side. It smiled and glistened — that wonderful morning sunshine of the early Roman spring— smiled and glistened, as if, in the softened shadows of the short winter, swept already away, it had gathered anew a perennial youth of joy and radiance, with which to break forth in all this gladness again.

And all the time, as Mr. Calthorpe led Adrian here and there, and as he went, because it was like a second nature to him, to gaze at trophies of the sphinx and of the vast Egyptian Unknown, all the while he did it mechanically, and not one bit with his real thoughts nor heart — because they were utterly out of sympathy with grim stone inscriptions for the time being, and were bright and buoyant and dancing, in fantastic frolics of gladness, in unison with the spring sunshine, and its return of perennial youth.

Mr. Calthorpe never knew this; and perhaps it was just as well.

Finally they went for luncheon to the Casa Pia. It was a pretty, little repast, as, with Lady Daring for hostess, might be assured. It was pretty, artistic, and excellently furnished, as well as lively and pleasant in every respect.

And this over, and much converse in the course of it achieved, coffee and delicate tobacco were supplied for an hour of reposé in the divan, where the three gentlemen talked on Indian politics, and on the wary Russian advances in the far east.

The two elder ladies the while repaired to the *salon*, and devoted themselves to the dextrous mutual unravelling of that complexity of character in each, to which Adrian had respectively referred.

And Car dreamily wandered about, from the flowers on the balcony to the flowers filling the room in profusion, finding apparently more interest in these vegetable developments than in converse of any kind, only watching furtively the clock the while, until the hour at last drew near at which her mother had ordered the carriage.

Then the smokers all came in from the divan, and from their Indian politics; and Sir Frederick's

drawings and their lively interest, bearing upon all surrounding scenes and on many of the days' doings for all of them, became the subject of an interlude of general drawing-room "talk."

In the course of this it was discovered that the Honourable Philip Calthorpe, who was really a very intellectual and cultivated man, wished, of all things, to visit once more the tomb of the baker Eurysaces, and that the comparatively modern shrines of Car's projects for pilgrimage had small interest for him. For how could the quite recent thought of Beatrice Cenci compete, in the mind of that class of scholar, with the interest of Atistia, the baker's wife, who lies beneath the tomb at the Porta Maggiore, and whose mortal remains, as we may actually know from that inscription read on the architrave, were poetically and suggestively deposited here in a bread-basket, in the days of imperial Rome.

Mr. Calthorpe decided unhesitatingly to accompany Sir Frederick along this his particular line of study that day. So the others remained a *parti carré*, a result of which Adrian had foreseen the possibility in his sudden joy over the Calthorpes, as

over friends beloved that were lost and found again. This possibility foreseen had caused his undue rejoicings.

What a day they had!

Starting at once now, while it was still early—for they had had *déjeuner* in the foreign fashion at twelve o'clock.

Such a day, as dwells vivid in the heart's memories for ever; that comes back at life's grayest moments, in all after-time, as with the sweep of the south wind laden with soft fragrance, brightening the horizon of the mind, and revealing stretches of lovely colouring, that abide for ever.

Such days enrich our lives!

It was charming even to bowl through the bright streets of that city, so gay and so full of colour and life; to pass palaces and columns and churches all instinct with that universal interest which never dies; to pass fountains innumerable, throwing up their bright, feathery spray continually—these sweet, fresh, fountain springs, which are the life of Rome.

The interest was endless, the charm and the rightness and the beauty unfailing at every point;

and the strongest charm of all, that gave intensity to the joy of everything for the whole long afternoon, was, for those two, in each other, as they sat side by side on the front seat of the carriage, and enjoyed, while Lady Daring and Mrs. Calthorpe made pleasant talk for themselves, the interchange of those currents of sympathy in *speech* at length, which had already sprung up so quickly in subtle magnetic force—with the sense of strong, mutual attraction.

They went first to the great Palazzo Barbarini; to the grim, old, unbeauteous room where Beatrice holds her court of centuries. And Adrian met the world-famed gaze of those Cenci eyes, and—he appreciated.

But all sentiment was impossible, and still more so the expression thereof on that occasion and for the time being, for "La Beatrice" was surrounded by a travelling gang, a terrible party, "specially" and most vociferously conducted by an irrepressible British guide, who was gesticulating before the wondrous picture, and explaining its history and its supposed origin, giving volubly his opinion to every

body, and acquainting the whole public within hearing, with his special views on "Guider" in general, and upon this portrait in particular.

"This sort of thing ought to be put down," exclaimed Lady Daring indignantly.

And truly, why is it not?

After one silent look over the shoulders of the crowding, tourist gang—they slowly and reluctantly turned away.

"This 'Fornarina' looks different from the one at Florence," continued Lady Daring, indicating this other picture to Adrian, as she slowly passed along the room in deep disgust, "and I always think that Dürer's 'The Child Christ among the Rabbis' is most extraordinary, and, oh, of course, there are several more; but do let us go, please, this is too unbearable."

For the loud, harsh voice went on discanting, to the insult of the painter and of the lovely Cenci, unrestrained and at will.

"You must come again another day, Adrian, for you must see the library, when you can give it time."

So on they went to the Rospigliosi on the Quirinal, where, with "Aurora" scattering her flowers before the sunrise, and heralding the dancing Hours, they escaped the tourists and all "specially conducted" corps — and where they spent a long, happy time.

Not entirely, too, because the gay procession on the Rospigliosi ceiling so entranced them (charming in its grace and vivacity, as the wonderful painting is), but because it was so pleasant, so remote from annoyance, so quiet in the stately rooms, in the bright, little Casino, and in the soft, green garden, with its magnolias and fish-ponds and orange-trees and lovely terrace view.

They lingered long, so charmed were they all; and then, because Lady Daring and Mrs. Calthorpe were growing just a little tired of each other, they went on to visit modern studios—for they had the *entrée* to all that were attractive.

Lady Daring often spent many hours in the studios, and often she bought wonderful and lovely things; and, besides, she was so enthusiastic and

ıpreciative that to all artists she was charming, ıd was everywhere a welcomed guest.

And now, that she and Mrs. Calthorpe had be-ɔme a little *ennuyée* in those two mediæval palazzi, here only great pictures were to be seen with in-ɔlerable tourists inspecting them, she it was who uggested, that they should visit some new things or a change now; things of art also, but in variety.

So they went to the beautiful studio of the ;culptor who dwells near the Piazza dell' Indepen-ıenza, and gazed, with a thrill of pride in the age that is with us now, and with a sense of joy in the realization, that the glorious genius which can breathe life and character into marble has not entirely fled from among men; that in the works even of these masters of our modern times the majesty of a sculptured presence can still impress us, and the lines of a snowy form, still in its marble ɔeauty, stir our hearts as we gaze on the Semira-nide, the Gerusalemme, the Saul, the Salome, and he two great ones familiar to us long ago—the Cleopatra, and the Sybil, there where they stand or epose, in graceful, majestic ease, with many others

as great as they are, in the still, cool seclusion of that studio, which in itself is worth a journey far to see.

They whirled on to the Villa Campana, where Naomi and the recumbent Eve are the centre of another studio full of many things of grace and charm.

And they went to several others, Mrs. Calthorpe regretting repeatedly, as they drove along, that, among the great names of sculpture, Miss Hosmer was absent this winter from Rome. She knew her intimately, and deplored her loss from among the studios with zeal.

Then they looked in pleasantly upon a few painters—some great ones, even though of to-day—and they went to look at Mazzolini's copies, too, and at La Signora Barberi's collection of her father's celebrated mosaics. Indeed, they visited many points of the current Roman interests of the day, until Car protested that her real pilgrimage was being much disturbed, and its originally intended course sadly diverted.

And then Lady Daring said, as the sun began ıpidly to go down,—

"Well, my dearest child, we have been in nearly ɾery known corner of Rome; but as there is so ıuch still to be done, and so much we are leaving ndone in our wandering course, let us show Adrian verything, once for all, and be done with it for ood. Let us take him to the top of the tower of he Capitol, where we shall have this evening a ɔeautiful view; then home to tea, and no more for ɔne day, I beg of you!"

"A very good idea," exclaimed Mrs. Calthorpe. 'I have not been up there for years."

"Well, yes, it would be very nice," replied Car, ɔut with hesitation. It was not quite her idea. 'But, yes; the view is always lovely. Would—Mr.)illon like to go?"

"Mr. Dillon" expressed his pleasure at being aken anywhere, and Lady Daring, smiling at the lemurely said "Mr. Dillon," asserted cheerfully that he knew "cousin Adrian" would go anywhere they leased.

So it was arranged. But Car said little more

for a few minutes—she did not quite endorse the plan. And when her mother replied with the designation "cousin Adrian," she looked quite away from them to her side of the carriage, and said nothing!

"Cousin Adrian" was a form of address which, in this instance, she emphatically in her own mind, and tacitly to the world in general, declined to adopt. It suggested a compromise to her, between a brother and an uncle, which did not seem to suit him, to her thinking, in any way; and as she did not feel prepared to say "Adrian," as her mother did, and as "Mr. Dillon" always came out with an effect of restraint and effort, she usually called him by no name, but indicated him generally successfully in a quaint little way of her own.

In her innermost thought of him she had coined a little Italian expression by which she described him to her own self already.

It was "Simpatico mio"—an expression absolutely inadmissible and ungrammatical from an Italian point of view, but giving a form, which pleased her curiously, to her feeling for him, and

to her instinctive consciousness of his rapid understanding of her sentiments and thoughts.

"Simpatico mio." But though she already always spoke of him to herself by this name, she had not come to saying it aloud as yet,—and nothing else seemed quite to suit!

She generally managed, without attracting attention. And as for him—as regards this point—it is doubtful if, on his part, he had ever yet called her by any name at all, save deep in those most hidden heart's depths, of which the expressions rarely will bear interpretation into common speech.

And yet, a good deal of the expression of those hidden depths had escaped forth into light that day.

How sweet it had all been; how they had talked!—sometimes with swift and rapid confidences; sometimes in words hesitating, half-restrained, and low. How they had gone on incessantly "telling each other things," as Car described it; and how bright and charming all the time had she been! So many things they had murmured; so much had

And in all the variety of scenes that had surrounded them too, as they went in and out, alighting from the carriage at so many different doors, and getting into it again; in the little intervals as they swept along the viali from one point to another, and leant, each side by side, on the sloping cushions of the seat opposite Mrs. Calthorpe and Lady Daring; as they went a little way up the old, winding stone stairs of the Barbarini just to explore, and for the mere fun of going together, "like two inquisitive children," as Lady Daring exclaimed, "bent on investigating everything;" as they managed to stray away a few paces from the other two in the soft bit of green orange-garden at the Rospigliosi, and among the great white statues in the studio near the Piazza dell' Independenza,—and in every sort of odd moment and odd place, again and again.

They seemed idly and happily to stray through the bright afternoon—going from scene to scene of fresh wonder and interest, and in each scene finding themselves straying towards each other, always arriving at just having some little thing which they

ew aside to tell, and acquiring in each palazzo, udio, or gallery, some little reminiscence, some esh saying from his lips or from hers, to linger mong the sweet memories stored up in their asso-iations with these scenes for ever.

And how delightfully variable, too, he had ound her; how under each new influence she had hanged from one mood, that seemed sweet beyond vords to him, to another that charmed him still nore!

In the old Barbarini a soft gravity had fallen ver her for a little while, and a sort of gentle pathos had crept into her voice and eyes; and, not-withstanding the harsh jarring tones in which the icerone was haranguing before the *pittura dolorosa*, her spirit had been swayed, while she stood there, s with a wave of passionate feeling, which she ould scarce control.

She had stood just at his shoulders,—in that ilence with which their particular group had been rced to pay their visit to the Barbarini Sala.

But as she stood there, and they had all gazed om behind the circle of crowding tourists, he had

known and actually felt, in his strong sympathy with her, the quiver of feeling that had thrilled through her frame; he had heard the quick, tremulous sigh, almost a sob, rising like a wave which must break and have its way; and the pathos which weighted her heart seemed to pass with swift force of deep affinity to his, and he had suddenly to turn and walk away from her and from the Cenci, and to pass his strong hand across his eyes for a moment in a quick, sharp struggle for self-control.

Then they had wandered up the old stairs that little way, until Lady Daring recalled them, and gathered them back into the carriage. But, as they went, they had told each other, in a few murmured words, a little of the strong feeling that had swayed them then.

At the Rospigliosi her mood had all changed, and she was a very sun-ray for brightness; for, as the soft summer clouds shift and skim before a sunny breeze, so the temper of her mind had altered as they drove over the grand open Piazza of the Quirinal; and as they paused before the great horse-tamers, those glorious old trophies of

the virile strength and indomitable courage and graceful vigour of the Greeks, who had been the ideal and the model of the Romans who made Rome; and as she looked across the bright stretch of view, and up to the dancing rays of the fountain's silver plume, her spirit lost its burden of pathos, and was sunlit and joyous once more.

In the Palazzo of the Aurora she was gay and full of gladness, like those maidens of the sun, who, with tread so buoyant, swell Aurora's train.

And she laughed with such a ring of youth and merriment in her tone, as she made him crack his neck in the fruitless effort to see the picture fairly from the centre of the room, and beguiled him into every one of the four corners, to catch new views and lights on it, because, she insisted, "it was too prosaic" to sit down solemnly, as Lady Daring and Mrs. Calthorpe did, in front of the slanting mirror which is provided with such courteous forethought for the aching head and eyes and neck-bones of many tourists, and which reflects the picture, without the pain of gazing up—"too prosaic," she said, "for words."

So passed the whole afternoon, in the s blissful, versatile way.

"Changeful as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made,"

so he found her; and with every varying moo was charmed anew.

By the time Lady Daring had exhausted favourite studios, and her patience, they had on a long way towards the meeting of the "psyc and they felt—as they drove towards the Ca and as the sunset began to deepen softly ar them, and they knew their day of pilgrimage nearly done—they felt that they had known another a very long time, and—that they each other well!

The conversation during the latter stage, o sloping front seat of the barouche, had be fluent and friendly, passing easily from each to without any effort, and with confidence that quite spontaneous.

And Lady Daring, as she sat opposite to t exchanging social gossip and early reminisc and family scandal with Mrs. Calthorpe, th

how young and bright and handsome Adrian ooked," and "how pleasant he could be when it ıited him," and "how good-natured it was in him, or old, cousinly affection's sake, and for old senti- ıent's sake, to be so particularly nice and lively ıith that dreamy, enthusiastic, variable child of ıers"—to whom this lionizing of her cousin Adrian ıppeared to afford an amusement which was quite emarkable. It really brightened her, and did her good.

Lady Daring was quite curiously unconscious! Her view of the fixed divisions of generations made her so. Adrian belonged to her own life and by- gone history, to her own youth, to a time to which she looked back as not far distant certainly, but still as at that point of prospect which made him of her generation and middle-aged.

And Car, though of years to be *rangée* truly under careful guidance), was still a child, to her eeling, and also, as she supposed, to Adrian, he eing contemporary with herself. A dreamy child, he thought, with no idea of "such things," quite ınconscious of herself—of the force and power and

beauty of her vivid glance, of her quick, winsome gestures, of her eager and fervent speech,—knowing nothing.

And she was so—as unconscious and as spontaneous, as unpremeditated and uncalculating of effects and results, as her mother thought her.

But still, Lady Daring was unwise to forget, that at Car's age, she had had more than one, two, or three impassioned experiences of the power of the love-god and of the strength of her own armoury from his gifts; and that when she first looked into those blue, star-eyes of her lovely child at Poonah, just nineteen years ago, she was exactly two years older than was Car at present—and she had lived through a very great deal.

Ah, well! very few of the lovely, luxuriant blossoms of the passion flower, in its most sensitive and ethereal form, would ever bloom into perfection (because of the continuous watching of their growth) did not people now and then, just so, amiably forget.

That afternoon's sunlight would never have been allowed to shed such golden beams upon the

memory and the associations of everything and of every moment for those two, if Lady Daring had remembered all that it *would* have been her wisdom no doubt, to have kept in mind. But she did not, and they were so very happy.

And last of all came the sunset from the Capitol.

This is a view, which must once be seen, if we would desire the memory of that wondrous city to dwell like a living presence within our hearts; to rise again and again, and ever new, like a wave of passion, like a throb of life, when some one whispers the name of "Roma," and the heart sees it once more.

That glorious poet-land of the Campagna, stretching away from Cape Linaro to Terracina, and from the mountains to the sea. That circlet of the immortal hills—immortal while the world endures, living since it began to be—encircling the ancient Etruria, Latium, and the land of the Sabines. There they stand, unchanging where all is changed; the hills that were the pride of Horace, the dream of Dante, and the joy of Raphael's seraphic eyes.

They encircle still the great city, the glory of all the earth, the centre of history of three thousand years; that city which, with those other two, Athens and Jerusalem, complete the triune of immortality, to which gravitate all the loftiest thoughts, the greatest memories, the deepest passions, of countless generations of men.

The city beneath the sunset lay like a pearl of wonder around the Capitol—which stands between the mediæval and the classic, between the Cæsars and the Popes. The gaze ranges over all, from ruins to palaces, from domes to columns, from arches to basilica, over via and piazza; from all the glitter and the splendour of what is, and what was, and what yet may come,—away to that blue range of unchanging glory, where Soracte rears his royal head, a king in that world of nature, which remains immovable, while dynasties sweep on.

How lovely they were that afternoon—the whole, wonderful range—with a sky of crimson above them, burnished to golden fire round the disc of the sinking sun; with a deep, azure glow, falling like the veil of night over the summit and the slope

f the mountains; and with clouds, tinged with range and purple and gold, rolling up slowly to-ards the south-east, where the peak of Gennaro, he famed Lucretilis of Horace, towered above Monticelli and Poggio Cesi, and above St. Angelo n Capoccia—the "Montes Corniculani" of the an-cient time.

From the volcanic mountains about the lake of Bracciano, right round the circlet of wonder, to the soft, blue outline of the Albano Hills, the view was clear and beautiful; and Tiber slowly rolled, like a thread of burnished amber, across the crescent to the sea; and Anio, flowing from amid the distant olive-slopes, mingled her feebler current with the monarch stream; and castles and monasteries and villages towered above the rocks among the vine-yards and in the nestling woods; and Frascati and Tusculum and Tivoli stood out in spots of vivid light; and all glowed and shone in the splendour of the sunset, like a vision of apocalyptic glory, and a dream of the city of the blest.

And they all gazed and said little, only sought each other's eyes in gladness, and then gazed and

gazed again; until, all suddenly, the sun sank, the cities of the mountains vanished from view, and the glow chilled around them, and night-veil fell lower, and the clouds swept he up the sky; and the old ruins far beneath became as dull, dead things, full of shadow darkness; and the "Pride of the Popes" grew so and gray, and the mighty dome above that m leum of mystery loomed heavily against the fa sky—and they turned a little sadly to descend tower again, for they knew then, that it was their pilgrimage was over—their day of glory gone!

CHAPTER IX.

"WE HAVE SEEN THE WONDER—WHAT IS THE GOOD?"

THE dusk was gathering quickly around them again as they drove home; the soft, violet-hued dusk of the short Italian twilight, so short as it is between sunshine and stars, an insidious, dangerous time, while the violet veil falls softly, and the mist creeps upward from the sun-scorched soil.

Home they whirled "to tea," as Lady Daring said, as fast as possible, and without much converse at first on any subject, because they had seen so much and done so much during the long afternoon that it seemed difficult to talk of anything, there was so much to think, so much to feel, and because their hearts were still full with the glory of that wondrous sunset view; and their eyes, as they looked silently one upon the other, were still listening and bright, full of the soft, gleaming re-

flection of that glory which had rested on the city and the hills.

The thing was all too much, Lady Daring felt They had overdone it; and as for that *sensible* child of hers, she could see that the keen, eager young mind was worked up to a pitch several chords too high. Lady Daring deprecated at all times avowedly what she called "this kind of thing." Partly because of the intense sensibility of which she was conscious within herself, and which it had been one of her life-rules at all times to hold in firm control. And because she liked to blow away a cloud of too weighty feeling, when she felt it threaten to gather with an oppressive influence upon the bright surface of her own happy spirit, or on the circle of conversation about her; she disliked, she said, "to feel it in the air."

It was a quality of character, this, which belonged to her maturer life, in contradiction to the intense, perhaps overstrained love, of the same kind of thing in Car.

Youth is diffident of showing feeling sometimes but is never afraid of it. It goes forth to seek and

OF NEW YORK

eet and welcome all the strong influences of :enery, art, thought, beauty of every kind, which ıay touch and develope into quick and living ensibility all the latent faculty for feeling within tself; and youth glories with ineffable enjoyment in :ach new discovery of what has power to thrill the ıeart, to vibrate over the fine chords of the spirit, o deepen the glow in eyes just awakening, and to warm the quick flush upon the cheek.

Youth has a fine eager courage in "giving away" its own self, which is lessened as life goes on.

So the sort of dreamy silence into which they fell began after a little while to be oppressive to Lady Daring from her point of view, and she at last exclaimed, just as they turned into the Corso,—

"Really, it is all too much of a good thing!"

She stooped forward as she spoke, and laid her hand on Car's.

The girl was looking away into the dusk at the moment, but as her mother said this she turned and looked at her with a wonderful gleam of dewy light in her great eyes.

"Too much for *you*, little girl," Lady Dar went on; "we might have spared ourselves t clamber up those old stairs, and gone home hour ago."

"Oh, no!" Car exclaimed.

"I would not have missed that last hour fc great deal," Adrian echoed; "it has been someth to be remembered."

"Certainly very fine," Mrs. Calthorpe said.

"Yes," murmured Lady Daring, and her col rose slightly as she looked at him and caught eager glance, and felt a memory stirred by aspect—a memory not, too, of him entirely, but- a long ago. "It is something quite by itself, t view from the Capitol, the mountains, the C pagna, the city and the sun, altogether a gr combination; but—"

"We have not really done too much, ma mia," murmured Car, "and to-morrow we shall gin again."

"To-night, my dear, you mean! We have to as perhaps you forget, to a dinner and an even party, which cannot be given up; besides—"

"Dear me, you do 'go the pace,' you two here at Rome," exclaimed Mrs. Calthorpe. "Art and sight-seeing all day long, and society all night, Vere? Yes, certainly, I should say that was too much of every kind of good thing."

"So much so," said Lady Daring, laughing a little, "that I often wonder if art *is* a good thing. Sight-seeing, I am quite convinced, is not."

"But then there is so much to see," said Mrs. Calthorpe in a slightly perplexed tone. "Of course it is bad—what with fevers and all that—but then, there it is, and one has got to see it; but I confess I often wish there was not so much."

"Here, or in the world generally?" replied Lady Daring, with much real sympathy in her glance, as she turned to Mrs. Calthorpe, who went on,—

"Oh, in the world—I mean, taking it generally. Here, one can get through with a little patience and time—we did all this years ago, and it seems all easy enough now; but think of Philip and me, we have been fifteen years going about together you know, and we have seen so much—so much.

There was India, and there was Egypt—you know what *that* was, Mr. Dillon—and now it is Greece. Oh, I often think it is rather a pity there is such a very great deal."

"Well, even here at Rome," returned Lady Daring, "I think, as far as art goes, there is pretty well enough, and 'the good of it' is what I many times question. Adrian," she added suddenly, "you are a thinker, what is the good of art?"

"You mean the mission?" he said.

"Oh, mission is such a big word; I like the simple query, what is the good of it? what does it mean?"

"The craving for perfection, the presentation of perfection, and the outward and appreciable expression of the sentiment, with which the vision of perfection fills the great artist-soul," he answered in a meditative tone, as if searching within his own definite thought and experience on the subject, for an exact and definite answer to her words.

Car looked round on him now with a brighter gleam than ever of sweet and dewy light suffusing her eyes.

"Yes," responded Lady Daring doubtfully, "a broad interpretation, but difficult, *mon cousin*, if we ruminate on the facts—and not one to apply in detail."

"Applicable to the Madonna of mediæval dreams, perhaps," said Mrs. Calthorpe, "not always to the inspiration of the Elysian vision. 'Perfection,' Cliomenes bequeathed to us; but, as you say, Vere, it is difficult to define 'the good.'"

"It is good," he asserted, "for the mental tone of the whole race of man to behold, and to stand in the presence of embodied perfection, wrought out by the supreme effort of our brother man, enduring centuries after his own personality and even the certainty of his name is quite lost to us, remaining as the highest reach of a fallen humanity to grasp the conception—even of a physically perfect being. It is good, but, like much of highest good, cannot always be coldly defined in speech."

"The theory applies to every art, I imagine," said Mrs. Calthorpe. "Dear me, and there are so many—past, present, and perhaps to come. They crowd upon us here at Rome: the art of painting,

the art of sculpture, the art of building, art of pr serving, art of—"

"Oh, innumerable!" exclaimed Lady Darir laughing again, "and now we are applying o energies on all sides to their understanding a their revival, and to the re-teaching of them agai and all the while, the first of all, the 'Art of Li is too much forgotten to my thinking, and we a left to stumble into the knowledge of that, my de Adela, just by the blundering, dusky pathway experience, because we have no sort of rule of a kind, and, young enough, no school."

"Oh, I think—" began Car hesitatingly, a with a bright flush mounting to her cheek.

But the remark of Lady Daring had caught M Calthorpe's fancy, and she laughed and answer in a lively tone—scarcely having noticed that C *felt* something she fain would say.

"In the 'Art of Life' we may have many maste Vere, only we none of us will learn. No school a life-art can teach us, what will save us from o mistakes. Eh, do you think so?"

"I think we *might* know more of the art of li

ing before we plunged overhead into life," said Lady Daring, "if any one of us could be brought to realize, all there *is* to know, about ourselves I mean, and about the world we have got to live in; what our best faculties are, and how to use them; what we *can* do, what we *may* enjoy, what may be won with effort; and further," she continued, "if we were taught to realize all that cannot at any time be ours, and what had best be left alone. In fact, I think if we were shown, as an art of life at an early age, all our own possibilities and our limits, we might be saved many painful mistakes."

"But people are so various in their views," said Mrs. Calthorpe, "I suppose you would call the art of life, the art of succeeding? Well, then, every one would differ in the point of desired success. One, would call the art of life the power of ruling in politics, in public or private affairs; and others, the faculty for dining, and ordering dinner well every day; so, as you came to the organization of your life-school, you would disagree with every sort of person, at the outset, upon the rules and objects and motive power, you see, and you would never

be able to decide if it were to be governed by a prime minister or a *cordon-bleu.*"

"Oh, but—" Car murmured low, with her eyes seeking her mother's face now, because they had spoken of this subject very often before, "surely there is, there has been, a teaching of the art of life, the presentation of the perfection, and the giving forth of its motive power and laws."

"Not one to fit our present modern world, as far as I know," continued Mrs. Calthorpe, whose ear or perceptions had not quite caught the drift of Car's thoughts just then. "The demand would be," she continued, "for one who had the key to the enigma of success, in career of whatever kind you please, a prime minister, or a great 'social power'—in either case a master of conspicuous and brilliant action. A sure prophet of results on the one hand, and a *connoisseur* of mere *savoir-vivre* on the other. Those would divide the votes of the civilized and æsthetic world."

"And yet," murmured Car again, "HE *has* been—" and she turned to look out into the darkness again, and she added a word low to herself, as

[rs. Calthorpe and Lady Daring talked on, and as drian in silence leant back, with folded arms, on ıe sloping seat by her side.

That evening Adrian dined with the Calthorpes gain, at their little round table in the corner of he *table-d'hôte* room, and he went upstairs and re-ıained until a late hour with them, discussing ;recian coinage, and admiring the pottery from the ;recian tombs anew; for the Darings dined that ıight, as Vere had said, with the ambassador for \ustria, and went on afterwards to a reception at he Quirinal.

So there was no possibility of giving invitations :o any of the favoured trio at the Albergo Parigi to go to the Casa Pia at all that night, for no one was at home there till two in the morning, and the large *salon* where dwelt the Pleyel piano and the Roman sketches was in darkness and deserted for the night.

So the party at the Parigi were perforce obliged to make themselves happy together, and very happy did Adrian find himself indeed.

For, quite afresh, it seemed to him again, "How

very pleasant were the Calthorpes!—how cultiv
how understanding, how suggestive!" — and
particularly was Mrs. Calthorpe sympathetic to
mood and mind that night.

People closely concerned in a romance are
marvellously tardy in discernment of much that
be developing rapidly around them. And, in
portion, people quite coolly interested, quite
motely concerned, have perceptions preternatu
acute.

So Mrs. Calthorpe "saw everything," while
Daring merely observed vaguely to herself
amiability of Adrian, and commended him t
upon in her own mind. Mrs. Calthorpe saw
wondered at her friend's unconsciousness; saw,
speculated how it would all end—for she
Lady Daring was ambitious, and she knew
Adrian Dillon was poor.

"Time would show," she thought—"the e
of the next few days would declare much; m
while, it was very interesting, and she was
they had come on to Rome."

The Darings were so sociable, and so easy

that pleasant eastern way of theirs, of taking sociability and frequent intercourse for granted, when their tastes were pleased.

The Casa Pia was so exceptionally attractive, as a morning or evening resort, their circle was unquestionably well chosen and good; and Car was charming, and Mr. Dillon she had always sincerely liked. So the whole thing was interesting, and little Mrs. Calthorpe was extremely pleased.

Living love, and living beings, are after all more interesting to watch in their ways, with all their conflicting and erratic uncertainty of action and results, than the finest Grecian trophies of research, or the tombs of all the most thrilling histories lived out long ago. So Mrs. Calthorpe knew, and saw enough, to induce her to make herself pleasant, with quite unwonted attraction, to Adrian. She talked brightly through the whole evening of their friends of the Casa Pia; of the day just past; of the projected days to come,—and of Car herself, too, in a guarded and very interesting way, that showed quick perception and fine instinct on her part,—which he much appreciated!

And, further, she never once made allusion to Lord Farnham, although she had heard from the tutor of that young peer during the evening even while Adrian sat there with her, and though the letter said that Lord Farnham would leave Naples and travel to Rome on the morrow; to-morrow night, at latest, he would be on his way.

She never mentioned him—but directly, or indirectly, *à propos* to everything, from a Grecian signet-gem to an Athenian tomb, she managed to talk of the Darings continually, and of Car in particular, in some pleasing, half-veiled half-expressed, and flattering way.

So Adrian left them late, feeling he had spent an exceptionally pleasant evening in their *salon.*

CHAPTER X.

SIMPATICA.

THE next morning, the Thursday, the fourth olden day, when the sun had risen gloriously again, nd was flooding the city in that glad spring light, Adrian found Car, buying her flowers in the Piazza.

It was like that Monday morning, that very first day, when he had leant on the Barcaccia fountain, and she had come down the Spanish Steps.

The little flower-cart, with the ancient and classical-looking "Nonna," with the brown-faced, blue-shirted boy, and the lovely bambino, had come in again, and, laden high with scarlet lilies and white hyacinths, and all the sweet bright flowers of the Italian spring, was drawn up once more between the fountain and the stairs.

Many other flower-sellers with laden basket and piled-up donkey-carts crowded the Piazza, and vociferated their praise of their sweet-scented loads;

but none were so picturesque as that tiny *charrette*—drawn by the little, rough, brown ass, carrying the bambino enthroned among the flowers, and with the dramatic and excitable grandmother gesticulating and vociferating alternate appeals to the sauntering public, and shrewd exhortations and scoldings to the small, brown-faced boy.

Adrian came out from the hotel door at an early forenoon hour, and hesitated a moment, glancing up the slopes of the Pincian, and then down the Via di S. Sebastiano towards the Spanish Place.

Where should he direct his steps? Where take his morning stroll?

Round the obelisk of Antinous, on the height there, or down among the flower-sellers at Bernini's fountain? Really, he ought to have gone up, for obelisks had been sadly neglected during the last two days, and those inscriptions were not yet copied which he had come to see and to compare. But he did not go, Fate decided for him.

The Piazza lay beneath the Casa Pia windows at least, his footsteps turned leisurely there. He

ook out a cigarette, he tipped his hat low over his yes, for the sunlight was strong and radiant, he ulled his long bronze moustache in a meditative bsent manner, and he strolled along until he eached Piali's corner in this way, meditative, rather ncertain (or believing that he was uncertain) why e went.

He was grave, and his eyes, spite all the glad unshine and the brightness of the scene, sought he ground as he walked—descending slowly the lope of the narrow way.

Then at the corner he paused; he looked up, and a sweet smile of infinite softness quivered over his lips and lit up the wonted gravity of his eyes. He looked round. How bright it all was this morning; how *riante*, how full of life and movement and light, and how glad he felt amidst it all! What a strange, sweet happiness possessed him; how far, had gone away from him already, that narrow, concentrated, dull-souled personality, which had so lately been himself!

That day just passed over them, the day of pil-

grimage yesterday, what a golden memory it mu
ever be!

And now it was morning; another day had be
given to them—more sunshine, fresh beginnings
intercourse, of enjoyment, of continued recogniti
of their two selves.

He looked round, and the brightness of all w
delightful to him, and memory and anticipati
met, in that sweet, soft glance in his eyes a
smile.

He was awaiting Fate—for just a moment—wi
the deep, blissful instinct that it would not fail.

And, accordingly, it more than met him, it su
passed in its wealth of gift all that he was gazin
forth to see.

There she came, bright as the morning, swe
and proud, and fair as the Roman lily on its grac
ful stem.

There she came across the Piazza, walkin
slowly, with the white-fringed parasol held low upo
her shoulder, making a back-ground of softene
light, and a frame and setting for her delicate fai
face.

She came alone, and had half crossed the Piazza owards her favourite group of the 'Nonna' and the rown boy and the bambino, before she observed im approaching from his side.

Suddenly she saw him, and she paused. He ame straight across to her, nearing the fountain nd the foot of the Spanish Steps.

She waited; and in a moment they were stand- ng, silent as yet, facing one another, with a bright morning greeting in the dancing, happy light in their eyes. Then she put her left hand into his right, with a quick, impulsive gesture—a pretty way she had of giving a silent salutation, which bore much expression.

"Well," he said, "you finished the pilgrimage at the shrine of highest fashion last night?"

"We did—it was beautiful at the Quirinal. I do wish you had been there."

"So do I," he answered, smiling a bright response of pleasure at her words, "so do I, indeed!"

"But it is always beautiful here," she went on, "everywhere. How delicious it is now, this morning! Will you come and help me to buy my flowers?"

"May I? There is nothing I should like so much."

"Oh, but you want to go off, I know, to one of your obelisks or pyramids."

"I go to no pyramid," he answered, "until you feel disposed to fulfil your promise."

"Oh, the Caius Cestius—yes, I wonder—what do you think; might we go to-day? Oh, if mother only would, I should so enjoy it—to go on with the pilgrimage, you know."

"But there are social affairs, no doubt, to be remembered. Can you be emancipated, do you think, for yet another day?"

"'Yet another day,'" she echoed, quoting one of her own little favourite songs, which he did not, very naturally, know,—"'yet another day,'" and her voice fell softly on the words, as she repeated them low to herself again.

"Yet one more glorious day," he answered, "like yesterday; when, indeed, as it seemed to me, we touched the very cloud-lands of Paradise on the grand, old tower up there."

"Its brightness dawned with Aurora at the

Rospigliosi," she replied, smiling up at him again, and catching the tone of his words. "Beatrice made me so sad. Aurora was all gladness; a sort of morning of spirit-light came with her, and so it was only poetically harmonious, you see, that it should have been a sort of Elysian sunset for us at the end of Aurora's day."

"Talking pictures," he said, with a soft gleam quivering in his eyes as they rested upon her, and as he saw how hers wandered for a moment quite dreamily away.

"Ah, this is not a morning for day-dreaming," she said quickly, and with a low laugh she turned a little from him, and looked brightly across the Piazza. "This is always such a busy morning with me—Thursday. My dear flower-family come from Viagia, on the Campagna; they come twice a week, and I fill all the rooms quite fresh and gay again on their days. Will you come? Look, the old Nonna is signing to us; she thinks I have forgotten her, and she is afraid that all her best flowers will be gone."

They crossed the Piazza now, and he "helped

her," as she said, to buy her lilies and hyacinths and great, scented bunches of sweet violets, and other bright spring flowers. And he stood close by her while she talked in soft Italian to the old woman, who, with much vehement vociferation, pressed upon her many and various bunches of special merit, which she declared had been reserved carefully for her.

"No one was to have these beautiful amaryllis but the bella Principessa Inglese and this lovely handful of snowy hyacinths had been hidden away behind the basket of the bambino for her, that no one might take it away; and the violets produced from beneath a cool layer of green leaves were finer, a great deal larger, fresher, and more fragrant than any other she would be able to buy."

All this was poured out to Car in the eager, passionate "lingua Romana," with flashes that were wonderful to behold from the old, black, brilliant eyes, and with many a dramatic gesture as well. And Car smiled, and answered back the eager flash of the Italian eyes with a merry glance from her own bright orbs—as she bought, and went on buy-

ing, until Adrian could carry no more: until her hands, as well as his, were full of lilies and hyacinths and great bunches of sweet violets, purple and white and lilac, and until every *scudo* was spent, and the boy's little brown fist full of small, shining coin.

And then she stooped over the laughing child, whose soft face and auriol of gold-brown curls shone among the lilies, and she smiled into the baby-eyes so sweetly, that the little thing put up its two chubby hands and clapped them together, and laughed and crowed aloud. And then, as Car still bent and brushed its peachy cheek with a fresh dew-dropped rose, the little lovely thing suddenly touched her cheek in return, softly and shyly, with his tiny fingers, as if, in its pearly fairness and delicate bloom, it was a sort of wonder to him, filling him with a childish curiosity and delight.

"The little rascal,—he is courageous!" cried the old Nonna, with pretended horror at the freedom taken by the little one with the English "Principessa's" soft, blooming cheek, but with much real pride and joy. The beauty of her bambino caught

many a foreign gaze to her little *charrette*, and attracted as many buyers of the violets and the spring roses and lilies as Beppino's cry of "Fiori, bei fiori, dolce mammole!" or her own vociferous toutings of her floral wares. She knew the beautiful English "Principessa" did not mind the touch of the soft baby-fingers at all. Yet another *scudo* was found for the bambinetto, and put daintily into his little widespread hand, and Car turned and laughed back now at Adrian, who exclaimed with amusement, as the tiny fist closed and held the coin so tight,—

"Worthy and promising scion of a most successfully acquisitive race," he said. "Already the little atom knows the value of a *scudo*. Hold it fast, young one. Look how proud the grand old dame is, too, of the infant talent. She is just like the sorceress of Horace, is she not?"

"Yes, she might have stood as model for the Canidia we saw yesterday in Mr. Story's studio," said Car, turning towards him now, and smiling her "addio" for the day to the children and the brown donkey with some reluctance. "And, for all we can tell, perhaps she did; you know, all these people

out here are ready to be models at a moment's otice, and can personate, too, such wonderful ings. Good-bye till Monday," she added, nodding once more a bright farewell to the group, as ie turned across the Piazza with Adrian once iore.

"Oh, we have found lovely flowers this morning!" she exclaimed, as she looked from the great unches of violets in her own hands to the branching, scarlet lilies and hyacinths in his. "How good of you to carry them for me. Do you mind?" she said.

"I like it," he replied. "I never realized flowers in such a luxury of quantity before."

"Oh, I do love them in a quantity like this; and in Italy, flowers are like a part of one's natural life. It would not seem really Italy without them. Do you not love them?" she asked suddenly.

"Flowers? Yes, of course; I think I do," he answered. "Yes, certainly, I do, now I realize them."

"You have not thought much about them, you mean—not all this time?"

"Not all these London years. Well, no; flowers, winter sunshine, music, art — how much more, I wonder! — I lost somewhere, at some time of my life; and I have had to come to find them all, all once more again, at Rome."

"So many things have been found at Rome; is it not so?" she said, beginning a little in her dreamy way again. "So many things found; a few things lost, too, which I wonder sometimes if they will ever really find here again."

"Yes?" he answered hesitatingly, in a tone of inquiry, for he did not follow her thought, and he paused.

They had turned back again, to cross the Piazza, towards her door, and they had reached the fountain, and by its brink together now they paused. They rested their burden of sweet fragrance and bright colour upon the fountain's marble edge, and they looked one another in the eyes for one moment, and then round the Piazza with its crowd and its sunshine, and its light and shade—with its crowds of many kinds, of many nations, of many

upations, of divers aspect, and of infinite variety grade.

Close by where they stood together at that mo-nt, while Car spoke, while she had looked round d repeated, "yes, some things lost," there was ssing by them a Franciscan begging friar—one of ose beings who lend much to the picturesque in e crowds that fill the gay streets of Rome—a own-frocked, barefooted, unwashed monk, with aggy beard and uncovered head, with the wretched, kempt, unpleasing aspect which these devotees of at wondrous old order present more than any her—men who seem to have stepped down from t the fresco in the Santa Croce at Florence, where ey stand immortalized in groups round their under's bed. While St. Francis d'Assisi lies dy-g, with the beauty of perennial youth upon his diant brow—the monks group around him, all of em looking—spite their age of 600 years—exactly they still look (surely the self-same men), as they ce the Corso or the Lung' Arno or the Giardino Genova la Superba on a fine morning, or in a t sunset hour.

Ragged, unkempt, unwashed, most unidealized, unethereal men!

Car sighed in that quick, eager way of hers, when anything oppressed or much moved her, as her gaze followed the weary-looking form, dragging its heavy footsteps across the sunlit Piazza now. And she softly shook her head and was silent.

She did not immediately continue her thought to Adrian, nor tell him what she felt was "lost at Rome;" but presently he said—for he too was following with his gaze the brown, slowly-retreating figure of the Franciscan brother—a figure indeed who, with all of his or like orders, monk or nun, never fails to chain the gaze, and arrest wandering, speculative thought amid the busiest or gayest Italian crowd. Presently Adrian said,—

"That is a being of whom I have often heard, of whom I have often read, and whom I have never seen until I came to Italy. But he has come into my head so frequently in the course of my life that he seems an old familiar acquaintance to me all the same."

"When," Car answered, "when did you think of

him? What made *you* do it also, often, before you came here?"

"What made me think of Francis d'Assisi and of Santa Teresa?" he answered,—"for I included her in my reflections, too—and, see, there are her representatives," he added, "there." He pointed across towards the foot of the Scala, where two closely-hooded nuns, of sombre hue and saddening aspect, were beginning a long, slow ascent. "There, yes; I have often thought of them all, and theorized according to my lights."

"When?" repeated Car, in her soft insistive way again.

He coloured slightly.

"You alluded to it distantly yesterday," he continued, "when you said, quite low, but I heard you, '*Ecce homo*,' you said just the two words; we were talking of art, do you remember, and the purpose of art to present perfection and the highest art, which your mother called in pleasantry 'the art of life;' and Mrs. Calthorpe said, 'and who the artist?'—meaning the expert and accomplished — from a politician to a *cordon-bleu*, and you—I noticed it—

perhaps the others did not, you coloured so quickly, as if the saying pained you."

"It did;" she softly said, and she bent over the fountain's edge as he went on, and gazed into the water's depths.

"I saw it," he continued, "and I heard your words. The Master of the Art of Life? you would have said; there has been but One."

"Only one great Founder of the school," she replied, warming up suddenly in her quick, enthusiastic way, and turning her great blue eyes upon him, laden with eager feeling, full of understanding, of earnestness, and of intense satisfaction as well, because *he* had seen so quickly yesterday, and had caught her thought.

"Yes," he continued, "I heard, and I understood you, and I said to myself, we must follow that out some day; because I remembered how often the words had come to me as I read and speculated, and how emphatically I had rejected them, because of the result of their fulfilment—their ultimate most uncompromising and unqualified fulfilment here. I thought often of *your* School for the Life-Art, and

it, because St. Francis and Santa Teresa are
to which it leads, to which it must inevit-
ad, if followed sincerely and without any
mise of expediency, to the end."

's eyes, resting eagerly, full of intense and
inquiry upon him as he spoke, now wandered
away from his face. She turned from the
n and looked up and around, the sort of
dreaminess, over which her mother so often
ed, coming slowly like a veil, or like a
new light rather, into her gaze—a look
was peculiar to her in some of her dreamy

It seemed to veil her thoughts away, and
ve a lovely expression of inner brightness to
untenance, which even in silence said much
ce and sweetness, and was a language in itself.

h, that is just what I meant," she said; "while
ave found so much, and kept so much, *that*
en lost, at Rome."

es?" he assented, with inquiry in his tone

He had his own thoughts, but he wished to
hat were hers.

here has been so much," she continued, "of

all beauty and perfection brought to this wonderful Rome. Here have been the perfect schools and the embodied models of all that is quite perfection in painting, in sculpture, and in glorious buildings, that have their own wondrous speech, in which unutterable things have been spoken to us for centuries; and grand ideals in character, too, in heroism, in human greatness of thought and accomplished deed, that has made history for all time. And, besides all these, there seems to me there was brought here once, to the Appii Forum, out there on the Appian Way, the only great teaching of the Art of Life, with all its wondrous laws; and the Art and the Model and the Ideal were given to Rome, with all else that is perfect and great,—and it was lost, almost immediately, and through centuries of search and struggle they have never here found it again."

"And yet, *here* the model was revived so often—again and again closely copied and revived," he said. "The Franciscan, the Santa Teresa, the misericordian friars, surely they come nearer your ideal Example than anything the world has ever seen *since*—HIS time?"

"When I first saw them," said Car, "I used to always sad; and it was just for that reason,— ause I felt it, as you say. And then, one day, I in a small copyist's studio in the Trastevere, re 'la madre' and I often go, and I was looking he photograph of a copy of the Sistine Madonna Dresden, which belonged to our poor little artist nd. I know the Sistine Madonna, I cannot tell of its wonders—the heavenly, unspeakable rm of the lovely perfect thing, the picture of phael, the 'divino pittore,' as they should call n, as Dante is their 'divino poeta.' I can see it w, if I close my eyes, but I cannot tell you what is, to *feel.* And that photograph, it had the form d outline of the figure, but it had not one shade likeness to the real conception of the painter at all not a shade; because, do you know, between that otograph and the original Sistine Madonna, there re at least twelve, perhaps twenty pictures, pies from copies, copied yet again and again— d only, the first of the twelve or twenty artists o had painted them all, had ever seen the tine Madonna, or caught the faintest glimpse of

the inspiration of Raphael's mind. Well, has it not been so with the great Art, taught first at the Appii Forum to Rome? None have studied from the original here; it has been copy from copy, again and again, until the real inspiration of the first great Art-Master is gone. A sort of outline, a kind of likeness in the mere outward form; but of reality, of resemblance to the Perfect Ideal, nothing remaining, almost nothing at all!"

"And yet, like all analogies," he persisted, "yours can be pushed to its own contradiction. For in a world which has failed to receive any impression even of the outward form, are not these of St. Francis and St. Domenico the nearest we can reach, and the best representations we can find of the Ideal Perfection which is your Model in your Art of Life? They represent perfection; they resemble their Model in all details; they *imitate*, and so hold forth the result of close imitation of the personal Ideal; and the outcome is, I persist, unsatisfactory in application to the general requirements, to be rejected practically by the many. The failure—I say it with reverence—seems to be less with them than in that unprac-

cal extreme to which the Ideal for their imitation ointed and carried them. That," he added, "has een the chief ground of rejection with me."

She looked away from him again, as he ceased o speak, and seemed to gather her force within erself again, as she thought a moment and paused. Then she went on, still in the low, dreamy tone in which she always seemed to give forth her inner life,—

"I still see my dream-picture of the great Studio for the Art of Life," she said. "I see the Model, lived out and accomplished; the Master stands by it, and points to His finished work. It is the study of all, the Model for all; the presentation of absolute Perfection, from which all the students that encircle him draw their knowledge and their laws of life, of the art He teaches, of the power which He inspires, and with which all those eagerly studying round Him become imbued. He says, 'Study from the original direct, never from copies—and still less never from copies copied, from defective copies again.' And so the students catch the very spirit; so there is poured into their souls the very essence

of His power of life. But, the Master is not equally satisfied with all. Some fail to apprehend Him in the subtle high meaning of His instructing words; some copy slavishly, listen little, think hardly at all, and just imitate—there is an outlined reflex in their achievement of what He has done; others, and these are they whom He draws nearer and nearer to Him, until they dwell in the inner circle of His students, and catch the impress of His language and the expression of His Celestial Face,—these others hear, and gaze, and study, and drink in deeper, and daily yet more deep, of the Spirit and fire and genius of His great Art-teaching, and then—suddenly quickened and glowing within themselves from this gift of wondrous life and power and light—they paint, and, lo! pictures are there, new and varied and beautiful; all living and lustrous with the same glory which is Divine Genius, but each presenting, as it leans on each student's easel, a form and outline, an image of perfection that is personal and individual—different each from each; all original, all inspired by the same Spirit, but all drawn, and coloured, and completed, by the power and separate

mstances and individuality that each has in elf. That is the dream-picture of my studio of ife-Art, with the great Maestro always and con- lly there, which I see here at Rome as I wander t among the painters, and which depicts some- ; to my own self which, I think, is lost."

'The Art of Life," he said conclusively, looking a curious glow of feeling on his face into hers.

'Yes," she added, "the Art which, I fancy, is one to which all the other arts are meant to draw eally. I explain to myself the meaning of it all at way, do you?"

'You mean, explain the good of it to yourself."

'Yes, as 'la madre' said, 'the good of it.' I like e able to explain to myself a little, from that point of view, you know, what art, as well as lse, may mean. I like things to mean a great to me; more than just the outer reasons, that given in a general way as—what people call good of it.'"

'You like to make pictures of it all for yourself. , so I do, in my own line, you know; and I like e thought in a lily, sometimes, even carved

upon a stone — unfading flowers of hieroglyphics, that have given food for wonder to generations of men."

"Unfading flowers, yes, indeed; which ours are not! Look, all this time we have been talking, we have forgotten that our poor lilies are not of stone. And there is my mother; well, I should not be surprised if I were never allowed to come out alone to buy my flowers again, for she must be consumed with impatience."

And, *en effet*, Lady Daring was as nearly what the Romans call "furibonda" as it was possible to her radiant nature to be. She was quite irate, especially, as she said, she had waved her handkerchief many times from the balcony, while these two, regardless of her impatience and of their fading flowers, had been "mooning in the sunshine," as she expressed, by the sparkling boat-fountain there.

Adrian, to propitiate her, held out a great sweet bunch of narcissus, as she approached.

"How delicious!" she said, as she took them from him, and buried her face in their depths. "And what a shame to keep these lovely things

grilling in the heat out here! I really am very cross; it is too bad of both of you."

"Oh, it is so pleasant and bright and gay, madre mia, out here this morning," pleaded Car. "I am so glad you have come out."

"Oh, are you? Well then, my love, I shall be doubly glad if you will come in. It is much too hot for you; besides, there are all these empty vases gaping and desolate, and just been filled by Ramree in the *salon*, and here are your flowers longing for water all this while—and besides, now it is quite near luncheon-time, and afterwards there is so much to do. And there is your father coming back from his morning's sketching, and he is an example to you, Adrian; you have been idling away your time with this mooning girl in the Piazza here, and what has become of all your obelisks, I should like to know?"

"Standing," he answered, smiling at her, "where Augustus or Hadrian or Trajan may have placed them, in *statu quo* for me."

"For all you care, indeed! Well, I am really amazed! Who would have thought that the *dolce far*

niente would have taken possession of you so soon? It comes over everybody except Frederick—do look at him now."

And they all turned to meet Sir Frederick, who came round the corner from the Via Condotti, and crossed the Piazza, to reach them. He certainly looked the picture of coolness in his thin, light-coloured sketching-suit—and of energy indomitable, as he came actively forward, with his portfolio under his arm.

"No repose to-day with you, Sir Frederick, that can be easily seen," said Adrian, as the other nodded his morning greeting, with a pleasant smile.

"The repose I like best, variety of industry," he answered. "But you also seem to have been well worked by my ladies, at all events; market-gardening is evidently no light pursuit."

"I am only the gardener's carrier," said Adrian, looking down on the fragrant burden of many radiant hues, which he still carried by Car's side.

"This is Thursday, father," she said presently, "and, you know, it is always our field-day for

flowers. But do let us take them in; we must go and dispose of them really now."

"And you will come in and have luncheon, Adrian," Lady Daring said.

"Shall I? May I? How pleasant! What, instead of Mr. Swinford and the Miss Brownriggs at the *table d'hôte?* You are very good. I should like it immensely. I know Swinford means to finish an harangue on the Titus arch this morning, which he launched upon yesterday afternoon."

At luncheon there was much talk on many things, and the results of Sir Frederick's morning's work was examined, and much was told to him of yesterday, and much was told by him of his experience with Mr. Calthorpe at the baker's tomb.

"A capital fellow, Calthorpe," he said, "but I will not take him again—no, not when I go sketching, at least—because, you see, Dillon, he is intent on comparative evidences and parallel specimens and inscriptions—like you, you know; only Greece seems principally his line. And he never sees a light, nor a shadow, nor an outline, nor a fine effect

of form, but 'pooh-poohs' it, and goes off at once on the baker and his *panarium* and the insignia of the tombstone and the civic arms—and so we are not at one. He is only an interruption; I shall not take him again."

"We all have our points of view," said Lady Daring brightly.

"Calthorpe never sees a view from any point," said Sir Frederick curtly; "but, all the same, he is a very good fellow in his way."

From the baker's tomb they passed on over much of their pilgrimage of the day before, then on to the events of the evening, and Adrian was told a little of the glories of the reception at the Quirinal.

It was very pretty, they said, and the Queen was gracious and lovely, as always; and the King, "royal, every inch of him," said Sir Frederick; and the jewels of the Roman dames were a wonder, at least to Car, for Lady Daring declared that, so far as the glitter and pomp and brilliancy of all the pageantry of receptions on a grand scale went, India spoiled her for anything European—for the gorgeous-

of costume and jewelry to be seen in the east
not be rivalled anywhere on this side Cairo,
less surpassed.

the conversation ranged over many points,
d far and near, and a pleasant hour was
d, while small *plats* went round in curious
y, such as custom had taught them at the
" of the east; and cool fruits were brought in,
urious wines, and then the small coffee-cups
borne by Ramree in his turban and em-
ered kaftan, and Sir Frederick's cigar was laid
in its place.

They idled," as Lady Daring said again, using
avourite expression, through the *dolce far niente*
other hot midday hour, in the cool room, softly
d by sunblinds carefully drawn; they idled,
smoked latakia, and pleasantly talked, while
who had spent but two hasty minutes over the
primary *plat* of the pretty repast, stood near
all the while, arranging her flowers, "too long
tten," as she asserted, and filling vase after
and many quaint-shaped jars also, of curious
n ware, with her bright, scarlet lilies, her huge

bunches of sweet narcissus, and her violets a hyacinths and fresh early roses of spring.

And a charming picture she made for Adria eager contemplation, during Lady Daring's *dolce j niente* of the after luncheon hour. As she sto there, against a tall, old *buffet*, in her cool morni dress, with her straw hat still shading her gold brown head, and her hands buried amongst the li stems, and the sweet fresh roses, and the gr mosses, and maiden hair, with which she encirc and framed in verdure, her bright-coloured flow

It was a charming hour for Adrian certainly but it had scarcely, altogether, the character of t *dolce far niente* for him. For, his heart beat the time too hotly; and his mind was too kee awake and too full; and not, too, with the sense *dolce far niente* by any means, but with the joy, t active, vivid joy, of a new, eager, inward life, th had come to him with a force that was swift a irresistible, and that strongly possessed him now.

"No, no, certainly *not*," said Lady Daring e phatically, when the suggestion was faintly indica

aius Cestius and his pyramid as a pleasant oc-
tion for the afternoon. "My dear little girl,
-seeing is all very well, but you have seen
s Cestius and Endymion's acre, and the Cor
lium, and the quotation from the Tempest,
:r the Aurelian wall, already several times, and
an can find his way there very well without our
; not that I should not enjoy being your
:one, my cousin, of all things, but we threw
the Princess Branacia yesterday for that pere-
ation of ours, and we cannot possibly do the
: by the Duchess de Pantuoli to-day. No, no,
· child, it is the first time she has asked us, and
accepted, so it would be really rude—and, you
w, you must remember that you have left the
ol-room quite a year, you need not spend your
: in your lesson-books still, dear."

"I like them, you see," said Car with a vivid
h.

She did like them, as she suddenly realized; or,
east, she much liked this return to the associa-
of what had meant lesson-books only a short
: ago,—history, poetry, and moralizing on the

comparative arts,—and perhaps another brai study, on which she had quite freshly entere which she had not yet identified, nor separa her mind from all the rest.

"I do not think," said Adrian quietly, "th are behaving well to me."

"My dear cousin, how much too bad c when we gave up everything to lionize you day, and Car has idled your whole morning most successfully to-day."

"But Caius Cestius was a promise," he said pyramid will bear testimony to your faithl for ever, unvisited by me. I keep my wor see, hold it sacred as the law of the ancients, changeth not,' and I said, I would go to the Adonais and to Caius Cestius only, when con by you."

"Then why did you say so," said Lady captiously, "for it was very foolish."

"'A fair folly, a bright dream, a cherished in English, one other pleasant afternoon. to the promise of all, the folly, and the hope the dreams."

"And you—a philosopher?"

"No, only a hieroglyphist," he said, "an Egypgist—that is what they call me in the society's ure list."

"At all events, something I thought quite superior ollies, hopes, or dreams," Lady Daring went on miling brightly at him, as she lingered by Car he oak *buffet*, and paused to help her, putting in e and there a flower.

She liked to see Adrian brighten so quickly, and a mood so soft and gay, in their company and ier house. It made her happier about him, when thought of all the past; and, indeed, he recalled her more and more, as these days went swiftly the Adrian he had been, as she had once known ı, before he had ever thought much of Egypgy, and when he was still bright and *insouciant*, l so young.

He looked young now again, she fancied, so ch younger than when they first discovered him ee days ago, and it pleased her. It softened her cision now.

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"Well, I will tell you what we might do," she said; "we might make a compromise. I have promised to drive Mrs. Calthorpe to the duchessa's; she has also a card, and now that Frederick will absolutely *not* have her husband's society while he finishes off the baker, poor Adela will be puzzled what to do. She never deserts her Philip, nor leaves him to a dull afternoon, and Frederick, you see, is obdurate. So now, Adrian, 'we are there!' You go and fetch Philip Calthorpe; I know exactly where you will find him, Mr. Swinford has button-holed him after the *table d'-hôte*, and he is there, pinned in the passage window at this moment, and I feel convinced that unless you interrupt them they will not have decided if the scroll on the crest of the Trajan Column is Greek or Etruscan,—or neither,—by dinner-time. So you go, get possession of Mr. Calthorpe—beg Adela to be ready for us at three, we will call for her, and you conduct Philip, by gentle means or violence, until you have brought him to gravitate to the gate of the Acre of Keats, under the shadow of Caius Cestius, at four o'clock. The Palazzo Pantuoli is on the way there, half-an-

>ur will suffice for the duchessa, so—we give you yst!"

"I will be faithful," he said; "can I really con-de in you?"

"Be there and see," she answered, laughing gain at his seriously anxious air, as she turned to eave the room, "be there at four, and then, 'you now, '*tout vient à ceux qui attendent.*' Car, my lear love, we shall be late; you must come and lress, for, as you know, we must call at Signora Pezzi's and Mrs. Lee-Pratt and Lady Fenshawe's before we pick up Mrs. Calthorpe for the affair Pantuoli at three. These days 'at home' of the cosmopolitan Roman lady *à l'heure qu'il est*, or more properly 'now-a-days,' are really and truly, institu-ions for which life is too short. My love, do come, beg of you; no more *dolce far niente*, Adrian, if ou please, for the present. We have not one noment to lose."

END OF VOL. I.

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CONTENTS

OF VOLUME II.

		Page
ER I.	Cor Cordium	7
II.	"Days that are never long"	53
III.	A delicate Shaft—but sure	86
IV.	Gloom of Night and Dawn of Morning .	119
V.	Beauty—not always Joy	150
VI.	Many Streams	159
VII.	Cortile di Belvedere	222
VIII.	Love and Hieroglyphics	267
IX.	In quite a new Light	283
X.	Among the Olives—by the sunny Sea .	289

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CARA ROMA.

CHAPTER I.

COR CORDIUM.

MR. CALTHORPE had not the quick perceptive faculty, for points of personal interest or sentiment, which had been evinced the evening before by his wife,—whose imagination, indeed, was not entirely engrossed by the classic or antique bearing of every sort of thing.

Mr. Calthorpe's was engrossed, and Adrian had all the trouble in the world to beguile him, without any evidently sufficient motive, to take their walk—that long ramble in which he loved daily to indulge himself—to the pyramid of Caius Cestius this afternoon.

"Oh, that pyramid," he said, "it is not really interesting, not from our point of view, you know."

"Surely yes, from mine," pleaded Adrian.

"Not a bit, not in the very least, I assure yo nothing genuinely Egyptian about it, except th imitated shape—time of Augustus, you know— modern thing, put up by Pontius Mela and h freedman, Pothus, to the Prætor Cestius, no doul of it. He was one of the seven Epulones wh prepared the banquet of the gods at the gre solemnities just about then—the same whom Cice wrote of in his letter to Atticus, from Ephesus, an whom he named again in his oration for Flaccu Eh, yes, that was the man; it is a matter of yeste day, from your Egyptologian point of view—nothin really Egyptian about it at all. Why, my good fe low, it is built of travertine and tufa, and I shoul like to know what your brick-making, slave-drivin Egyptians knew about that, eh?"

And in another moment, standing undecide on the slopes of the Via di S. Sebastiano, at th door of the Albergo Parigi, while the precious afte noon flowed on, he would have been "off" upon th material of the Egyptian pyramids, as compare with the later substance used in Greece, and o

the huge amphoræ blocks found at Pompeii—of which there are also traces in the deposit which form the Testaccio Hill; on all this in analytical comparison with the lapis-albanus and the tufa used in the building of the Rome of the kings, and the peperino of the republic, and on all the other diversified materials employed successively in the building of the Eternal City, he had much to say; for this was a subject which, indeed, engaged him most particularly.

"But," Adrian said, "I think I should really like to see the pyramid, no matter what it is made of," he added.

"Not worth the seeing, I tell you. Though, if you do go, mind you go inside and see the arabesques. Ottavio Falconieri discovered those, you know, and annexed a dissertation upon them to the work of Nardini. These are curious; but you would not think them old, however. They are four females, with vases and candelabras that were thought a great deal about before the paintings at Pompeii came to light."

"Let us go and have a look at them, then."

"Oh, hardly—would you really? You would like to go? To tell the truth, I had the arch of Titus in my head to-day. I want to look at that bas-relief again, of the procession with the candlesticks, and those other trophies of the Jews. It does seem to me so odd that the base of the legs of the table should be in Doric work, the same as they put on their couches, you know, while the upper half is square. I cannot conceive where the Jews got that Doric pattern; I was thinking about it in Greece the other day. Would you not like to go to the arch—which is real, as far as it goes—quite as well as to an imitation pyramid, eh?"

"But, you know, Mrs. Calthorpe and the rest of the party are to meet us there."

"What—at the pyramid? Oh, they'll never come. They are going to the duchessa's; they will stop there, I can assure you, the whole afternoon."

"All the same—"

"The only thing we might do, however," Mr. Calthorpe went on, "a thing I want really to go to

-and you would like that, too—is the Monte estaccio; it lies out there, where they manufactured ottery for centuries, and where the broken amphoræ, s I was saying just now, was thrown. Very well, ıen; yes, let us go there."

"And once so far," said Adrian, "modern though he thought may be—

> " 'The spirit of the spot shall lead
> Thy footsteps to a slope of green ascent.' "

"Oh, the cemetery—Keats, Shelley, the Cor Cordium, and the 'name writ in water,' and all hat. Well, it is modern enough, certainly; but the hing is nearly worn out, all the same. Tourists lriven to distraction."

"Like the Cenci," Adrian put in.

"Like the Cenci, like the Colosseum, like the Pope, like anything that is within the tourist grasp. That is why I think it is so good to get, as we do, as far back as we can; quite behind backs, in fact, where few people comparatively want to go. Eh, don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Adrian doubtfully; and then the memory came to him of that comparison which

some one had made, and of which the words ever kept returning to him, of the difference between "living flowers and dead stones," and he felt, he almost hated Egyptology and all things antique or classical in his impatience to get Mr. Calthorpe under way.

"Do let us be off," he said.

"Like a pair of tourists to the shrine of Shelley. Well, where is our guide-book and our Hyperion, eh, and our camp-stool, and our umbrella? By the gods, for sun or dew, don't let us leave that behind, or otherwise seem to forget that such 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' as we proceed to Endymion's tomb; I must fetch my umbrella—for, pleasantry apart—I promised Adela I would really not go without it again. I get headaches, and the sun still grills."

Armed with this "thing of beauty," and a work on the amphoræ of Pompeii, from which he proposed to make comparisons at Monte Testaccio, hastily caught up, as he fetched the forgotten umbrella, and carried under his arm,—Mr. Calthorpe

looked no despicable representative of the tourist excursion class when Adrian got him under way.

Even then he had difficulties, for, once started on a definite course, actually going to the shrine of the later-day poets grouped near Caius Cestius, he started at the same time on a line of fresh mental exercise, and divulged a fount of information and anecdotage on the subject of the poets and their Roman circle and times, that greatly impeded their progress at the outset, though very interesting and to the point.

He had been at Rome so often, so long, and at first so young, that he had known everybody in the days, when, at Rome, there lingered many personal recollections of both Keats and Shelley, and of that other—their dark-eyed friend, whose song of Italy mounted on wings stronger than theirs, if not more beautiful, and who sang of both as one had already sung of the other.

For scarce the pen was dry with which Adonais' praise had been written, and Adonais' loss deplored, when Childe Harold was alone and desolate at Rome, laying that "heart of hearts," which had wept for

Keats, beneath the wall of Aurelius, and placing there enshrined, all that was left by sea and fire of the mortal frame of Shelley.

Mr. Calthorpe had heard much of all these from personal description in his young Roman days, and not one step beyond the house at the corner of the Piazza di Spagna could Adrian convey him, until he had been told, there, standing on the pavement, and looking up, how often Philip Calthorpe had passed that house with Mr. Severn, and heard him describe again and again the bitter day when John Keats, in weariness and want and anger, had flung his dinner from that very casement into the Piazza below, because it was a *plat* which, for a climax of badness, could not be eaten or endured.

"If that trattore could have known," added Mr. Calthorpe, "that in starving that poet-frame he was chasing from amongst us so hastily a poet-soul, would he have done differently? Who can tell? Chattertons and Haydons are so many, clamouring at the door of every adventurous trattore in this nursery of struggling art, that one cannot blame the trattori entirely, because they too must live. However—"

And then Adrian got him a little further on.

But pen would fail to tell of their many interruptions and the many objects which irresistibly arrested them as they went down by the Via Ripetta and along by the Tiber bank; and many points which poor Mr. Calthorpe, all unconscious of the absolute deterioration which had befallen his friend's mind on all things of interest in the "antique," thought it behoved him to indicate, and on which he paused to descant; until, after they had paused long opposite the Ponte Cestius, which, to Mr. Calthorpe's mind, was much more interesting and genuine than the pyramid of the same name, and had lingered a very long time by the little circular temple of Vesta, and again before the old, tottering corner of Agrippa's ruin, Adrian discovered it was very nearly four o'clock, and he promptly and peremptorily arrested a little one-horse *vettura* which was passing by, inveigled Mr. Calthorpe into it before he quite fully realized his purpose, and conveyed him forcibly and without more delay towards the Porta di San Paolo, never allowing him, spite of all protest and remonstrance, for one moment to

stop again until they pulled up suddenly just at the corner where the Via San Maria leads up to the Aventine Hill.

Close by was the Monte Testaccio, and to their right was the entrance, to the shrines alike, of the poets of yesterday, the Epulones of long ago, and of many other wayfarers and sojourners from foreign climes as well.

There stood the Daring carriage, arrived five minutes before their little *vettura* pulled up, and there was Lady Daring, impatient, as usual, and derisive, of course, for the hour of tryst was past, the place was there, and Adrian's had been a tardy arrival.

"If you only knew," he said with a deep sigh, as he forbore entirely from all answer to her sallies of derision, and only looked with much serious deprecation into her laughing face.

He had come round to her side of the carriage, and put his hand upon the door.

"You will get out?" he said. "May I open the door?"

Lady Daring glanced across at Car, and then ound at Mrs. Calthorpe by her side.

"Oh, yes, of course we shall," exclaimed Car.

"Must we really?" said Mrs. Calthorpe in a oubtful tone.

"One has been here so often," continued Lady aring, who did not happen to be that afternoon in ie very least in a sentimental mood. She had en-yed the duchessa's "at home," and she was in the umour for society, and not for poetic suggestions f any kind, and still less for any melancholy topics t all. "One has been here so often; and, really, ve can see it all very well from here."

"We do—perfectly," said Mrs. Calthorpe; and he sat up and looked round from under her parasol t the surrounding scene, weird, pathetic, and most icturesque as it was.

The pyramid, so scorned by her husband as too odern, spite its 1900 years, cut the sky with its harp point and smooth, sloping sides, away beneath he pine-trees beyond the daisy-gemmed field where donais lay; and they could see distinctly enough

from the carriage the stone medallion, with its inscription, which they had certainly often read. And to the right, they could discern also among the green, feathering foliage of the cypress and of the darker ilex shade, the rugged outline of the Aurelian wall, with the old, ruined towers and Porto, above the other shrine.

To the left was the Monte Testaccio, to which Mr. Calthorpe's attention already wandered as he turned over the leaves of the work on the amphoræ of Pompeii.

"No, we need not certainly get out, not you nor I, Adela, my dear; this youthful enthusiast is unrestrainable, I can well see, so she must be allowed to read the Cor Cordium and the 'writ in water' once more; though I have often declared, my dear little girl, have I not, and I maintain it, that Hyperion was not so weak a soul as to be slain by a review. No, poor boy! on the contrary, he had an eagle heart; and if the sad commonplace foes of want and weary sickness had spared him, his song would have risen on eagle wings, spite of all the reviews. Ah! but there, I am off upon the thing, as usual.

an one help it, with any amount of cold philo-phy, if one comes here? I declare it is worse an the Colosseum and Frederick's Gladiator. Do ou want, Adela, to pursue further investigations to-ay?"

"I want," said her friend, "most prosaically I ant, to leave a card for the Principessa Palavicini, ho was so kind to us when we were last here—ou remember, Philip?—and who, I have just heard om the Duchessa Pantuoli, is at her villa, about a ile out beyond the end of the Via di Porta San aolo. Could we drive there, do you think, when e have concluded our inspection (from here) of the oets' shrines?"

"Of course we can," said Lady Daring; "still etter, why should not you and I drive out there, hile the other three inspect the pyramid and the hrines? No, I will not be cruel, Car, you shall not e carried away, my little dear; you shall go and ave twenty minutes of happy melancholy in the tre of violets and winter daisies there, and you an take Adrian up to the Cor Cordium stone as ell. I dare say Mr. Calthorpe even, does not know

that pretty side-path by the cypresses we discovered last time you and I were here."

And so it was settled, amazingly to the satisfaction of many people concerned, and away whirled Lady Daring, smiling and nodding to the trio she left behind, and calling brightly, as the carriage moved away,—

"Mind, just twenty minutes, now!—not a moment longer; and be sure, Car, to be down here again when we come back."

Amused at the grave enthusiasm of her dreamy girl, she laughed still as she drove away and turned to Mrs. Calthorpe to say,—

"The place is interesting certainly to an intense degree, but it saddens me. The last time I came here was in the early winter, to see poor old Trelawny's stone—and I had such a long talk with the custodian while that poetry-struck child of mine wandered about to her own sweet will. I talked with the man, he was quite young, so I at first expected he could tell me nothing; but, after all, it was curious, it was certainly interesting, to hear all *he* could say. He had been at this place all his

and his father was here before him, and had
ı always here, and died last spring at a great
So of course he, the father, could remember
day, sixty years ago, when Childe Harold came,
Mr. Trelawny with him, whom I in my young
days knew well in my father's London home.
could tell, that old man, the old custodian, of
two coming—just think of them, two young,
ɛr-hearted men—and of the Cor Cordium laid
:hem there, and of the aspect and different con-
t of both. And just before his death he told,
one of those young men had bought for him-
the patch of ground next the shrine of the poet's
rt, and had gone away and returned never, and
not written even again. Think of Trelawny—
his sixty years of active life between then and
. He never asked in any way, anything at all,
ıt his patch of Roman soil. And the old custodian
l, having said this, and adding that 'those two
ıds must be gone, perhaps long since, or must
/ery old, if living still; but that that patch be-
ɣed to one of them for all time and for all future
ory, even if unclaimed.' A fortnight after the

old custodian's death there came a letter to th corner here, by Shelley's shrine. It was written the frail and failing hand of age; it was addresse to the custodian; it spoke of the end of a lon eventful life approaching; it claimed for the writ the spot which in youth he had selected for th rest unchanging of an impetuous heart—a hea which turned then, with its last feeble pulse of long ing, towards the friend he had so loved in youth The letter was from old Trelawny,—and it claime the piece of curious property, which, is his name for sixty years, had stood attested in the records o the custodian as his. Six months afterwards, as w all know, his heart was laid there—by the shrine o his friend. I like this story, the links are so curious I wish I had overtaken that old custodian, and made him tell me of that first day in his boyhood when those two friends had come. But here we are; is not this the Principessa's villa? I shall be so glad to leave my own cards, too."

The trio left standing in the glow of the after- noon sunset, which was beginning now to deepen

over pyramid and pine, over grass and ilex and ruins, and the snow-white poets' stone—the trio were very pleased with the arrangement.

Mr. Calthorpe, because, immediately and without fear of interruption, he could return to the references upon amphoræ, and to contemplation of the Testaccio Mount; Car, because a wave of sudden joy rose up in her heart, and seemed to rush over her whole sensitive being.

A feeling of intense gladness took possession of her, she could scarcely have said why, as she looked round at the green field starred with violets and daisies, at the red-stemmed pine-trees, dark against the lapis-blue sky, at the cypress-grove, towards Shelley's shrine, at the rapidly receding carriage, at Mr. Calthorpe immersed in his notes on amphoræ, and, last of all, at Adrian, from whom all this time she had instinctively looked away,—as he stood by her side with a deep glow of intense gladness on his countenance also.

He, too, was evidently very pleased; his eyes were full of the softest expression of pleasure, indeed, and a smile just touched, his lips—a smile of

sweetness ineffable, and of satisfaction that rose almost to amusement, at an arrangement so unexpected and so completely charming to him.

She smiled, too, in answer to him now, a reflex of the gleam of perfect contentment which illumined his face; and then, without one word, they turned and moved slowly away together, taking no sort of notice of Mr. Calthorpe,—which just suited him!

He adjusted his eyeglass and looked up, his gaze followed them for a moment as they retreated slowly from beside the carriage way, and then he looked down at his book again, then round, then up towards the Testaccian Mount, with the cross upon its summit, above the *débris* of much pottery and so many smashed amphoræ blocks; then he looked once at the pyramid, and shrugged his shoulders with distaste; and finally, *Chacun à son goût*, he murmured, and he turned and proceeded slowly towards the Testaccio mount—after all, in his generation, a wise man.

The two, after strolling a little way, sat down, as a first stage, upon the low wall round the green field of Keats, where is the pyramid and the stone

ne, with its red stem glowing deep and fiery in e sunset, beneath the heavy verdure of its crown; ith the violets and daisies and sweet small narssus and pale crocus of Rome starring the grass, nd with that silent presence always—of the poetoy at rest.

The air was so clear; the sky, as the day crept n, so deep a lapis-blue; the light was so glowing; he whole atmosphere so full of lustre, that all eemed to gleam and shine around them with a ight that was in itself a wonder, and seemed to hrill upon the fibres of the heart.

It made them glad with a strange vibrating exitement, that often takes possession of the being in hat wondrous clime.

It made them silent for a little, while at the ame time it thrilled their nerves, with that force of joy, from the sense of all the glory of interest, nd beauty, and intensity of association around hem, and from the undefined sweet sense that they were in the midst of it all—and alone.

They were silent at first, then spoke murmuringly and low. They were pensive, while yet aglow with

that feeling of ineffable joy; pensive because their souls went out to meet each other with a sympathy so intense and strong, and because it was so marvellously sweet to both of them to sit there together, and to steep the whole force of their sensibilities in the beauty and the deep, thrilling pathos of the scene.

They talked a little presently in low tones of the beauty all around them, of the brightness of the air, of the sweetness of the flowers, of the glow of the atmosphere—and a little of the young poet-life, broken like a column whose summit had towered to heaven, crushed like a lily before the rough, sweeping storm of an adverse fate. They forgot the pyramid, with its arabesque within, the four females with vases and candelabra, whom Mr. Calthorpe had enjoined upon Adrian Dillon to see, and Mr. Calthorpe himself they forgot also, entirely, as they sat there—in the sweet ineffable bliss of their perfect sympathy and understanding.

After a little time they rose; and, she conducting him and drawing him slowly on, they went up through the newer enclosure, through the cypresses,

and across the grass, and up the slope to the old Porta of the Aurelian wall, where Byron and Trelawny had come together, and where the "heart of hearts" was enshrined.

And there they lingered awhile, conning the lines from the song of Ariel, and looking out over the view beyond the Monte Testaccio and up to the rugged battlements of the old Aurelian gateway, that overshadowed the poet's corner here—that old, brown, crumbling ruin that hangs about the rest of the passionate heart; the grim old ruin that endureth, while that group of young poet-beings, so wondrous in their strength of spirit and their genius, have fretted out their feverish lives, and are long since gone.

"I realized that I should see this," said Adrian softly, "for the first time, as the train swept round the bay above Lerici the other night. It was glorious, the moon shining on the sea and on Spezzia as we passed along at top speed, and for a moment just sighted it lying in the hollow of the circling hills below; we could see the lights twinkling in the windows, and the glow from the great arsenals re-

flected on the water. It was a sensation as the Mediterranean wave rose and rocked and rushed with a whirl of white foam upon the shore, a sensation to realize that it was Shelley's Bay of Spezzia, and that Lerici and the Casa Magni lay just beyond."

"Ah, you came that way?"

"Yes; and I had been travelling day and night with nothing much in my head but the Rosetta Stone, and those new ideas I had got about the obelisks that I wanted to verify here, and I had passed through that very gray thing, a gray day on the Riviera, as I came along to Genoa from Cannes and Nice. It was not until we had reached Spezzia that the sky cleared, and the moon and the stars of Italy shone out upon the wide sapphire stretch of her great sea; and I was tired and dull and bored with it all until that moment, when somehow my soul awoke, and I realized that—it was Italy—I was dashing Romewards, and that—was Shelley's Bay.

She looked up at him with a bright sweet glance of understanding and sympathy. For she did un-

erstand him so well: the long sadness and the eart-slumber which had hung over him so long; nd the awakening at the touch of all the art and ıe beauty, as she thought, of this lovely sunlit und; and, beneath the power of association too— elling of many things, and arousing recollections of ıoetic and ethereal thoughts, he used to love.

She thought she understood it all, and she hought she liked him, just for this power of renew- ng youth within him, and for the simplicity and ılmost boyish eagerness with which he greeted this ıecond bright dawning of his spirit-life.

She looked up, and her eyes met his with a ıweetness that thrilled his heart. They turned a ittle way together from the foot of the poet's shrine, ınd she led him along a cypress-shaded path which ringes the enclosure along the higher side of the ılope. The cypress shade was grateful here, for he setting sun was strong and ruby-red this after- noon, and was sending now a bright fiery ray slant- ing across roofs and domes and pinnacles, and bear- ing straight upon the poet's corner from behind the Testaccio Mount.

They walked slowly along the green pathway. It was quiet, and sweet, and shady, and still.

They walked onwards together, Car with her gaze lowered now, and with her head bent a little forwards as she went, the lace edging of her creamy-hued skirt brushing softly the short turf, and Adrian pacing beside her, his head raised and thrown back, with a bright flush from the sun-glow warming his cheek, and with a gleam of soft excitement in his steel-blue eyes.

And she listened as he went on, for as it had been her mood to talk and to "tell him things" as they had lingered together in the Piazza that morning; so now *his* heart seemed full, his mind alert and eager, ebbing over with memories and suggestions of many things he would tell to *her*, as the scene stirred him deeply, and her sweet sympathetic presence unsealed his very innermost self.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "what it is to me to be here with you. I often wanted to come here, and I was deterred because I must have come alone."

"I like to be here with you," she answered,

ıecause you like it as I do, and because you have e same feeling about them all as I have. I always ncy that they must have walked just along here gether often, the three friends; not poor young .eats, for he was gone before they came, but the thers, when they came down together, as they have ll described it, from Mr. Severn's house. They ralked here, and watched the sunset, as we are loing now, and then they remembered the place, vhen they two alone came from Lerici, and so hose the spot just at the end of the green walk here."

"Yes," he answered, "and if I had come here any time, when I have thought of coming within the last twenty years, I should not have walked with their memory only with me, the soft memory of a poetic association of which the pathos has no pain —I should have come alone, in company with bitter memories of my own broken hopes and crushed ambition, and of the friend with whom I had worked, with whom I had studied all things of beauty through those years of eager youth—when at college, and on moor and river, poetry and art

had a glory unutterable for us; and Shelley and Keats, and all the splendid old giants who had taught *them*, were the fountains from which we drew the limpid waters of our spirit-life. You have heard of my friend, have you not?" he added.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "la madre told me how you came, you and he together, that summer evening in the river-boat."

"We came," he went on with a bitter ring in his voice, "courageous, happy, buoyant, unsuspecting, that summer night; came, two foolish lads from Oxford, full of hopes and dreams we came, and, all unthinking, met each our fate, a fate armed to slay us, or, as it seemed indeed, to slay all that was the good of life for each. It was much the worst for him, too," he went on with that bitter sadness still in his tone, "my friend, his was a poet-soul, with the beauty of a poet in his heart, in his power of feeling, and with the failure somewhere in his nature of the needful poet-force. He went down under it at once with scarce a struggle, and with little protest; and with him went, to this day, all poetry from life for me. He was my Shelley, my

ɛats, my spirit of all poetry embodied in the name 'friend.' I remembered anew, as I stood there th you and read that inscription ten minutes ıce, I remembered, as if it were yesterday, one ıy in August on a Highland moor. I was staying ith his people, they had a pretty mountain place ıere, and he was the second son; we had been ıooting, and we were tired, and he lay down at ngth upon the purple heather—and the glory of ıe blue empyrean above his head, and of the ıvely view stretching far beyond him, came over im with a sudden force, and his eye caught the ision of a skylark piercing the sunlit air and rising ı swift wing higher and higher, straight and far ɔove; and he broke forth in his deep musical ɔice, and spoke out, clear up into the bright sky, helley's poem of the skylark, ringing the sweet ords out, verse by verse to the end. So full of ɔuth and gladness, and bright young strength was e! And then, I remembered again, as if it were ith me still, the pain, in contrast, of another day, dreary March day, cold and gloomy, when all as over, and they had all gone back to India from

the house by the river-side. And I went t
him, broken in health and spirit; he was going
and down, bitter in heart and dark in mind,
a shadowy and often shameful pathway to th
'Write,' I said to him; 'be a man, and bear
do. Write something—a poem, an essay, a
He could write any of all these in his good, h
days. 'A song!' he said. 'What, pipe agai
skylark? Alas, no, my friend! Who could, ir
pipe it here, in this vale of darkness—cloud
gloom and fog'—for it was London; and it
black fog, and he was poor and failing and ill
shook his head. 'No bird could sing,' he sai
skies so dull and gray.' And I persuaded h
come out with me. I had my T-cart at the
and I drove him far out from town to wher
expanse of sky widened and the green of the
stretched round us in soft glades of grass,
where the trees were breaking into bud. Bu
the skies were dull and gray, for it was an E
late spring, and the great city was not distant
the sunrays were hid away. But I pulled u
horses, and we stood still and looked aroun

was a change for him; he could breathe, and there was an expanse of verdure and view; and suddenly, as it seemed, from just under my horses' feet, there shot up into the dull air a skylark, piping and trilling and shaking out like pearls its wild, sweet song. And away it went, out of sight in a moment, entering the foggy clouds, and piercing far beyond them, and piping and trilling and singing still, long after we had lost sight of it, and could only catch the faint, far-distant, sweet echo of his song, sent down to us through the mists that hid all sun and brightness from our gaze. 'Ah, my friend,' I said, 'there is an emphatic contradiction to your later poet whom you quoted to-day—a bird singing gloriously, and breasting in its upward flight with undaunted song, a sky dull and gray enough to damp most of us down here. The bird shows the poet his highest plane for work. The song through mist and darkness is of far more worth than the jubilee that can only celebrate our sunshine, or please our fancy in bright times with a pathos that is but feigned and untrue."

"Ah," said Car with a tender quiver in her

voice as he paused, "then you and he found meanings, too?"

"I tried to find them for him," he said, "but it was of no avail. He had studied the life-art, you see," he added, "in a wrong school. 'Go with the stream, and if it flow downward, then downward go,' that was his story, my poor friend. But for his sake, and—for another's sake—I should have been sorry to have come here alone."

Slowly they had paced up and down, while he had talked to her in the soft sunset, between the cypress shades.

"You do not mind coming now?" she said after a moment.

"Mind?" he answered, "no, I like it—its soft pathos and all. I suppose," he continued, in a softened tone now, from which all bitterness was gone, "I suppose I like 'telling you things,' as you say."

"And I like to hear," she answered. "Do go on; tell me more."

"Your mother has told you," he continued then,

ı a curious hesitating tone, "of that old story of ıe summer evening and the river-boat?"

"Yes, la madre told me," she said, "the day efore we found you in the Piazza; she told me /hile we sat in the Borghese Gardens, the story of ıow you came."

"Ah! there *are* women, come up here and there, ınce in every man's life, I fancy, who wield a power ike that; they scarcely know it, they did not mean t—at least, I am sure sweet Cecilia Metella never lid. Do you think it strange about her," he ıdded, "how I knew her just one summer, and ıave loved her ever since—thought only of her—ill now?"

His voice lingered at the last two words, as if a ;udden consciousness refused consent, to that one-ıess of his devotion everlastingly, and as if there was a limit to his heart's constancy, which, it would appear—had been reached!

"Do you think it strange, as I never saw her, never again, in all these twenty years?"

"I think it is beautiful," she whispered, in a tone that was softly tremulous. "It is like Dante

in the 'Vita Nuova,' it is like the old loves of the days of chivalry, of the troubadours who sang the *chansons* of Provence."

"Is it?" he said. "But it is very solitary, and it is not invigorating; from dreams, youth's wakeful day-dreams, we pass as life goes on in these grooves to a gradually quite dreamless spirit-sleep; and we do not even feel it, until we awake again, and know that life, since that slumber fell, had been as a long, dull night. I thought it was fog and dulness still as I came along the Riviera, and as I thought that I could feel nothing, care for nothing, ever again. I remembered how my poor friend used to say in that way of his, of weaving poetry in, with his own chance spontaneous words,—

> "'"'Tis gone, 'tis gone for *me*,
> That "light which never was, on land or sea;"'

he would say that often, so mournfully, and finish his lament, with a sort of quaint humour he had, with an adaption of old Peter Bell—

> "'"A primrose on a violet bank, to me,
> A primrose is—and nothing more I see,"

and that was the end of his poetry. And I thought

was just so with myself. Life in Egyptology, and sentiment lost in hieroglyphics had been a deadening thing."

"But that is all past now," she said, and she paused and turned round towards him, standing still a moment upon the green, cypress-shaded path. And he paused also, and looked down on her—there was such sweetness in her eyes, full as they were of sympathy and concern for him, bright as they were with the reflex of the sunset glow; and her voice, softened and tremulous, quivered to his very heart.

How lovely she looked, in her young bright eagerness of enthusiasm for him; as her lip curled and trembled, and her eyes looked up straight and clear and all unconscious,—quite unconscious of the sudden strength of passionate feeling which rushed over him as he stood and looked upon her, and as the bright, frank gaze of her blue eyes shone so straight and so fearlessly into his.

He pressed his firm lips together beneath his drooping moustache, and as her gaze rested still

upon him, his eyelids drooped, to veil the fire he felt kindling rapidly within.

"It is past," she continued softly, "and Rome has done it for you; the strength of her wondrous life has requickened yours, the fire and youth of her eternal Spirit has re-awakened all your slumbering spirit-power. And now you will still *do*, you will never sleep again that dull and dreamless sleep, which is the coldest egotism our souls can know. You will have beautiful ideals again, and reach after them, and you will live a new, strong, vivid, wakeful life. I cannot say it well, as your poor friend would have said it in his poetic words, but that is what I feel about you, what I see in your future; you will have a new, glad, lovely summer in your life now, and a harvest *better* than might have been, even in that long ago. And Rome will have done it for you, the fire and Spirit-life of Rome."

Two burning spots came up on Adrian Dillon's pale, spare cheeks as he stood and heard her, and his eyes fell low to the soft turf at their feet; and in the ruby sun-glow, slanting upon them between the dark-green foliage of the cypress-trees, his

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onze moustache and red-brown hair shone, as he moved his hat and bent his head, and drew the ng moustache-points through fingers that were embling at that moment, though they looked so rm and strong; and a great sigh, like a wind-gust uddenly shaking a rugged oak, rose within him, nd shivered over his whole frame.

She knew so little how she stirred him, as she tood and looked up with gaze so straight and fearess, and as her sweet, clear voice went on,—

"I do like you to tell me all these things, I can o well understand, ever since la madre told me in he Borghese about *her*, and about him, and about ou; I thought so much even that first evening, and hen the very next morning you *were*. You came nto being—for me, I mean—into personal and isible and present being, and since then I have been so glad—I cannot tell you why—but so glad, because you understand when I speak my own, own self to you; and because I see that Rome and the sunshine and—all of *us* perhaps, have helped you to awake, and to be happy again."

He looked up quietly now again at her, for he

had struggled and controlled himself. He would *not* say, what he felt to her, not just yet—not then.

There *is* such a struggle often, when love forces for utterance, and a curious kind of strength of will is set against it, to stay its speech. He would not say it, he doubted if he might ever do so, and at all events he would not ruffle the sweet tranquil current of her spirit now.

And he was right; for the ineffable sweetness of that subtle exchange of love, felt in every fibre, but unuttered, unacknowledged still, is something wonderful in itself at times; and when it is past and dissipated, in all its vague mystery, it is like a dawn-cloud, it never comes in love's clearer daylight again. He would not disturb it, he would not roughly dispel it; it rested on the holiest depths within his soul, on the very life-spring of the innermost "*cor cordium*" of his spirit; it rested with a quieting and hallowing influence above the glow of eager passion kindling hotly within his heart.

"You believe," he said, turning quietly towards her at length, with a tender intonation, that was quite passionless, in his deep, low voice, "you be-

ve in the renewal of the bloom of early years? ou think the mind can spring, the energies revive, e imagination blossom, and the heart sing the rk's song again, even after summer is past, and e time of the song-birds and the June of the roses as fled?"

She turned and walked forwards a few steps long the cypress-path, back towards the Porta of he Aurelian wall again, drawing him also with her, s he turned and walked slowly by her side; and he looked up, her bright vivid glance seeming to earch for her reply, and she seemed to gather in er delicate mental forces, and to concentrate memory, reflection, effort, to give a clear direct answer o his words.

"We have had so many things to talk about, and so much to tell," she said, "in the little while since we have met, that I have never yet arrived at telling you anything of my own old Hampshire home."

"No," he said with hesitation, not following as yet the way in which her thoughts had strayed,

"no, but I hope that you will still tell me
things, and about all your past, with the r
have wearied you out with mine."

"No," she said, "I like it, and we shall
and I *will* tell you of many things in that swe
home; only it will be of things, you know, ar
much of people at all, except dear aunt He
knew so few, and events did not happen.
was a sweet old home; and now, as I talk t
I remember, how up the trellis of the pretty
where my own room was, there grew a rose,
lovely rose, a real 'June' rose, as you say, for
not one that came out with pale colour in the
sun-less spring days. Many others, pink, pale g
and white came out first, but I used to watch
for my own rose; for when it came in its gl
bloom, with such fragrance wafted in throug
little lattice window, and with a beauty of cr
hue that grew deeper and deeper as the rose o
and you saw down into its heart of hearts, t
knew that the best glory of summer had come
it, and that the garden could give forth no
nor greater beauty for that year. And," she

with a little tender laugh, "how foolishly, how ldishly I loved it, my own, own rose! It was so ıutiful, just in the June time, and then it was quickly gone; all was over, no more roses ıuld come then, and weeks would pass. And I ıuld often look eagerly, watchfully at my tree, cause, I knew what would be: as the autumn crept ıon us, and the garden grew dull and cold, and arly all other flowers had fled, one other beautiful se came always upon my tree. Just one; but so vely, so rich, so fragrant; do you know, I held it enty times more precious than that first bright ory of flowers, that came when all the other roses ere radiant and gay in the gardens in June. I ıw my rose," she added in a quiet low tone, "when ɔu asked me that question just now."

There was a strange, dewy cloud dimming the learness of Adrian's vision, and trembling upon the drooping veil of his eyes, as she paused now, and ıis voice, as he answered her, had a quiver of eeling, into which the infinite sweetness of his love ɔr her stole unrestrainably. But a love that was ender and diffident and wistful, and that for the

moment had nothing of the strength and power of eager passion at all.

"You have dreamt many pretty pictures for me," he said softly; "but I think this has been the best of all. I shall always see it; I shall always remember, and hope."

"It is so nice of you to let me talk of my little pictures," she said then, brightening up from her pensive, dreaming mood, and turning to him with a soft, ringing laugh. "La madre would say you encourage me, and that it really '*will not do.*'"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and he threw his head back, too, now, and echoed her little laugh, "ah, I do not suppose it *will* do," he added; "but then—I should like to know—what is to be done?"

"Oh, numbers of things are to be done," she answered; "you are going to enter upon such quantities of fresh undertakings. You see, all kinds of things are to be done."

"Ah," he said doubtfully again, and then, for very happiness, as he looked into her bright, unconscious, young face,—he smiled and laughed low again.

"Do you always see things in pictures?" he said at length, as he pulled himself together, and they turned slowly down the cypress-path.

"I see many things, and I explain many things to myself in this way, that no one has ever taught to me. But I will tell you one more thing that is curious. You know that what I love best in this world is music; I love to play, better even than to dream and think; and when I was a schoolroom-girl, people used to say to me, 'I suppose you dream, and see pictures all the time you play?' And, do you know, that it is not so; I see nothing that I could describe or interpret when I play. It is delightful, it is entrancing to me; it floats so high—so high, like your skylark in the gray mist; and it echoes, I cannot tell you where. But its spirit has no language; the things it murmurs and says to me, I can tell in no human speech; and that is curious, is it not? I cannot translate music in any form, and yet it is of all things what I love the best."

"*The Unknown is life, to love, religion, poetry!*" he quoted; "and for the ear that can hear, and to

the genius that can receive, the echoes of music come also from the *Unknown*—as it would seem."

"As it *is*—as I find it. Oh! I am so glad you understand; and may I say one thing more? Do you think that, because I hear in music the echoes of the speech unknown, 'the language of the angels,' as the Italians say, therefore music is for me a higher power than all others—a power by which I may answer and echo the voice that comes to us from the Highest Source?"

"Your *genius*, as we put it in our language, in one undefinable and untranslatable word, your genius; and therefore always something above you—something higher than yourself. Yes, I think it must be, for you, the highest," he said.

"Ah," she answered, "yes, I think that is just how it became clear to me. I am glad," she added sweetly, "I am so glad you understand."

And then—though probably there were many more things she might have liked to have said to him—their speculative, mystical, and very hypothetical theorizings were suddenly over. For, round the corner, just by the poet's shrine, there appeared

the tall figure of Lady Daring's "own footman," a dignified English personage, who always accompanied her carriage and attended to her especial wants; and most effectually did he arrest all the currents of discourses, romantic, hypothetical, or artistic, bringing the two dreamers, by Shelley's cypress-encircled shrine, down to the prosaic common things of daily life again, and reminding them of Mr. Calthorpe, most reprehensibly forgotten for so long.

Mr. Calthorpe, with the air of an injured man, was sitting on the low wall by the carriage road when they reached him, coming quickly down through the cypresses at last. He had exhausted the subject of amphoræ, of which the interest had proved limited, and the traces few on the Testaccian Mount; and of the pottery factory of long centuries ago, there was so little suggestion, that there was almost nothing on which the most vivid of excavating imaginations could feed. And the records of the amphoræ blocks of Pompeii he knew almost by heart already.

So he had come down from the Monte Testaccio,

and, while those two had been wandering up and down the cypress-path by the Aurelian wall, he had been inside the pyramid, had got the key from the custodian, and, regardless of the lovely sunset glow without, or of violets and narcissus starring the green field, or of all associations suggestively poetical, he had plunged into sepulchral darkness, and managed to beguile the sweet sunset hour in the critical examination of the arabesques, and in much perplexed amazement over the emblems of the four females bearing candelabra and vase.

But he had grown tired of the four females, and come out again. He sat down on the low wall, and turned his back on the corner of Adonais, and put up his eyeglass, and gazed impatiently down the road, until, happily, behold! the carriage appeared—first in a distant cloud of dust, and then visibly, quite close to him, bowling up to the entrance of the new enclosure as rapidly as might be.

Lady Daring was full of apologies, and his wife was solicitude itself. "Had he been bored? Had the other two deserted him? Had he not cared

ut the shrines?" All and each of these fears e but too true. "How disastrous!" They were h so vexed; but the Principessa had been at ıe, and had received them, and had been so rming, and her garden was so delightful, and villa so full of pretty things, and there had been much to see, and the time had slipped away, . they had no idea how long it had been—"*und veiter!*"

They made every kind of excuse, and Mr. Calrpe was gradually soothed again, and merely ɔulated to Adrian (having kept his chief vials of .th for him), that the next time they went for a k together, they had better understand before :ting whether they really did want to go to exly the same place. *He* had thought the arabesques the Caius Cestius pyramid had been Dillon's nt—however!

And then they got under way. Mr. Calthorpe l Adrian starting off at a sharp pace to walk all way back to their hotel, "for a good, steady, ıstitutional now, and no nonsense about it," as . Calthorpe said, and the three in the carriage

being whirled out of their sight in no time as
disappeared down the Via di S. Paolo, and c
off rapidly towards home.

CHAPTER II.

"DAYS THAT ARE NEVER LONG."

In the Casa Pia there was no prettier room than ady Daring's boudoir. It had been a small, chill, ull enough apartment when she had taken pos-ession of it; but, like every corner of the whole ıite she occupied, it had been much transformed.

The cold walls, with their decorations of florid attern painted on the bare stone, had been draped, .ke the large saloon, with Indian cashmere of soft ınd justly-blended hue. Charming bits of colour ;lowed in dark corners, where chill shadows had ɔeen wont to fall in the early dusk of the short vinter days; a few lovely pictures, picked up here ınd there in her favourite prowls down the Via Basilio and in the old shops on the quays, stood ıbout on small stands and easels; a curious confu-ıion of pottery, new as well as very old, was ranged n a low shelf she had had slung between the great,

deep windows; and flowers, and graceful ferns, and palms, and small, sweet-scented daphne and cistus trees were grouped in every available space amid her books and her *bric-à-brac*, and her *objets d'art* of every kind and description—their delicate blossom filled the soft air with a fragrance that was suggestive of a quiet and pleasant converse *à deux*, or of complete and solitary repose.

And Lady Daring liked either, or, successively, *both* of these results as the occupation of the last twilight hour before dinner.

She liked to have her tea-tray brought in here on a day when she did not "receive," and she had it always placed on a low stand before the little, curiously-painted china stove, which filled up, in that ridiculously awkward fashion of Italian fireplaces, one remote corner of the little room—the corner from which, in its original condition of uncurtained chill, the apartment was least likely to benefit by any amount of blazing wood.

Now, it did not matter, all the room was so draped and warm; and round the Indian rug before the china stove two screens were drawn, closing it

so cosily, and making such a pleasant corner for
and *tête-à-tête;* and inside the screens two low,
all *causeuses* were placed so as to flank the stove,
l behind and around them were flowers and
en fernery, filling the angles of the screens; and
tures, and china, and mosaics, and sulphur *im-*
nti work, and bits of curiously carved ivory and
od, and bits of old-gold filigree, and silver boxes,
l enamelled miniature frames — every sort of
ng, in fact, was strewed over the small tables
l stands, and on the little shelves and brackets
ng about the stove, and ranging high up nearly
he ceiling.

One window was hidden by the screen, as you
by the fireplace, but the other faced the corner,
l it looked out upon the back courtyard garden
he old house, where the usual fountain trickled
l tossed aloft its dancing spray, where the in-
table Naiad stood in the water, and where a
utiful magnolia shadowed the doorway on one
e, which would be a wonder of fragrance and
wy flower before summer came, and a tall-branch-
Judas tree stood on the other side, already

showing a bloom of ruddy colour from its wealth blossom just longing to bud.

Beyond the flowers and feathery ferns in t stand filling the windows, the twilight sky v deepening into night, as Lady Daring in a pre and careful (most wrongly named) *négligée* ca into her boudoir from her bedroom, through a d opening behind the curtain that draped one side

Tea was there ready, and Car stood on the dian rug before the fire. She was arranging blocks of smouldering wood, laying them deftly i changed position, and making them light up int cheerful, dancing blaze. It filled the whole t room with a crimson glow, in which every one its many colours shone and blended in a harm that was most successful from an æsthetic point view.

And Lady Daring exclaimed with pleasure the pretty, inviting aspect of her little nest, as s came forward to the corner by the tea-table, a took her own place in one of the low *causeuses* the right side.

Car knelt before the bright wood-fire, and th

. their tea together; and Lady Daring shivered ttle, and drew a light shawl round her shoulders, l nestled down among the soft cushions of her ch, and she said, "how chill it still became after set," and how "India made one feel everything e cold for so long," and "how pleasant the fire s," and "how nicely the little girl had made it ;" and Car poured out her tea for her, and they rmured on to one another, and admired the deep let curtain falling so slowly, and blending so rvellously with the fading crimson without their ndow beyond their flowers, and they said, "how eet the Daphne was smelling, and how quickly e cistus was coming into bloom;" and Lady Dar- g turned over her notes, and threw them aside ain, and then took up an old, gold filigree-box e had found beneath an awning in the Piazza ile Car had been buying her flowers a few morn- gs ago, and she said it was charming, and made r admire it, as she turned it caressingly in her gers, and congratulated her own acuteness in ob- rving so good a thing; and then they spoke of the sit to the Principessa, and how pleasant it had

been, and they laughed a little at poor Mr. Calthorpe, and they were very happy together as they drank their tea.

And then Car brought a small, very low, japanned and gilded chair, which she particularly affected, and she put it in close by the fireside between the end of her mother's *causeuse* and the corner of the china stove; and she sat down and leant back until her soft, gold-brown, fluffy head rested close by her mother's shoulder on the cushion, and she was still and silent for just one little moment then.

It was one of those sudden, soft ways of hers, which had so taken Lady Daring by surprise at first, but which had long ago become familiar and very dear to her.

For her love for this long-unknown child of hers had come upon her all unawares; it had crept up like a sweet, strong tide, nearer, and daily nearer, to the bulwarks of her own long-guarded and reserved life; and it had flowed over every barrier of the artificial and conventional, which had been raised around herself, until it touched now the

prings of her deepest being. It reached all that was best in her own nature, and those swift, spontaneous expressions of that love, from Car's side, were very sweet to her indeed.

She liked to feel the gold-brown head nestling on her cushion, and she put her arm round the girl's slight shoulders, and drew her close.

Car seemed tired—and this was a very unusual aspect for her. Things often that "were too much," would excite her, and string up her sensitive nervous system too high, but nothing seemed ever to tire.

But now, this evening, she leant back and sighed, and stretched up her arms for a moment above her head, with a languor that was quite unlike herself. It was a pleasant languor, she would have said, and it was unrest, rather than fatigue. It was a touch of the feverish unrest in fact, of a soft, half-conscious sentiment, to which she could give as yet no name.

It came over her, and seemed to consume her with a strange impatience of time, of the very shortest time—of a night—a broken morning—an

hour—a few restless, waiting moments even—while *he* was not there! And she began to realize it; but of its nature and actual cause she was quite unconscious still.

"Madre mia," she said, "tell me a love-story, as you did in the Borghese that afternoon."

"A love-story, you little, foolish girl?"

"That was a love-story, and a very pretty one; and this is just the time and kind of nice, quiet twilight for another. Do, madre carissima mia, tell me another, just like it, now."

"How many such do you suppose I may have to tell, you young, heedless thing? I do not know that there are any others—such as that one, at all events."

"Ah, well, not another then," said Car, in a curious, restless tone, "but more, much more of the same one again—that would be better still; or tell it to me all over, madre, from the very beginning."

Lady Daring laughed low, in her bright *insouciante* way; Car's words touched and stirred her, and a dreamy expression came for a moment into

fine, dark eyes. Then something seemed
ıusly and quite suddenly to strike her, and she
ɜd herself, called herself back to the present—
ɜr daughter—to the firelit room; and she leant
tle over the girl, and tried to look into her
ıed face, and to see beneath the lids of her
y suffused eyes. "She did not," and this was
thought which suddenly struck her mother, "she
not seem quite like herself."
Car had clasped her hands above her head now,
he leant back on her mother's pillow, and her
ı, beneath their drooping, dew-dipped lashes,
ɜ gazing straight into the smouldering wood-

"Shall I tell you a pretty love-story?" Lady
ing said softly; "a romance of Venice, a tale of
rave young cavalier (or rather gondolier), who
ıe there from a far foreign land, and who loved
wooed a cold, proud maiden, who drove him
·hearted away? Shall I tell you," she went on,
w he went, and how he wandered far, and
ıd no solace, because he was always chivalrous
. true? And shall I tell you, my little, cold,

proud-hearted girl, how he will come again, to-morrow even he will indeed be here?—and my story then have perhaps a happier endin Rome, my love, than it had on that sad day in vember for poor, dear Farnham—our Venetian dolier. Oh, Car, how hard, how cruel you we him! How could any one so soft and young l hopelessly relentless as you were?"

Lady Daring had gone on with her little persistently to the end, although, long before had reached her climax and revealed the gondo name, Car's brown head had been slowly r from its resting-place, where it had nestled o cushion by her side, and Car's shoulder had gently drawn away from her encircling arm, the girl had risen to her feet, and was stan now, with all the *dolce far niente* softness of quiet firelight fallen away from her—standing the Indian rug, before the tall stove, her fi drawn to its full and stately height.

Lady Daring's favourite expression, "a li foolish girl," was at *no* time descriptive of daughter, or of that graceful ease and dignity

rriage which had nothing of "smallness," nothing at could be described in terms diminutive of any nd. And now, as she stood there, through all the tter part of the Venetian romance, the expression ould have been inappropriate to a degree. Her ead was raised with so proud a gesture, her lip ırled so scornfully, her blue eyes flashed with a ght that was so curiously cold and keen.

"Is Lord Farnham coming to-morrow, mother?" he said.

"Yes, my child. I have had a letter from him o-day."

"And why does he come?"

"Why should he *not* come to Rome, if it pleases him to do so?"

Car took one step forward, away from the tall stove, where the wood-fire smouldered and glowed with a ruddy light, and then she paused, her bright eyes turned away from her mother's eager face, away from the softly-lit room, away beyond the flowers and daphne shrubs filling the deep window-recess, towards the violet night-sky, blending so

wondrously with the fading crimson of the departing day.

She held her head still high, but gradually her eyes and curling lip had softened in expression. She loved this bright mother of hers intensely; it was not from any lack of heart to please her, that she knew she must oppose her will. With all her heart, had it been possible to her, she would have done her mother's bidding, and won her satisfied caress and smile.

But here, now, the currents of feeling, flowing through the depths of her heart of hearts, were struggling and antagonistic, and she felt there was *something* she must comprehend more clearly; something that was deep within her being, like the hidden springs of her spirit-life, that she must realize and understand before she could see, or say definitely, what she would or could make herself feel or do.

She dropped her hands, and clasped them behind her back, and held her head up for a moment, as she gazed out upon the twilight sky, and paused and thought, before she could decide in her own

ind what she wished to say; and then she oke low and soft, but firm and clear, while ady Daring leant back among her cushions in lence for a little time, and listened almost with- ut a word.

"Mother," Car said, "when we were at Venice, nd Lord Farnham came, and when he said all hose things to me that day in the gondola, and hen I answered what I still think was true—the eal truth to him—he believed me. But you as- ured me, madre, that it was not so. I felt we had o love for each other—not I for him, nor he really for me. And you told me that that was all that love was, all that love need be, and all that would ever come of love to either him or me; and that I might accept it from him and in myself, as all love had to give, or would ever bring to us. And I said, that, if you would wait a little while, I would try to accept this, madre mia, because you wished it—because it was the thing to be. And you waited, and he went away, and I was so happy—so happy with you alone, you and I together, when he was gone. But now, you say, he will come again, that

to-morrow he will be here; and so I must say it, I must tell you, carissima mia, that I cannot, *cannot* do as you wish, because I know now that love is more; and I must wait, because I know it *is*, because I believe in it, and I think, madre mia, that —it will come."

Lady Daring rose slowly also now, while Car was still speaking, and, as the girl stood back a little on the rug, she (with that sweeping stately movement which always marked her for grace and presence in the largest crowd) took two turns up and down the breadth of the small room before she made any answer.

Then she came up close to where her child stood; and Car's gaze turned from the violet of the evening sky to meet hers, and the girl's bright eyes suffused and softened strangely again. Her mother's beautiful form, taller, more imperial than her own, was drawn to its full height, as she stood with head thrown back, and hands clasped tightly together. On her beautiful, noble countenance, always so *sensible*, and yet so controlled, was a quiver of intense feeling now, and in the dark

epth of her expressive eyes was the gleam of the ew of tears.

She looked for one moment into Car's eager ıce, and then the strength of feeling which had eset her, as the girl had spoken, swept over her nd away, like the wash of a stormy wave that was pent; she regained control again, and the gleam aded from her eyes.

She drew out a chair from her writing-table, vhich stood near her, and she placed it on the rug :lose by Car's side, and she sat down, and leant ıer arm on the back of the chair, and looked up nto the girl's face, where a vivid blush still burnt curiously on the fair cheeks.

Lady Daring's left hand caressed softly the lace that fringed the draperies of Car's dress, and in a low quiet voice she said,—

"Will you tell me a little of what your idea is, of the love that is to come?"

It was the way to take Car in her varying moods, and presently the girl went on, giving answer to this question, which, without any scorn or

misapprehension of her own words, sought to reach in them a deeper understanding. She began,—

"I think that love, must be of itself, mother; we cannot make it, or devise it in our hearts. It is there before we know it; we have only to discover, and to realize. It is, I think, when some one comes, who understands what you say immediately, and to whom you like to tell things that are deep hidden away within yourself. Some one whom you know is there, in a room, often, when you cannot see them, but of whom the feeling that they *are* there makes you satisfied and glad. Some one whose voice you can hear far down the table among many voices, hear it distinct from all, and *feel* it again, as if it answered and echoed something within yourself. Some one who makes a sort of brightness in all the odd moments of life, so that the day is far too short, and nothing wearies, nothing lasts too long. Some one who brings you a gladness that is sufficient, and that comes over you at such curious times. In the morning always, when you hear a bird sing beyond your window, and the sunlight strays across your room, and your heart wakes up

because of very gladness, and because you want to be awake and to realize that to-day, to-day again—he will come!"

The vivid flush deepened on Car's cheek. But she looked down and met fearlessly her mother's watchful gaze.

"And *who*," said Lady Daring gently, and in a wondering, slowly awakening tone, "*who* has been teaching all these lessons of the soft passion, to my little girl?"

"No one," she murmured, "at least—not that we knew. But, it has come to me to realize, madre, that something of this sort is what love must be. And then the exchange of all that is best within us," she went on suddenly, clasping her hands tightly together, and speaking in an altered, eagerly enthusiastic manner, and with a sweet pathetic passion in her voice,—"the giving of all the deep treasure that has been gathering and growing in our hearts and imagination all through the solitude of our spirit-lives; the love of our souls going forth, poetry, art, music, the joy in beauty of every kind; and then the strength of the silent thought that, in

all life before, has longed and feared at once, to reveal its being,—the giving and exchanging of all this. Ah! am I mistaken, madre mia? Is it a dream, that *is* not—in truth? Is it a dream or—is not love something like this? And, if so, is it not worth the waiting? Yes, if it be all our life-time, it would be worth, well worth the waiting for—love. *You know,*" she added in an exquisitely tender voice, as she looked down and met the gleam that was melting and suffusing again in the beautiful, dark eyes that watched her face, "*you know*, as it was, when *they* came, in the boat, in the summer moonlight, and there were all those love-lit days."

Vere Daring put up her delicate hand, with its glitter of ruby and diamond hoops, across her eyes then, as if she were thinking, and would veil for a moment her thought; as if she were looking deep into herself, into the past, into life, as she in its depths had felt and known it; and at the real bearing, upon what it was, and had been, of those memories which Car now stirred—the thrill in her young voice, as she said that last sentence, reaching deeper, touching more acutely than her words.

There was a short silence, and then the sparkling
ers veiling Lady Daring's eyes were raised after
ıoment, and she smoothed slowly the dark tresses
ging her straight low brows. And then she leant
head on her hand, but still she did not look up,
l she was pensive and grave. After a little
ıse she said,—

"You have dreamt one of your pretty dream-
tures, Car! Magnetic sympathies, music, poetry,
ue meditations exchanged and enlarged upon,
tures of seraphic flight, ecstasies of art enthu-
ım, moonlight, summer with its flowers and sun-
s, and its verdure of soft, quiet shades. I can
am, and draw dream-pictures also, little girl, you
. And if this were all life's story, if this were
at it really involves and implies, well, dear, I
cy that 'weak mortals, we, entranced on earth
ıld rest,' and, as that poet whom, of course, you
ɔw and love with many others, goes on to tell us,
your Excelsiors would die!"

Car's tightly clasped hands left each other for
instant,—then, with an impulsive gesture, met
d clasped again; and her lips parted, with that

quick tremulous sigh with which her heart always stirred; and across the keen concentrated expression of her eyes there flitted a gleam of changing light, as when a new shade of colour is shot through the blending of the rainbow hues. This was indeed a new thought to her, and it took her by surprise.

"Yes, madre?" she said, in a low voice, as if touched deeply with this soft surprise, and as if waiting with wondering inquiry for what was still to come.

"Yes," Lady Daring said decidedly, "it would be so. Let me tell you more," and in a slow deliberate tone, she went on. "Has Adrian told you anything of that summer time? of that friend of his who came with him?"

"Yes," Car murmured, almost in a whisper, for her mother's tone was now so low and grave. "He told me to-day, as we walked in the cypress-path, of that time, and of him, and of the end."

"And he told you, that I had done it, did he, Car? Because I preferred the common to the higher things of life. Does Adrian tell you it was so?"

At the mention of Adrian's name Car had in-

tinctively turned away a little. She rested one hand on the ledge of the tall china stove now, and as her mother spoke her question, she paused.

"He told me, how he came," she said.

"And he told you that we were so happy; he told you how we went off, every one of us, on a voyage across a sea of dreams towards the enchanted islands of romance. How we read, and sang, and swept over the river-stream in the evening, and sat under the trees all day. And how I, because I was not quite of the same heart-metal as any of them, woke up with energy, and knew it was a dream. Car, that boy, poor Everard, he was not of the men whom women love—not women, believe me, such as you and I. Could I have spent my life, weaving skeins of tangled imagery under the shade of the summer trees, roaming among the classic dreams of dryads and myths, and lights and shades, and effects and affinities, and all the overstrained and incessant analysis of our unaccountable selves? The subjective, introspective state of mind to which these young beings reduce their keen intelligence, when they have placed (for their own lives) action below senti-

ment, and the value of what we enjoy, or suffer—higher than the results of what we do. Such a man could amuse a summer idleness, Car, with all the experimental pleasure of discovering, what we could imagine, investigate, or feel; and that was all poor Everard Forde could do for *me*, at least, and I was so utterly unconscious of what I did for him. I was so young, Car, and, till they two came, so ignorant. I had not known that I had beauty; I did not know all the bitter things that beauty has the power to do; and so I laughed with him, and sang with him, and read with him, and listened to his readings and his dreams, and I 'burnt his heart away,' he said, while he had no power to light the faintest fire in mine. But how bitter it all was to me! How I felt it, no human being can conceive. I have told no one, as I tell you now, how I suffered, how I was sorrowful for what I so unwittingly had done. It made me different ever after. It made me, I suppose, what they have always called me out there in the east, 'bright and cold and irresponsive, as the sunlit ice;' bright, because I had cause for brightness—I was so happy in the fate that was mine;

ill and irresponsive, because I feared, when I the power of my own strong nature over , if I ever let myself be touched or stirred. iat poor boy—when I remember him! It was er, green summer when he first came, and the ; were so thick upon the trees, and there was k close by the river where, in the cool shade, aced up and down. And in the autumn he once again, when we were just leaving; he to say one more farewell, and we walked for le time in the old walk, because I wished to a little kindly to him, and to bid him to have ge, and to find his heart again. And I re- ›er the leaves that had been our green shelter mmer, lay in rich golden profusion beneath our fallen before the chill autumn winds. And he :red, as I begged him to take comfort; he said ıe spoke always in pictures, as you do, Car, 'ou so often remind me of him now), he said, hose leaves were in rich verdure above our when we walked together here in their sha- hree months ago, so were my hopes, my am- s, my desires then, soaring and high; they are

all, with my broken heart now, wind-swept, sun-scorched, and withered, prone to the ground,—for it is autumn,—and they are trodden beneath your feet."

And, stirred to deep agitation by the memory that had caused her bitter and remorseful pain, Vere Daring rose, as she paused now, and once again, while Car leant on the tall stove, she paced slowly to and fro the narrow limits of the little room.

"Men should not be like that," she went on impetuously, "if they would have us love them. No man's finer qualities of intellect and energy and force should be at the mercy of the scorching fire of any personal love. Their power should never fall, like leaves of which our sun has burnt the fibrous stems that attach them in their pride and bravery to the upward-tossing branches of their stalwart, strong life-trees. No," she added in a suddenly altered tone, "contrast such a man with your father, Car, who, full of energy, full of action, full of eager impulse for every sort of enterprise for human good, came into my heart about the same

and who, though twenty years older than poor
ırd, had all that energy of bright life which he
d. Look at him, keen and eager, full of power,
ical, self-denying, simple, in all things *acting*,
:st he can. Always ready to act, and willing to
hose other themes, of poetic dreams and en-
ed speculative mystery, *wait*, until the unveiling
l things shows us the meaning of what we are,
of what we feel and suffer, as well as the result
hat we do. And as for sentiment, has he not
ment, Car, manly and tender, if at all times
:olled? Is it not there, in the depths of his
:ous, strong being, scintillating with ineffable
t gleams through all he is, and all he does con-
ılly, like the beautiful blue light in fine steel?
love? I have seen the woman with the Cenci
, whom he spoke of lately, the woman who will
lways remembered, although unworthy of him,
n in India, long before he knew me, he loved;
that might have destroyed the fine forces of his
›owers, as they say I did for Everard Forde, if
erick had been a man to be blighted in that
or to have allowed such a power to—love. I

am not saying all this, dear," she added suddenly, changing her tone of suppressed passion and intense earnestness to a lighter one of tender, deprecating assurance, that had a soft ring of amusement at herself, at her earnestness, and at Car's gravity, and at the depths to which the converse had led her, and from which it was difficult to rise to the brighter surface again,—"I am not saying all this to persuade you, by indirect means, to marry Lord Farnham, dear, who, though he is a nice, young, pleasant fellow, may not be your destiny in any way. I like him, and I like his character; and in this matter, on which his heart was set, I am his friend. But I will never persuade you in this sort of case, my child; it is only that I have lived twenty years since then, and seen the result of many love-tales, Car, and I cannot let you go on dreaming, on the wings of sentiment and poetry and the suggestions of art, or in the unreal spheres of an imaginative and fanciful spiritual *culte*, without calling to you to awake and see that all this is not life, as it is brought to us to conquer and act and live through, nor without rearing a sign-post to tell you, that, that way 'danger'

s. Let us have sentiment, by all means, in our es, dear; but let it never be *maladif;* let it never *exalté* and exaggerated; let it always ring vigor- s and true."

"But surely these are just the things that *are* ıe," Car said. "The deeper, higher things of our ıture that endure, while all else fades."

"'Nothing endures, of all we are and see,' save .e innermost essence of the being of man," said Lady aring, her quick intellect roused and diverted by ar's words to give answer on this suddenly, slightly hanging theme to which the girl's mind seemed rifting, themes on which each knew the other felt ıuch and deeply, but on which they seldom spoke. All the *cultes* that the earth has ever known hold ıut in some form or another the prospect of *this* ontinuance, and to nothing else—not to the highest, ıy more than to the lowest, of man's achievements —is any continuance promised in any religion at ll. And therefore it seems to me, Car, that when ve speak of the higher flights of art into spiritual pheres, raising art and its productions, and poetry ıd its utterances, to the plane of the immortal,

which shall sometime *be*, we place them in a sphere too high; for when we go, then, as the wisest of mortal men has said, 'our thoughts shall vanish' with us; and, moreover, in the mystical destruction, of which we read, even all 'the pleasant pictures' are doomed, too. And therefore, does it seem to me, that all raptures and soarings of the spirit, all dreams and meditations—even of sweet, fair things—all knowledge of deepest mystery, all the seraphic visions of faith, and the golden promises even of our most fervent hope,—all must have a second place, because they will pale or vanish, and, before the unveiling of the reality, all pass away; and only the inner *cor cordium*, (like that which burnt not in the fires of Lerici,) will remain most surely, when all else is gone. And the frame and setting of this our undying being will be, to my mind, not so much a vague and mystical vapoury substance, woven from our raptures and our dreams, as simply *the character* which has grown up round the *cor cordium*—in a new, complete, and perfect personality, that has developed as the fruit of a life of earnest action, lived out with confidence and courage, and taught truly

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precepts of your own Art-School, as you ex-
them to me the other day. Governed truly
w, which is one and comprehensive in its
from the Sermon on the Mount, which first
it—to the *Agapé* of the Corinthians, and so
on to the end."

dre," said Car softly, "you will always say
little of these things, but I always knew you
em; and that, you know—"

n one of those, Car," Lady Daring continued,
and tremulous tone, "of those who speak
what they feel the deepest; an uninteresting
of character, dear child, but unfortunately
And besides, at no time could I express my-
these things, in precisely the language which
od aunt Helen chooses when on these points
human interest—it is her will to speak.
now," she added warmly, "the vital value of
a of thought, so beautiful and inspiring that,
ed at the spirit's spring of life, it *must* result
s. I found the source of this living spring,
ng after those days by the river, and in it I
h beauty, and such force and power, chiefly,

as I say, because, while it taught of ethereal themes and told of the laws of a higher nature and of a higher sphere, it said, and with emphasis irresistible, 'If ye know these things,' stay not by the rippling streams and in the meadows green, to dream and think and theorize on them, to write sweet moonings on their power and beauty, or to analyze with introspection the effect of their heavenly whisperings upon ourselves; but arise, be animated by their strong vitality, and go forth, and do. And that was what seemed to me the difference, Car, between my husband's life of useful action and the ecstatic dreams and poetic ramblings of Everard Forde, poor boy; or of the curious questions also of subtle, hidden mystery of things, old and occult, in which Adrian has found the interest of his life."

"Oh, but—*Adrian*," said Car, "has not always idled; he has worked, he has done; and I think he will yet much more actively, *do*."

"Adrian!" It was the first time that to any one she had ever so called him aloud. And her voice faltered a little, and then quite unconsciously it flowed softly round the euphonious syllables, and

lingered with a sweet and musical echo upon the name.

Lady Daring started just slightly, and then remembered in an instant her self-control.

She turned from where she had paused, by her little writing-table, during all the last part of their talk, and she came slowly towards Car, who still leant on the high stove, and she put her arm round her, and with the other hand softly touched her burning cheek.

Car turned towards her. Lady Daring looked with a searching, suddenly disturbed expression into the blue eyes, where new, deep lights were scintillating and glistening, and where there was a curious, restless, kindling look, which, as Car could not control it, she instinctively dropped her eyelids to conceal. There was silence between them then for a moment.

Lady Daring was too well versed in the world of men and women, and in the ways and waywardness of "love," to say one word of the surprise that suddenly met her, of the dismay that took posses-

sion of her, or of the intense annoyance with herself of which she was so acutely conscious as she looked under Car's dew-dipped eyelashes into the kindling eyes, and on the sweet, bright, blushing, lovely face.

Lady Daring said nothing—not one other word; but she execrated herself with deep unuttered imprecations for having told that story in the Borghese Gardens, for having "never thought of Adrian" save as an old, past interest of her own long-ago; and for having spent that twilight hour in tilting at abstract and undefined dangers which she thought might beset her imaginative child, while here was an absolute condition of impending disaster of which she had never dreamt at all.

Poor young Farnham—and she did like that nice boy—what *was* to be done for him now?

A low, murmuring, penetrating sound boomed curiously through the house at that moment, rising to a thunder in a gradual steady roll, and they exclaimed to one another, banishing all sentiment and possibilities, all memories and retrospect instantly

—from their speech, at least, as they realized that they had beguiled away in thrilling converse, not only the twilight teatime, but also the sacred *toilette* hour, and—that, that was actually the gong for dinner!

CHAPTER III.

A DELICATE SHAFT—BUT SURE.

LADY DARING knew that Adrian Dillon was not by any means a rich man. That he had been scarcely in a position to marry twenty years ago, when her sister had loved him; and, as far as she knew, he was no richer now.

He had been an only son, and both his father and mother were long since dead; and from his father he had inherited, even while still at Oxford, the modest patrimony on which he had lived at ease, and, for a solitary man, in luxury ever since.

He had his pleasant rooms at the Albany, and he had his T-cart and horse, and he went about the world as he pleased, and, when it pleased him, with all the *recherché* surroundings and comfort of fastidiousness and independence.

But for marriage, in the same position, she knew that his resources were not sufficient; and, as far as

ıe was aware, his studies and abstruse labours of ıose bygone years, while they had brought him ıuch *prestige* of a certain kind, and invested him ·ith distinction in the eyes of all people of culture, ad not opened up in any way to him the road to ealth.

Her beautiful child had been delicately nur-ured, and, besides, she had the natural and very egitimate desire to see her occupy such a position as she knew Car could fill well; and one in which all the finer qualities of her character, as well as her rare intelligence and her social gifts, might be called into full activity and play. This she wished for her child, and wished it avowedly.

And now, how blind she had been! How slow o realize Car's quick development of all the deeper hases of her nature, all the keen sensibilities of ıer imaginative being! How foolish not to remem-ber, before she had allowed this one bright week to *e*, that Adrian, who had been so loved at twenty by quite the most charming woman she had ever known (for so she always felt that that friend of her arly youth—that ever-remembered sister had been),

so charming a woman, and so difficult to satisfy, so difficult to touch with sentiment, so difficult to reach—she had loved him, and long and well.

How foolish to have forgotten! And, moreover, not to have instantly seen, that he was infinitely more attractive now, with his matured force of character, his graceful simplicity, and that grave humour and sweetness of manner, so curiously combined, than he had been, to her mind, in his youth and buoyancy of spirit, twenty years ago.

She had often been struck with the interest and charm that she found in him during those few sunny days, and she had often said to herself, in pensive retrospect, that she "did not now wonder at Cecilia, as she used to do." For with retrospect she had regarded him always; but she had never looked forward instead of back in her life—and thought of Car!

Not even, on that very afternoon, when she had left them to pace the cypress-path by the poet's corner together, with no chaperon but Mr. Calthorpe, who apparently had been inside the pyramid nearly the whole time. She had never thought of it, and

yet now, as they sat at dinner with Adrian, who dined with them to-night alone, she wondered that she had been so unthinking and so blind.

Seeing now, with her widely-opened, mental gaze, she saw anew, as if with Car's eyes, all his great interest and charm. The simplicity of high breeding, the gravity, lit up suddenly with frequent bright gleams, the deference and chivalry of manner, with its touch of an old-day style. His perfect ease with herself, to whom his address was always so appropriate, so good; and with Car, to whom he spoke with a sunny playfulness of tone, or with sweet, sympathetic gravity—exactly as her mood, which seemed to change with each sentence, might be.

Yes, how he understood her! Lady Daring could see this now; and also her eyes, quick, generally, and fully illuminated now, saw something more. Their intercourse was spontaneous, transparent, unshadowed by any realized consciousness, as yet declared between them, of what—she saw that *he* at least knew perfectly—was there.

He loved, and he knew that he loved; and Car loved also; and was in love with love. And she

was joyously, spontaneously happy with Adrian; but not yet had she really linked that happiness, and those new musings of her love-dreams, in one and the same name. Her voice had softened certainly, as she had lingered with sweet musical echo upon his name; but she had been scarcely conscious of this. She had not known in the very least how the note in her voice, as she murmured "Adrian," had filled her mother with dismay.

She was still unconscious. Nothing had been declared. Might it still be arrested? Still be managed that nothing should be declared at all?

"Adrian should have spoken to *her*," Lady Daring thought; and he would speak, she knew, before things went too far. Should she speak, at once, to him now, and just try if, like a morning cloud gathering on the horizon of the bright sunrise of her child's young, beautiful life, this threatening repetition of an old tale, this entanglement of finance and sentiment, might not be blown away?

At least, there was one point on which Adrian might, indeed ought, to be informed unquestionably;

and that was, that "young Lord Farnham would join their party to-morrow."

Lady Daring and Car were going out together, in the evening, to a ball at the Palazzo Farnese; and immediately after dinner they disappeared to complete their *toilette*, for which their long talk in the boudoir had allowed them before dinner too little time.

Car came back first into the large drawing-room, radiant, as usual, in her gala dress; always simple and yet with that wondrous soft brightness that shone about her, from the blending of shades and tints of pearly tone, from the sheen of her gold-brown hair, the lustre of her eyes, the flash of her vivid smile, the fairness and bloom of her complexion, and the starry whiteness of her sweet-scented flowers.

Bright and fair, so fresh and young, and yet, with that quiet, cool dignity of demeanour, which came to her with her nature, with her violet-blue eyes, and with her height and carriage, from those stately old Darings on the walls at the old court in

Hampshire, and from the proud Fitz-Leighs of h
mother's race as well.

Adrian was leaning back on a low ottom
which stood in an inner corridor, running betwe
the dining-room and the boudoir, as she pass
through from her own room.

He was companionating Sir Frederick in h
after-dinner cigar, and they were immersed in di
cussion on Indian inscriptions, a discussion whic
Adrian, much as his wish moved him to do so
could not immediately interrupt. So he could on
turn and stand up, and looked lingeringly and ad
miringly at Car as she came in; and then he sa
down again, as she swept past them with a litt
nod to her father, and a smile to both, and went
on into the large room to her piano. This was
very usual time at the Casa Pia for music, whi
her father smoked his evening latakia. Her mothe
was not ready, and it was still early. Why not
usual play now.

In a moment the liquid musical notes were flow
ing from beneath her fingers, and the large *salon*

the corridors beyond were filled with waves of et enthralling sound.

She had scarcely begun, when Lady Daring ered the corridor, looking magnificent in black and diamonds.

"Ah," exclaimed Sir Frederick, as she entered, ready?"

He was leaning back in his low chair,—in that of repose to which a long day's walking and ching had entitled him, and to which the soft es of his delicate tobacco, in combination with waves of melody from Car's piano working hingly on his hard-wrought brain, helped him rrive at, and to enjoy, when nothing else would it.

He removed his cigarette from his lips as his e entered, and as he greeted her; and a sweet, ght light quivered in his eyes as he looked up at —and as she approached them, in the shaded k of the corridor, here, where he liked often to ger and lounge, midway between her boudoir l his own room.

She approached them, looking beautiful in her

rich, full evening dress, sweeping her long skirts slowly over the crimson carpet, and throwing a black lace shawl lightly across her shoulders as she came in, and curling it round her neck.

Her dark beauty was so different from her daughter's, in its youthful lustre of gold-brown, wavy hair, and dewy, violet eyes, although they were alike in so many other points. Vere Daring's was as the beauty of the tropic night, the lustre of the stars in darkness, the passionate sigh of the southern breeze; Car's was as the lustre of the day, when the intoxicating gladness of the southern sunshine is thrilling the heart with a strange intensity of feeling and a new activity of life.

Sir Frederick looked up and smiled, and that quiver of tenderness which she had compared to "the light in fine-wrought steel," passed over his face, and lingered in his eyes as he met hers.

She did not speak for a moment, and he repeated, "Well, ready?"

She paused near him.

"We are ready; but it is early still."

"Ah, well, it seems late enough to me, after my

with the baker, which was long and arduous ıgh to justify a composed finish for my part. you really not want me to-night?"

"No, no," she said, "it is not necessary for you go, it is so easy there; and we know everybody well; and I am going to take the Calthorpes in carriage,—so we shall be all right. I cannot e you go out at night, Eccellenza, if you *will* nd your holiday in working all day."

"Very holiday-work," he said brightly. "How-r, I am very glad you can let me off the escort-ty to-night, for Eurysaces was certainly a heavy ernoon. But, before you go, let us settle about morrow, Vere; because I have finished with the ker now, and, before we got drowned in the nscrit inscriptions at Poonah, Dillon and I were oposing a day to Tivoli to-morrow."

"Were you, dear?" she said doubtfully.

"Yes, why not? Throw over the kettledrums d *musicales* to-morrow, Vere, and come out and ve luncheon at the Osteria Sibilla. I will tele-ıph in the morning for our food."

"Yes, very well, dear; of course, if you wish it —charming."

"Then that will do, capital; and I will have all the arrangements made before you and Car emerge after your ball in the morning. And I will drive Dillon in the victoria, and you shall have a vetturino *à quatres chevaux*, with horses to change at the boundary of the Agro Romano; and you can take the Calthorpes with you, for they are sure to like to go. He said yesterday he wanted to see the Torre di Timone and the Serapeon again; and, you know, Dillon has never seen his own villa."

"Very well," said Lady Daring carefully, "I think it would be delightful," but with a little lingering hesitation in her tone, as if, while she would not resist Sir Frederick's fancy for the day's expedition, she had certain misgivings and hesitations in her own mind.

"Nothing against it?" he said presently in an interrogatory tone, as she still paused by his side, and as he looked up at her and blew aside the soft tobacco clouds, that they might not reach her dress; and as she looked through the curtained doorway

:o the large room from which the light flowed in them in broad warm rays, from fire and hanging mp, and from where there streamed also at that oment those lovely waves of softly modulated und from Car's piano, and he saw doubt and :sitation in her eyes. "Nothing against it?"

"No, oh no," she answered quickly; for nothing ı a general way was allowed in her mind, to ɑist in opposition to his fancy and desire. "No, I as only meditating on our engagements for to-orrow, dear; but there are only three or four after-ɔon things," she added indifferently, "and a little an I have for the evening of my own; but that ill keep, and we can discuss it later. So, yes; by l means, you make the arrangements for Tivoli, ɾederick, and we shall be ready betimes. Adrian," ıe continued, turning to him then with a quiet ow movement, gathering the lace folds round her ıoulders, and drawing after her her long graceful ɑirts as she moved away from her husband's side, Adrian, I wonder if that carriage is there yet—ıey have not announced it—but let us look and ee."

She was speaking in a curiously significant, deliberate tone, as if considering carefully her words within herself as she uttered them, unimportant as they seemed to be. She approached the window of the corridor, and put up her hand to the heavy curtain.

Instantly Adrian was by her side. He had risen again when she entered, as he had done when Car came in, and he had been standing near her as she had exchanged these few remarks with Sir Frederick, listening absently to what they said (and a little more attentively as they discussed the plan for to-morrow), but really all the while hearing chiefly those musical echoes from the large room; and his kindling gaze was turned all the time, while Lady Daring spoke, towards the curtained doorway, through which came the broad stream of light, the glow of soft warmth from the wood-fire, and those waves of beautifully modulated sound. And well Lady Daring noted this, and much her observation of him, as she talked with her husband, really occupied her mind.

"I wonder if the carriage has come; and, do

you know, it is very warm in here, and you have really filled the corridor with Latakia fumes, till the air is quite a narcotic; and, I believe, it is a most lovely night."

She put her hand on the curtain, and then Adrian interpreted her wish.

"Shall I open it?" he said.

"Do," she answered, "the stars are beautiful, and so, I am quite sure, is the soft fresh air. Let us have some; open the window, Adrian, as well."

It was a modernized French window here at the end of the corridor, and it opened in the centre, right down to the ground; and it led on to a little stone balcony which overhung the courtyard, with the fountain and its statue, and the magnolia and the Judas-tree.

"Come out," she said; "you are not afraid of it, are you? The air is as soft as the fall of the rose-petals kissed by the southern wind to-night. It is delicious to come out and breathe it; and, oh dear, what a glory of stars!"

He came out as she requested him, following the sweep of her black lace and the tread of her

light step on to the balcony, and Sir Frederick returned to his cigar, and to his repose, and to his musing enjoyment of the distant melody.

And out there in the starlight they were quite alone. The carriage was there, standing in the courtyard, just beneath the branches of the Judas-tree, having driven in under the archway to the inner and more private exit from the house, as was the habit of an evening.

It was there, and the horses stood champing their bits with a low, monotonous sound, and the lamps were glowing upon the Naiad and the fountain spray.

But Lady Daring did not take any notice of this fact, nor remark it in any way. She leant upon the balustrade of the balcony for one moment in silence, while Adrian stood also in silence by her side—for one silent moment, which was indeed one of deep consideration, and of hesitation also to him.

His heart was beating strongly within him, his pulses were throbbing feverishly, an intense inward excitement possessed him, which she could see and understand now, beneath the sheath of strong con-

trol which encased him impenetrably still. It was an idiosyncrasy of his nature, and she knew it; it had always so been; the kindling and burning of inward excitement had given at all times to his external aspect that curious sternness, that chill and gravity which — "Cecilia Metella" had misunderstood.

Lady Daring knew now, more than she had done those twenty years ago, and grave, and almost cold as were his responses to her now, at that moment, she did not any longer misunderstand him.

And yet, she did not know, she could not fathom the depth of that spring of fervent passion within his solitary and reserved heart; the degree to which every faculty of his being was absorbed at that moment in the strong current of intense feeling which possessed him; nor had she measured the force of that "ecstasy, half agony," once so passionately described, which was rushing over his very soul as he stood by her — smoothing his long moustache in silence, with his eyes half closed, and with that reserved gravity on his strong face,—a gravity which made it difficult for her to begin what she wished

to say. Had she measured, had she known, she would have weighed perhaps more carefully the delicate cruelty of the words she spoke.

Above gleamed those myriads of pulsing, throbbing, tremulous orbs of light, shedding the glow of their electric life on the blue, veiled earth. Around them was that night-spirit—vital, strong, and intoxicating—which never sleeps at Rome.

The air was cool and fresh and clear, and the southern wind blew on his face, soft as a caress, sweet and suggestive as a dream; and from afar beyond the corridor, through the open arch of the curtained doorway, from the large *salon*, came those waves of melody, changeful, beautiful—and ever reaching to the deepest springs of his heart.

Car was playing now an arrangement of her own—which she had several times, at his request, lately played for him—of a lovely little German song, a small thing, but exquisite, of Lassen. Once she had sung it to him, though she said she did not "profess to sing;" and its one verse (for it has only one), of sweet, deep-meaning German words, had remained always with him since her singing, and

had recurred to him as he had encountered her gaze many times since then:—

"Mit deinen blauen Augen, siehst du mich lieblich an,
Da wird mir so träumend zu Sinne, dass ich nicht sprechen kann!
An deine blauen Augen gedenk ich allerwärts,
Ein Meer von blauen Gedanken ergiesst sich über mein Herz."

Car understood her way through the intricacies of harmony, which to her clear, bright intelligence, richly gifted with music, had been a fascinating study, and her arrangement of Lassen's melody was beautiful. It flowed over the distance, and came out to them on the balcony in waves of echoing loveliness now; and it was to him, as the voice of the seraph, who gave life to the beauty that gleamed above and around him, and to all the soft passion of the starlit Italian night.

It wove a subtle network round his spirit, binding and uniting it to hers; a network beautiful and ethereal, and delicate in its fabric, as the gossamer frost-mist in the sunshine upon the autumn trees.

And he knew, as he listened, that the voice of the melody was a voice for him, and that her heart

whispered, as his heart echoed, the soft message of a unity and a mutual affinity that was real and very deep.

"I *love*, and it is *done;* she loves me!" was the confession — simple, forcible, and laconic — which sprang almost unbidden to his lips as he stood there silent for that burning moment by his cousin Vere Daring's side, and as now, while the sweet bewildering music flowed on, she turned a little towards him, leant still on the balcony, and paused, he smoothing his long moustache with aspect so nerved and so grave.

She turned, and with a keen, bright glance of her dark, fearless orbs she looked suddenly up, under his drooping eyelids into the deep kindling depths of his eyes. Their gaze met for one long moment, and then she turned hers away. He had not said one word of his confession aloud yet, and she had said nothing to assist it at all; but *he* felt, —and *she* knew, that—it was now unnecessary, for his eyes had told, and hers had read, with quick, full, complete understanding, the tale.

She spoke then in a cool, quiet, indifferent tone,

as if silence and music, and the keen scrutiny of her gaze, and the utter abandonment of heart's agony in his, had said nothing at all to either of them. On the starlit balcony there she spoke, and her words vibrated through him, thrilling upon every fibre of his frame, though still, he stood, composed and stern and grave by her side.

She said, and in those light, indifferent tones, "I hope my little girl did not bore you to-day, Adrian. I reproached myself too late for leaving you so many cousinly cares."

She had read his gaze, as he knew; and the coolness of her tone, close following on this, chilled the spring of confidence within him to its very depths.

"No," he said, quite as coolly, "I was not bored."

"Dear child, she is such a foolish young enthusiast, and one *can* have just a little too much. How prettily she is playing, to be sure! Do you know, I feel concerned,—curiously anxious, on her account to-night."

The words were suggestive, and invited confi-

dence, striking, as their meaning might have done, like steel upon the tinder of his kindling heart. But the tone was so cold, and the manner of speaking so light and cool, that her words did not carry any inference somehow, that he could take to himself. They seemed, on the contrary, to draw away in their implied meaning into the distance, to a chilling far distance from him. So "Yes" was all he answered, in a listening tone, as he raised his eyes slowly and with cool inquiry to her face.

Twenty years ago, when converse had been once before between them on a subject nearly approaching this one, and on feelings which then lay deep in the garden soil of his richly flowering young heart, the intensity of his feeling had broken over his reserve; and he had talked to her, long and eagerly, and she had misinterpreted his words, unintentionally indeed. His bitter and self-condemning words, the utterances of a passion trammelled by circumstances, of pride crushed by poverty, and struggling despairingly with love.

But that was twenty years ago, however; then, the nature, proud and serious as it was, was ductile

and conquerable beneath the soft power of sympathy, and he had unveiled quickly at her suggestion the tale of his eager heart.

She had almost thought it would be so now again, as she met the kindling gaze of his steel-blue eyes. But his voice said nothing; his manner was still controlled; and as she went on and said her delicate little poignant "say" to him, her instinct was to be as cool, as reserved, as indifferent—as he was himself.

"Yes," she said, "I am concerned to-night; and Frederick was right when he thought me absent as I talked of to-morrow, for to-morrow may bring events on its uncertain wings that may nearly affect us, and that may in their consequences strike deep into our hearts."

Significant and suggestive words, but in that cold voice still, that had no shade of the suggestion, that, with that significance—he could have anything to do! So he said again only,—

"Yes, really?" in an inquiring tone, as courtly, as cool, as merely politely interested, as was hers.

"Yes," she said, "Lord Farnham comes here to-morrow, and I cannot help cherishing the perhaps vain, perhaps culpably ambitious, maternal hope, that with our family destinies he may have certainly, a good deal to do."

That cool, indifferent tone! a little abstracted, a little musing, a good deal drawn away into that distance from him! — such a carefully modulated tone. It implied indifference, not of the words and their import,—but of the fact that he listened to them at all!

Not one syllable escaped his closed lips in answer, while she paused an instant; and then, while the wave of distant music swelled melodiously upon their ears, she went on, in those delicate soft accents, and in the same cool and rather absent tone,—

"Yes, I am so glad he is coming here; it will be such a nice opportunity, with all these charming surroundings, for them to see much, and to learn really to *know* much of each other; and he is so nice. Quite, I assure you, my ideal for her. And

his father and Frederick were for years such friends. And, you know, I am ambitious. I confess it; and I have been so happy and so hopeful over this. Ah! you do not know how one lives over again one's own dreams, Adrian, when one has the care and the thought and the responsibility of a beautiful young life like hers. And at Venice, just before he left, I thought my brightest hopes were fulfilled. They were really almost engaged, I may say, and she only said she 'wanted a little time.' It would be such a brilliant, charming thing for her, Adrian, would it not?"

And she turned round then, for her "say" was finished; and she looked up brightly, frankly, and with a gaze full of friendly, familiar, and cousinly kindness into his face.

It was said—how had he taken it? Should she have any confidence made now in return? She had treated him frankly, as one of their family, and as her own friend.

She looked into his face; it might have been carved in stone.

It was but in the dim starlight she saw him,

and she could not therefore see all the influence of her words. But absolutely impenetrable was the sheath of his self-control.

He looked down; the long lashes and firm-cu lids veiling his eyes so completely now that sh could not read again into their hidden depths. An from between his close-pressed lips came as yet n word.

Then suddenly the music ceased, there was th rustle of a dress on the carpet within the windov and the tones of Sir Frederick's voice came out t them as he spoke and thanked his daughter fc those sweet, soothing strains.

And Lady Daring turned and glanced doub fully, hesitatingly, in through the window, an Adrian turned also, but to look into the cou below.

"I fear," he then said in a curiously quiet voic "that you are lingering out here, my cousin, for m amusement, and to beguile my evening; and all th time your carriage is in waiting, and you are losin the best hours of your ball."

"Well played!" murmured Vere Daring to herself with a quaint smile, that was silent applause, on her lips, and as she turned and swept her long lace skirt over the threshold of the open window, and passed into the room.

She liked him *well* for having saved them both all emotion, and all embarrassment of words; and while she felt, a little sadly, the long distance that lay between him and the passionate boy of twenty years ago, she knew that he had dominated the position completely in that interview; and of all things in life, that commanded her approval, and indeed stirred her enthusiasm, was—that power of strong, manly control.

"Then, I suppose, you are really off now?" said Sir Frederick, rising as she swept slowly in from the balcony, and stood looking from Car to him.

"I am quite ready," said Car.

"Yes, we really must go," said Lady Daring; and then she turned to look at Adrian, in the warm glow of light streaming from the large room.

How marble pale he was, how impenetrably grave and still!

Car looked also at him, for a feeling of half-formed, unanalyzed surprise was stirring in her heart at his continued persistent absence from her piano to-night, where, during the days and evenings of the week just sweeping over them, he had lingered so many hours away. Only a half-formed surprise, for she concluded that her "father or la madre had detained him," and she did not seek for further explanation from himself.

But now, for a moment, as her mother passed out from the corridor into the round vestibule where the statue of Discretion stood beneath the pink lamp, and as she turned to follow, after wishing her father "good-night," her eyes sought Adrian's face, and looked to meet a parting, and well-wishing glance from him,—as she went forth to those scenes of festive brilliancy of the carnival, in which he still declined to participate, and which were quickly and unaccountably losing their attraction for her!

Her eyes sought his as she turned to go, and his gaze refused to meet hers. His eyes were still veiled coldly by the drooping lids. But the countenance—! what had come over it in one half-hour

since she had passed him in the corridor, as he smoked and talked with her father, and as she had gone to her piano?

How changed! An icy sheath, cold and white as snow, seemed to encase each feature, and to harden their sweet and changeful variety into a fixed expression of unyielding pain.

She paused, her eyes lingered on his face for one moment, her lips parted, her chest heaved; a low exclamation came from her, almost unheard, and the bloom on her own fair cheek faded to the whiteness of alabaster, and became for that moment pain-stricken with an intense expression that strangely reflected his.

Then her mother called, and her father turned from his little Etruscan lamp, to which he had gone to light yet another cigar; and Adrian started slightly, and, with an expression almost of impatience and anger, turned from her and raised his head.

And then she went away, turning and drawing her creamy lace skirts slowly, slowly across the corridor and through the vestibule; while he paused,

then, turned quickly once again,—obeyed a sudden impulse, and followed her towards the head of the staircase.

Sir Frederick's voice calling to him just then enabled him to pull himself together once more, from its quickly rousing effect.

"Oh, are you going to see them into the carriage, Dillon?" he called. "All right; then I need not come. But, hullo, you will come back and smoke another cigar, will you not, afterwards?"

"Thank you, no," said Adrian; "I have some writing to get done at the hotel, if you will excuse me."

"Oh, certainly; that's all right," said Sir Frederick in his cheery way. "Then good-night to you; we shall meet to-morrow."

Adrian ran hastily downstairs. He was in time to put Lady Daring with a courteous smile and a "good-night" into her carriage, and then to turn to Car. She stood as if in a sort of maze for the time being, holding her light cloak between her hands, and waiting with rejection of all Ramree or the English servants' respectful demonstrations of

their readiness to assist her to put it on. She waited until Adrian turned from the door, after placing Lady Daring in the carriage, and till he came to her, and took the mantle gently from her hands.

She stood upright, quiet, and silent before him then; and he wrapped it round her with a lingering touch, but still with that gravity and marble pallor on his face, and still, at first, with eyes sternly avoiding hers, though his touch lingered so tenderly upon the encircling folds, and seemed as if his hands, as they wrapped each shoulder, could not draw themselves away; the eyes remained averted, as if in the meeting with hers, so wistfully raised to his, there was for him in this new, strange phase of feeling, some deadly fear.

But it came at last, the one long look that was irresistible to him. As they stood so close, and his touch lingered upon her lace, his heavy eyelids were raised, and the eager wistful gaze of her eyes, met the pain-stricken agony of his.

A childlike, piteous sorrow came over the lustre of those stars of limpid, transparent blue—such a wondering sorrow, and she bit her lip, and it trem-

bled like a child's, when it suffers from austerity, which in one beloved and loving it fails to understand.

And then his gaze softened, and hers brightened with sympathetic pleasure, and such a beautiful, radiant, reproachful smile quivered over the whole lovely face that he could not but answer it, because it lit up his darkened spirit as a sun-ray dissipates the blackness of a dungeon's shade.

He smiled, and then the tears dropped that had gathered on her long dark lashes under his chilling frown; and she looked again once more into his eyes, and saw there a little return of gladness, and her own sweet orbs became clear and bright and limpid again.

And then she had to go, and he had to let her go, and in a moment she was shut into the carriage, and driven slowly from the court; and the bright lamp-gleams, with their warm flash falling upon fountain spray and magnolia and Judas-tree, were gone also,—and all was darkness and silence at the great open door.

He signed his dismissal to the servants, and

descended the steps and crossed the court, and by the private entrance under the archway he passed out into the Piazza again.

The stars were shining, as on that first night, and the moon was now rising clear in the lapis-blue sky, and the silver light was falling across the spray of Bernini's fountain, and sinking into the depths of the gleaming waters in the stone basin; and all the Piazza, and the high towers of the Trinità dei Monti, and the Scala, and the buildings round were all silver-white in the moon-rays, and the sky was wonderful in its midnight beauty, as before. But he heeded nothing.

He looked neither upwards, nor to left nor right. He merely walked quietly through the chill moonlight and across the square; and, as if insensible and indifferent to all the weird and enthralling beauty of the glorious Italian scene, he went back to the Albergo Parigi, and up the old stone staircase, past the still glowing *scaldini*, by the door of the Calthorpes' *salon*, and by Mr. Swinford's and Miss Brownrigg's rooms, till he reached his own high-placed apartment, where, after dismissing his

servant immediately, and shutting the casement and the curtains,—because he hated the moon-rays and all the glory and the beauty of the night,—he turned wearily and slowly from the window and shut himself in.

CHAPTER IV.

GLOOM OF NIGHT AND DAWN OF MORNING.

WHEN life is going on towards its summit, and ıe bright light of sunrise on the morning of young ays is nigh forgotten, and even the memory of ıeir sensation is fading away; and when many dull ays and gray days, and monotonous days of calm, ɔol, quite pulseless and passionless existence have een in between; and when the soul has become abituated to the gray monotony,—to the un-eauteous, lustreless sameness of the sky beyond ıe casement, through which it looks upon this uter world, wherein the tabernacle of its habita-on has its transitory place—then it is hard when ıe habituated and accustomed acceptation of this assionless monotony is in vain disturbed.

When the lonely soul, after looking forth from s casement upon many foggy days, sees a morn reak that is like a morn of yore; sees once again

beneath the mantle of outspread cloud that befogs its daily horizon a stretch of fair light, a sweet silvery ray, deepening as the morn grows, glowing as the mist rises, smiling upon the broad, rocking waters of the spirit's changeful sea; and shedding a lustre, like the sun's kiss upon the billow's spray, on those long waves of thought, which in the lonely mind come heaving one upon another, and break with a long, monotonous roll on those bare sand-shores of life, across which, in daily, unfaltering pilgrimage, so many lonely footprints must always go.

Hard, when the glow brightens, only to make the contrast of the mist that follows more dull and gray; when the sun-kissed waves roll back in gloom, and the stretch of light fades and pales before the cloud that falls, and all the lustre is gone. It came only, as it seemed, to mock the lonely pilgrim on the sandy shore; and this day that creeps on to dulness from the rosy light of its dawn, is a day more gray than any, that has been lived and worked through before.

This is very hard, and hard to bear; and no

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cool and philosophic mind would allow itself even to gaze on such a dawning of old illusions, unless bewitched and enthralled and overtaken by it unawares.

Adrian Dillon had been taken quite unawares out there in the Piazza that morning, as he had leant on the fountain's edge; and all Rome in her beauty and her witchery, with the love philtre which intoxicates in her sunshine, in her atmosphere and blue, throbbing air; all Rome had been ranged in the charge upon him, all against him, all on the side of fair illusion and love; and quite unawares he had been beguiled and bewitched and enthralled with sweetest witchery and strong passion; and the fire of the sunrise of that mirage, that deceptive morning of his soul, had entered into his very innermost life-springs, and had made him believe that it was indeed a sunrise of his bygone youth again, and the dawning of another morning, the beginning of a new, lustrous life.

And it was not to be; it was but a moment's mirage, but a fancy, but a dream.

Egyptology was *his* life! intellect the fount from

which his spirit still must draw its streams; and the old, dead stones of many thousand years ago must once more be his interest, his resource, his shield against the soul's torpor of dull indifference. For behold! the sweet living flower, with its intoxicating and delicious fragrance, had already faded and shrivelled away.

Adrian Dillon passed a very bitter night. No sleep came to his tired and stiffened eyelids, and when he lay down, it was only to rise with feverish restlessness again.

And during the long night many phases and changes of feeling possessed him, while he struggled to sweep away once more from his life the sweet illusions of sentiment, and to find his way back to his gray, intellectual and grimly colourless groove of being again.

For long, he remained under the influence of the first chilling shock with which his cousin's words had reached him; his mind was in the seared and wasted condition of an oak-tree scathed by lightning, when the fire had passed from it, and only the scorched and blackened scars remain

There seemed no fire in his spirit, as he battled through that night, no storm of passion, no glow from his heart's burning tenderness, no excitement of feeling, no fierceness of angry, baffled despair.

All was cold and seared within him, as if the lightning had done its swift destruction, and was completely gone; and only the waste, the weariness, the devastation, and the solitude, lay before his eyes as they kept their bitter vigil, and gazed monotonously across the plain of his life.

He seemed to see it all so clearly as he struggled through that night. A younger man might have more feverishly agonized, have been more fiercely excited, felt the storm of passion more violently rage, and would for hours have seen nothing, realized no fact, but his own personal loss through all.

But Adrian saw it in a light so cold, so clear; saw it in the gray, dull colouring of a monotonous despair, and yet faced it all through the night. He faced it with that strong, manly courage which had never died within him, even in all those old years of the intense heart-suffering of the past. It stayed,

with strong support, still by him now. All that night he sought and searched within his seared heart relentlessly, for a point from which to start again.

The thought seemed clear to him, how it *must* be—inevitably. Freedom, unmolested for her, as far as he was concerned; and the dull monotony of despair for him. Only work, always work, and with courage, that his manly heart's energy might not perish beneath the blow.

He must accept what his cousin had said, accept it tacitly. Of course young Lord Farnham was an alliance for her, with which it would ill become him, as a man of scrupulous honour, to interfere.

As one of their own family Vere Daring had trusted him, and as a member of the family and the friend of her confidence she had spoken to him to-night.

He must go, as he had gone before, away, and leave them all at once. He must go, as in that long ago he had gone from temper, from injured pride, from doubtful and suspicious jealousy of her

whom he loved. So now he must go from honour, and because he had been trusted, and because he must at all costs be worthy of the trust.

He would go, and on the morrow, and back he would travel to his habitual grooves, to his hieroglyphics and inscriptions, to the cat-headed goddess Sekhet, and to the Rosetta Stone. And in mind—even if within him the *cor cordium* were dead—in mind he would live on again; on and on, to the end of time, feeding his immortal and deep, tender nature, and his strong, passionate being with such dry, hard nutriment as he could evolve for its famished cravings from the intellectual, analytical machinery—with which Providence had so mercifully endowed him—and with which, he had already manufactured many strange and curious things, of fact and discovery, on which his soul had fed.

In such thoughts the night passed hardly for him, but in his strong self-control he gave way to no agony of passion; and in his severe discipline and rigorous handling of his own solitary nature he shed no tear, he uttered no feeble moanings, ad-

mitted no pity for himself. But the night was dark and bitter, and none the less full of anguish because of that stern control.

In the night is darkness with despair. In the night is fierce struggle, with little comfort, with scant success. Bitter thoughts come crowding, and courage is assailed, and hard feelings fever the heart with anger against destiny, with cruel rancour against self, against others, towards all—when no one, and perhaps least of all the self, so reproached and inveighed against, is to blame in anything for all the darkness which has come.

The spirit is in anguish, and the lights of life are low.

With the dawn comes often a sense of rest. Nature in her weariness conquers for a time, and soft slumber falls on the mind so darkened, so distressed; and the morning will break on one sleeping softly who has been racked through the watches of the night.

And so with Adrian. He slept a few hours as the darkness was rolling from the sky, and when

he awoke and stirred instantly from that sense of heart's pain, which awakes before the sleeper and seems to call him from his passing rest, the light was breaking in silver and golden dawn through the violet curtains of rolling cloud in which the night with its veil of darkness was passing away.

He rose, for the heart-pain was keen within him, and it would not let him stay. He rose and went to his lattice, and saw the early glory of the dawn—the exquisite and melting loveliness of the morning, as it broke upon dreaming Rome—the tender loveliness, like the smile of heaven, watching for the return of day; that pure and tranquil loveliness, so ethereal and so stainless—it seemed wonderful to watch it resting upon a world of sin!

He gazed, and the glory of the daybreak seemed to pour into his very soul for the moment, and he smiled to it just once and tenderly in spite of himself, and then he heaved a great struggling sigh, and shook himself together, and he turned away from the lovely dawn and frowned darkly, as if almost angry with its effect upon his heart. "For sweet things and lovely things had no message for

him," he thought; and, "besides, on this day he had much to do."

He would begin at once, he thought. He had often risen early to work and study in many countries at many times, and he would begin now, and go determinedly back to his work,—the curious subtle analysis and examinations which had brought him to Rome,—he would acquire the information requisite, and then he would really go.

He had a little coffee-etna always standing in his room, ready for his use, if he studied or wrote early or late, and to this he turned and prepared some coffee, and then went carefully through his toilet for a morning walk.

And he got all his books together, and recalled his intentions and his projects with which he had come, and he took out his note-tablets, and prepared them ready for a morning's work; and all he did was with a neat attentive care, always inseparable from his class of study and criticism, and which he was pleased to assure himself did not fail him now.

It was all a little mechanically done,—he had a

feeling of that; and had it not been second nature to him to work so carefully, it would scarcely have been done at all.

But he did it — in those dawn-hours he sat there, strongly, forcibly expelling all personal suffering from his mind, and noting in long regular columns and paragraphs the subjects, comparative and chronological, which he meant to visit, for investigation and selection from their inscriptions, when he went out.

And as soon as full daylight was come he did go, passing out of the hotel again as quietly as he had come in, while all were sleeping when he went forth, as they had been when he had entered the night before.

And as he went out, he determinedly set his face away from where the sloping little street led down to the Piazza di Spagna, and with his tablets in hand and his pencil ready he went up the Pincian mount.

The lovely scintillating light of the morning was radiating on the city with a beauty that was quite wonderful as he passed up the hill, and the

world was bathed in a tender dewiness that was exquisitely delicate and fresh.

The flowers in bright borders of pansies and violets on the sloping side of the Pincio, sent forth a fragrance into the morning air, and all was charmingly fresh and fair.

But Adrian Dillon did not take much heed. He had set his mind to the determined purpose of abstraction and complete absorption in his work, and to his old friend, the obelisk of Antinous, he went first and straight.

It was very early when he began, and his tablets were empty, and his mind confused. But by the time the sun rose at least, and the whole city was flooded with its golden lustre, and it was really day, he had done a good deal, and through the awakening and uprising Rome of this February morning he had walked a long way.

From the Pincian obelisk he had gone down to the "People's Place," where the shaft from the sun-temple at Heliopolis cut the morning air; from there to the ancient imitation of this—from the circus of Sallust at the top of the Spanish Steps;

then on and on he had gone, from one to the other, here and there.

And on each he had taken his notes; before each he had stood for long; his mind concentrated and determined, his pale stern face set firm; and he had looked not from left to right, he had not opened up his soul again to drink of the beauty of the morning, nor had he lifted up his heart to enjoy the radiance and the wondrous splendour of the scene.

His eyes fixed on stone or tablet, his mind ruled by stern vigour of will, he worked through the hours of daybreak, until he felt the full fervour of the sunrise, and knew that it was really day.

Just then his tablets were filled, and his comparative analysis completed, all his prescribed work of the morning done; and he was standing on the Monte Cavallo, at the foot of the great red granite pillar from the mausoleum of Augustus, which Claudius brought from Egypt fifty-seven years after Christendom began.

The mighty equestrian groups of Phidias and Praxiteles, "the Castor and the Pollux," reared

their colossal forms on either side of the obelisk against the clear blue sky. The Quirinal palace stretched in a wide frontage all along one side of the Piazza, with its great gate and balcony, from where the Pope used to greet and bless the people, when he lived in the Quirinal, and in this very part; where he used to come forth through the window from the room where those modern pictures dwell, of Raphael's studio with the Fornarina and the Pia de' Tolomei. It is one of the noblest centre-points of modern Rome, full of interest and dignity, and of sweet lustrous beauty as well; for here, as almost everywhere in that city of wonder, the mind is stirred with deep interest of the past, and thrilled with the sun-flash smile of the living present at one and the same time; and here, as almost everywhere, a dancing water-spray rose sparkling towards the blue, bright sky.

He looked round, and the scene seized him in its thraldrom in spite of himself. The witchery of the joy of Rome once more crept over him, the associations, the keen interest of the whole scene.

He *felt* again—he ceased to criticise; his heart beat, his pulses stirred, his blood once more ran hot and swift, coursing to his heart-springs, and setting memory, imagination, and all the strong fever of his eager love once more on fire; and the realization rushed over him of all he had been crushing back, and the wave rose and rocked and overwhelmed him, and he leant on the base of the Claudian column, and he threw down his tablets in disgust and anger to the ground.

How he hated them! How he detested at that moment everything he had ever in all those long years cared for and clung to; all he was now struggling to erect into a cold stone barrier between himself and her!

He hated it all passionately at that moment, and he loved—he loved only her.

She came with the sunrise, with the beauty and the sweetness of the day. She came—the memory rushing back upon him of her tender wistful gaze, her child-like piteous sorrow for him, her deprecation of his coldness and his chill

austerity, her sweetness when he had smiled upon her again.

And all *went* from him for that moment, save the sense and presence (in memory) of that lovely wistful face, with its eyes of the hue of violets, and its auriol of gold-brown hair. He thought of all that they had lived through together in those days which just had been.

He thought of yesterday and the hours of converse in the paths between the cypress-trees in that quiet and sacred place, where the presence of the immortal Spirits of song, touching them with the sense of ethereal immortality, had expelled all thought of sadness from the nearness of surrounding death.

How perfect it had been—how sweet the scene; how glorious the quiet sunset hour—how intense the feeling of magnetic sympathy between her being and his; how near (as it seemed to him) had they drawn again and again to the border of the sweet stream of passion overflowing! How close they had been to a declaration, in burning words interchanged—declaration had alone been wanting,—

was all that had been still to come? And with what exquisite enjoyment in hesitation, his heart had trembled on that border, and his eyelids drooped to veil the kindling passion in the burning depth of his eyes as his gaze had met hers; how hard the effort had been as his lips closed upon the spring of words, pressing swift and impetuous for utterance, as they came up again and again. And all had been restrained, because the sense, the tacit unspoken sense of the sympathy and understanding between them had been a joy so ineffable and so perfect of its kind, that he had guarded it within himself from the rough disturbance of the declaration, which rose sometimes with such force to his lips.

He had controlled and restrained it so many times, because all was so infinitely charming to him for the moment, just as things were. And it all could have gone on, and if no one had roughly noticed or disturbed them, until love had declared *itself* at its own sweet will, and in its own wayward way in a moment, all unawares, then how perfect in its harmonious ending might it all have been!

But that was over, the mystical ineffable joy that had rested like a holy presence on his heart was for ever rudely scattered and dispelled.

His cousin's cold, composed words had breathed an ice mist upon its glow and its light and fervour, and beneath the chill of her utterance all his joy had died.

He could work no more when this wave of passionate pain had expended itself, and he felt that something else must be done. Besides, he had finished those notes on the hieroglyphics of the obelisks, and no more abstraction from the reality of himself could be found in them. He might as well go back, return to the hotel, and consider what must be the next step.

As he picked up his tablets sadly, and turned on his homeward way, it did not seem to him that he had gained much from all the philosophizing of the night.

It was about nine o'clock now, and he had paced the city since before seven, and he had arraigned his mental forces, and had sent them driving along the road of effort and successful

labour before the strong tyranny of his will; and now all was done, and the hours were past, and the night had been battled through with self-discipline in agony; and, behold! he was descending once more into the Piazza di Spagna nearly as bad, nay, worse in every respect, if possible, than he had yet been. His brain a confusion, his heart burning within him, his spirit full of bitterness, and even anger rising fiercely in his darkened soul; and only that one sweet, maddening ray of central beauty, gleaming and glowing through everything, as the thrill of her gaze came back upon him again, and the blue transparent light of her eyes seemed to vibrate on his heart.

This, amid everything, through all the blackness, spite all confusion, and in defiance of that torture of spirit-pain, was more present with him than anything else, when he turned at length round the corner of the Via de' Due Macelli and found himself, after his long night and struggling morning, of suffering and weariness and work, once more where the glad spring sunshine dances upon fountain and striped awning and flowers, once more below the

windows of the Casa Pia,—where he had almost told himself he must never be again.

But there he was, and surely destiny drove him; for there she was, too—leaning on the balustrade of the balcony on the first floor, such a very little way above his head, and looking down upon him with all the sunlight of the morning shining gloriously in her blue eyes.

He could hear her words easily, as he glanced up and raised his hat.

The Piazza was quiet and still in that corner, and she could venture to speak to him as he stood below.

"Ah, good morning. We have just been talking about you," she said, with a soft, dreamy smile; "we have been wondering if you remembered that we are to start early for Tivoli to-day."

He smiled up at her in spite of himself. Up there among her flowers in the morning sunlight she looked so lovely, so fresh, so fair.

His hat was still in his hand, and his bronze-brown hair glistened, burnished by the sun-rays, and his steel-blue eyes eagerly shone, as she looked

down on him also, and suddenly her heart's quick beating sent a warm bright flush to her cheeks.

He paused; what should he say to her? But she gave him no time for a word.

"Will you come up?" she said. "Come up, and I will tell you all about the arrangements. I think la madre was just going to write you a note."

She seemed so unconscious, and evidently she was looking forward joyously as ever to another long lovely day. It almost angered him, while her voice and bright gaze down upon his upturned face stirred his heart with a rush of strong sweetness that battled vainly with his pain.

He gazed a moment, and, save a murmured "Good morning," he said nothing. Only his eyes shone up upon her, and he gravely smiled.

It seemed so extraordinary to him, she was so unconscious, so cool, so bright; and he, as he looked up and met her gaze, he could not realize it all. And that night of anguish he had traversed, and the weary morning of unwilling labour, through which he had fiercely driven himself, seemed both and all to him at that moment to have been a black

dream, a nightmare, a confused and taunting vision, in which all his past self and past life had become inextricably entangled and confused together for his torment, and with which his present had nothing whatever to do.

So he looked and smiled and bowed; and she stood upright presently, as if she would go within.

"Come up," she said quietly again, "and I will go and tell la madre that she need not write, nor send you any message, for you are here."

And he obeyed her. But as he went up the stairs, and through the vestibule and the corridor, where they had sat the night before, and from where the other balcony gave upon the court behind, his heart darkened within him once again to anger, and to gloom, and he felt the difficulty, the bitter hardness, and the strong suffering of his position now.

And when he entered the large drawing-room, and found himself in her presence, and alone, his face had regained the chill austerity of the night before; his eyelids had drooped over the light which had shone up to her from his gleaming, eager eyes

—and he smoothed his long moustache with the gesture instinctive to him under control or perplexity—as he stood silent a moment before her on the threshold of the door.

"Come in," she said, and he heard her voice suddenly fail and falter as her eyes rested wonderingly on his changed face. He entered, but stood silent near the door, and he did not look up nor meet her gaze; but he felt every nerve of his strong frame quiver and vibrate, as those grave, questioning eyes scanned his face.

"Will you tell me," she then said, after a moment's pause, and her voice was low as she spoke, but perfectly firm and clear, "will you tell me what has happened? What is the matter?"

He glanced up for a moment then; and then down upon the closely written notes which he held in his hand.

"Why do you ask?" he said, in a tone that was scarcely courteous in its brusqueness, almost rough. "I am tired, I have been walking over Rome since before seven this morning, and I have had some hours of hard work."

She stood close to him now, her hands clasped tightly together, her eyes resting again calmly, searchingly upon his face. And there was a curious firmness in the soft lines of hers, a something that had not been there before this morning, a quiet firmness of a resolution that it would be difficult to gainsay.

She paused after his answer to her, given in so strange a tone, and then again, without taking the slightest notice of the explanation he had given, nor of the words he had said, she repeated,—

"Will you tell me, what is the matter?"

A sudden flush mounted to his face, and the eyelids quivered as he kept them low above his burning eyes. And his voice, as he answered again, was hoarse and angry. Control was having a bitter fight of it with passion and tender love for her—and with fierce resentment against circumstances and fate.

But it seemed impossible to him not to answer her; it came so naturally that he should simply tell her—this his heart's heaviness of the present—his heart's anguish and despair.

"Your mother tells me that you are to marry Lord Farnham," he said, "and—I did not know it before."

She turned away from him, and a vivid flush covered instantly all her proud, sweet face. She threw her head up, and a curious flash gleamed from her eyes, and she went some paces from him, and took two turns across the breadth of the large drawing-room with that same sweeping movement and proud gesture with which her mother turned always and fought with a wave of strong emotion, crushing it back in this same characteristic way.

Then she paused, and, leaning on the Pleyel piano a little distance away from him, she broke herself the burning silence which succeeded his words.

"My mother told you so?" she said.

"She said you were as good as engaged," he replied.

"My mother said so?"

"I do not know," he continued roughly, "if I am

repeating to you her exact words. I think I scarcely heard them; but that was the fact which she conveyed to me."

"And—you believed—that *that* was what my mother meant?"

He glanced up at her. His spirit was rising within him, at the ringing indignant accents of her young fresh voice—and his voice nearly broke with the struggle of suppressed passion as he spoke.

"I should *not* have believed it, if *any* one had told me, while we paced the path between the cypresses, yesterday afternoon," he said.

"Then—do not believe it now."

"But your mother—" he began again.

She interrupted him with a sweet low laugh, a laugh that had a wonderful ring of happiness in it, like the trill of a nightingale when its panting heart can scarce restrain the song; and she murmured tenderly, as if almost to herself, not to him,—

"La madre, la carissima madre, of course—but she does not know. She wants all the best for me,

all *she* thinks the best, and—it is only—she thinks things different—it is only that she does not know."

And then there was silence again for a moment, and his heart seemed to break its bonds within him in its fierce dark struggle to be free, and the hot flush paled from his forehead, and his eyelids seemed to cleave to his eyes. For he held them there, looking resolutely away from her, though the eyes so painfully throbbed and burned; and the cold sheath seemed to fall over his face again, and it was hard and austere and chill.

And then she moved a little towards him from the piano, and paused again, and she leant her arms on the high back of a little *prie-dieu* chair, where her mother often sat and worked of an evening; and she bent forward and looked across at him, and that curious glow of new happiness still kindled deep and full of lustrous sweetness in her blue eyes. Her lips parted and curved with the tenderest smile, and she looked across and was silent, save for that low soft laugh, like the dove's first note, or like the nightingale's earliest furtive trill. And, she knew

then, what it had all meant during their bright past days of magic and wonder-joy—what it had all been! The radiance within her spirit, the musings —unbidden spontaneous musings—on the mystical and the sweet unknown; the joy in his coming, the unrest when he was not there; the light in which all the common things of life had glowed for her in a new-found glory during those past bright days—all was love! And love, as she mused, had come to her, and the love she had dreamt of was there.

And as he stood, cold, austere, and unrelenting before her, she loved him as she had never done till now. For not one whit did she care for the chill and the austerity, for she felt that she had reached the spring of all his coldness—in his heart, which was answering hers.

She never doubted, and the anger in itself was delightful to her now she knew the cause. It sent a thrill of new, strong, sweet excitement over her nerves, and it was fascinating to a strange degree. And she was so fearless, and so eager, and so full of courage always, in her handling of any exciting

force in life, that it gave her now a delicious kindling sense of power in restraint, of satisfaction in patience.

For as she watched him in his strength, with his feelings held in that fine control, and observed his passionate noble anger, which she knew must be set against herself as well as against destiny and against everybody concerned, she feared nothing, because in her heart's own deep love for him rose the courage by which—in the glance and flash of one moment of clear light and recognition between them—she knew she could drive it away.

Just then a door was quickly opened and shut again, somewhere beyond the corridor, leading down from one or other of their rooms, and a step passed over the parquet edging of the floor between the smoking-divan and Sir Frederick's apartment; and then Lady Daring's voice calling something gaily and laughingly to Sir Frederick from her boudoir was heard.

And Car stood up and looked straight at Adrian with calm fearless gaze now, and only with that vivid colour on her fair cheek, showing the excite-

ment of her heart within. And he roused himself, and looked up at her, a sudden frown of impatience contracting his forehead above his steel-blue eyes, and he would have turned away and gone away from her, but she spoke again,—

"My mother is coming to talk over the day's plans with you," she said. "I went to tell her as you came upstairs, and when her morning's letters were finished she was to come. But just let me say something to you. I have told you so many things—so much. Let me say one more thing, just as if it were yesterday in the cypress-walk. Lord Farnham *is* coming to-day, and will be with us when you come here to-night (for you will come, I want you to come, you will be here?), and, let me say it to you, just look, just judge for yourself; wait, and see if you are satisfied. I cannot say more to you. He is nice, I like him—you will like him, too; and I know what la cara madre wishes. But you wait; and when you have been here this evening, will you tell me if you are still angry, or if you are satisfied; and if we may be happy again, as we were on that day when we went for the pilgrimage,

nd yesterday in the cypress-path? Here comes la nadre, and in an hour we must start for Tivoli. Ve promised my father that we should be ready or him at ten."

CHAPTER V.

BEAUTY—NOT ALWAYS JOY.

THROUGH the long and lovely day which they spent at Tivoli, the footsteps of those two need not be traced. For they were not together scarcely for a moment during those many hours, and the recollection of the day remained with both as "a thing of beauty" which perhaps had lacked its "joy;" for there was a sense of dulness in the memory, which was a great injustice to lovely Tivoli, and certainly an illustration of the sweet poet's thought,—

> "Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow,
> Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the heart."

Adrian was cold and composed in demeanour, agreeable, and rather indifferent towards the general party, and as regards Car, grave if he addressed her, but tacitly avoiding all approach to an endeavour to do so, a tendency which she seemed to reciprocate from her side.

The affair was in abeyance, so they seemed with tacit agreement to feel.

The day had to be gone through; but while awaiting the evening it was intended to imply little to them.

There was "gloom" certainly, a good deal of "gloom" in the colour in which he looked around. For though he awaited the evening with a fever of impatience, he did not feel that it could promise much lightening of his gray prospect for him.

There was no gloom in Car's heart; but there was a quietness that was almost sad.

The fact was she missed him. He so entirely withdrew behind that shield of composure and coldness, that he seemed for the time being to leave her quite outside a circle of exclusion which he drew around himself.

And all those moments of infinite sweetness, in which swift words had been exchanged and sympathetic glances shed one upon the other, were all absent from that long day, of a bright, external sunshine, which failed to reach their hearts.

She did not "see in gloom" exactly as he did,

for she knew her own heart so entirely, and she thought she need not doubt of his; so it was the awaiting before daybreak with her, not exactly "gloom." But it was chill and gray and saddening, notwithstanding, to have him talk with her so seldom during all that long day.

She sat by her father while he sketched; and Adrian sometimes held lengthy and invigorating discussions with Mr. Calthorpe; and then when Mr. Calthorpe joined Sir Frederick, where Car sat on the turf by his side, and submitted a point of abstruse dispute to him, Adrian wandered off, as if the subject had little interest for him at all.

And he joined Lady Daring and Mrs. Calthorpe then, and when the former turned to look at her husband's drawing of the Grotto of Neptune, Adrian drew Mrs. Calthorpe, astonished, but quite willing, away with him to see the temple of the Tiburtine sibyl.

So the day wore on, and in rather a dreary way.

First they had visited Hadrian's villa, going about its weird ruins in a party, as people do who are really sight-seeing, with no other thought in

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being together than to assist each other's exploration schemes.

And Mr. Calthorpe talked dryly about the Serapeon of Canopus, and the Pœcile, and about the stream Euripus too; and Adrian, though in all his bygone life he had thought more of this villa than of any other spot of classic interest on earth, did not seem to care now, and turned often, almost with indifference, away.

The Imperial Palace, the Tartarus, the ruined barracks of the Prætorian Guard, nothing fired his enthusiasm—not even the relic of the Teatro Marittimo, which he had thought he so much wished to visit, because here had been found that beautiful statue in rosso-antico, called now the Capitolino Faun, a thing of incomparable beauty, which had excited him almost to rapture only the other day.

Nay, it would have been impossible to have made him believe two days ago that he should ever stand cool and unmoved, save to the calmest utterance of polite interest, as his cousin, Vere Daring, exclaimed,—

"This is the very spot, Adrian, where they found

the doves of Pliny; and there is the place which your father wrote of when he would prove that the Medicis Venus came from this villa, and not from the portico of Octavia, as some say."

And afterwards, as they drove up through the olive-grove to Tivoli, he was still only courteous, not enthusiastic, nor, as usual, moved almost to rapture at the beauty of the view over the Campagna from the Santa Croce Porta; and as they went down the avenues of the Villa d'Este, or as they lingered at the door of the old Albergo della Sibilla—where, and where only, Sir Frederick would go—his eyes seemed to rest on the rushing cascade and on the ancient temple of the sybil as if these things of beauty, of age, and of wonder brought no joy to him.

He was coldly agreeable during their little luncheon at the Albergo della Sibilla, and did not join with any heartiness in Sir Frederick's sallies of cheery humour, or in Mrs. Calthorpe's and Lady Daring's efforts to be lively and gay. He eat his tomatoes and macaroni, and drank his glass of white sparkling wine from Frascati, or of red Civita Lavinia

from the slope of the Tusculan hills, just as calmly and with as prosaic an aspect as if it were a mutton-chop and a glass of sherry in his club at home.

They "*did*" it all, however, most conscientiously —the temples, and the cascade, and the villa, and the *veduta* from the terrace as well. And the day was worked through, and he grew better.

The evening, as it began softly to gather round them, brought him a sense of rekindling feeling which seemed to warm his whole being. The glow came up again, with a feverish throb in his heart; and his mind seemed to receive light and lustre as the day waned, and courage came anew to his heart.

"The evening," she had said, "would show him all things, and the evening was to tell him something he might accept,—as the explanation of her mother's words."

So he brightened, and his brain cleared; and as he drove back with Sir Frederick in his victoria, he had his clear, vivid, intellectual forces at his own command again. He was himself—and himself as

Sir Frederick particularly enjoyed his converse—himself in an expansive and conversational vein.

And many an interesting point was raised between them as they whirled back towards Rome; and as the memory of all he had so coolly contemplated during the day came back upon Adrian, and he realized the sacred classical ground on which he had trod.

They drove on as the day waned, by the Anio, across the Ponte made famous by Poussin, and by the tomb of Plautius Lucanus, so like the Cecilia Metella of the Appian Way. They saw the sun-glow deep on the surface of the Isole Natante lake, and they talked of the lofty Albunæ here, Virgil's "Oracle of Italy," regretting that all trace of it is gone. On they drove to where the old Baronial ruin of the Cesi rises in a castellated crown above Monticelli, with Santangelo and Poggio rearing their low, pointed heads capped with villages on each side. They saw the giant peak of Monte Gennaro towering in the sunset; and on now, beyond all these—as they sighted the soft and wooded region across Anio, near where the monument of Julia

Stemma was in late years found, the view was continuously lovely; and each scene following on scene, as they whirled rapidly onwards, was full of enthralment and charm.

Until as the dusk fell — long after they had changed horses again near the column of the Agro Romano, and crossed the wide plain of Prato Lungo and its torrent of Le Molette; and after crossing once more the Anio by Glori's beautiful bridge— Rome came gradually in view again, and they neared it down the Via Tiburtine.

A grand vision of the old stately city, not sparkling, as in sunrise, or golden and gleaming, like the City of Promise beneath the setting sun, but sombre and dark and grand in its shadowy silence. Because no moon shone yet in the dark veil above them, and the sun was gone, and only the dusky shades of twilight rested upon the city domes.

But still it looked majestic, as a monarch among the cities of the earth; and the veil of shadow, and the sombre silence of the falling night seemed in poetic harmony with the thoughts, so shadowy, so undefined, so sunk in the shades of deep silent

twilight, which clustered round the ruins of the old past from which they had just come, and with the history of that giant greatness which, like the day and the sunlight, had passed into gloom.

It was harmonious, too, with Adrian's spirit; and as they drove in once more by the Porta S. Lorenzo, he felt he had been soothed and helped on his homeward way by this soft caressing spirit of the falling night.

And it was not without a sense of sincerity that he assured Sir Frederick, as he took leave of him at his own door, that "the day had been full of deep interest," and that he "looked forward with pleasure to joining their circle at the Casa Pia at a later hour."

CHAPTER VI.

MANY STREAMS.

WHEN Adrian Dillon got back to his hotel it was quite dark, and the little entrance-hall and vestibule were lit up and warm; the scaldino glowing in one corner, and great pots of branching palms showing up against the dark background of the windows with a curious effect.

He entered quickly, shutting the swinging door behind him, against a fresh gust of Tramontana which had suddenly risen as he walked across the Spanish Place. And quickly, also, he turned to go up the old stone stairs—but his way was impeded.

A tall slight figure stood on the lower step; a young man clad in a long travelling-coat of rough checked tweed, which covered him from his fringe of yellow hair to his heels—a back fringe it was, showing below a tweed travelling-cap, for his back

was turned to Adrian, and quite unconsciously he persistently stopped up the way.

The young fellow was looking upwards, as if hesitating, or waiting some summons, before proceeding up the stairs. His hands were plunged deep in his pockets, and one foot rested on the first step.

Adrian hesitated also one moment before suggesting that he "would be glad to pass," and as he hesitated, suddenly, the young personage, still looking up the stairs, gave an unexpected and impatient shout,—

"Hullo!" he called out at the top of his voice, "Jorrax! are you up there? Are you dead? Are you going to be all night about it? Am I to come up? Hullo! Jorrax, I say; hang the fellow, he has been about a month up there!"

"All right!" came the answer then from the distance, from several stages up the winding stairs, "I have got the rooms; they will do—it is all right; come up, Farnham, as fast as you please."

And off went the tall young fellow who had been impeding Adrian's progress—off he went,

pringing three steps at a time up the stairs, and lisappearing round the corner of the first landing, eaving Adrian to realize that this was Lord Farnıam arrived *in propriâ personâ*, whose long travelıng-ulster, tall willowy figure, and fringe of yellow ıair, he had been inspecting with some impatience.

Nothing more was to be seen of him for the ɔresent, for like a lamplighter he had shot up the ɜtairs.

Two hours later, Adrian passed through the round vestibule of Discretion again, and arrived ınder escort of Ramree and the English *valetaille* ıt the door of the large drawing-room once more, where he had been so many times during the past week, and where twelve hours ago he had expected, ɔr almost determined, never to be again.

The large beautiful *salon* was brightly lit up toıight, and fresh lovely flowers filled every vase and pretty glass, or bit of quaint pottery suitable for such purpose, in every corner of the room, and all Lady Daring's artistic combinations of rich colouring came out in as fine effect, in the brilliancy of

illumination to-night, as in the dark Rembrandt shades and dusky shadowy light of their quieter evenings.

Lady Daring had arranged a little reception for this evening. Not a fashionable gathering from the great *beau monde* of Rome, to which she and Car had become familiar during the winter, but a chosen little assembly of people who interested and amused her, though several were only wayfarers and sojourners in the city of the arts and of the classics, and were not known to the circle of Roman society at all.

There was a sprinkling from that great world of the Court and the Embassies certainly, and a few Italians also, from the exclusive circles of the Roman *élite* who knew Lady Daring well, appreciated her, and were favourite *intimes* with her, and with Car also.

Among them was the Princess Palavicini from the villa beyond the Monte Testaccio, who had so amiably engaged the time and absorbed the attention of Lady Daring and Mrs. Calthorpe on the afternoon of the day before, while those happy hours

were passed by Adrian and Car in the cypress-path by Shelley's shrine.

But all Roman society, with all its brilliancy and attraction, might have been assembled in the beautiful *salon* for all Adrian would have known to-night—they would have made little impression upon his mind. As he entered, he only saw and realized the group round Car's piano, to which his gaze instantly turned.

There she was, sitting in her usual place before the keyboard of the long Pleyel. She often sat there half through the evening, leaning back and talking at one moment, letting her fingers wander over the keys at another; sometimes playing little, and only at long intervals, when her father reminded her that no melody was travelling to him from the piano, save the ripple of her voice in conversation with Adrian or whoever her neighbour, leaning against the tall cabinet, or sitting on the low seat by the piano-corner, might be, and sometimes playing on and on, in a stream of harmony, variable and delightful, in every variety of mood.

To-night she was not playing when Adrian

entered. She was touching the keys idly with her finger-tips, but no music came, and she was leaning back in her chair and listening with a little faint smile curling her lips, and with a very absent air, to Lord Farnham, who leant in Adrian's habitual corner by the tall cabinet, and evidently had a great deal to say.

He was laughing and chatting merrily, and his fair face was radiant with youth and *bonhomie*, and his gray eyes dancing with fun, and Car seemed amused, and not displeased with him, though she listened with so faint a smile, and with an air so decidedly abstracted, to his sallies of merriment.

The two young Italians, the Prince Portolo and Conte Salini, who had been with them at the Teatro dell' Apollo, were also there, one leaning on the corner of the piano on the opposite side from Lord Farnham, and the other standing in a graceful attitude by Car's side, both charmed to exercise their English by joining in Lord Farnham's eloquence, when he gave them an opening or an opportunity, or by listening with wide-open eyes and ears to his incessant flow, which, being well peppered with the

peculiar phraseology of youthful Britain, was often difficult and most wonderful to their ears—as different in fact from the polished sentences learnt by them as the English of education and culture, as is the last and newest *argot* of the "Circle" and the "Jockey" from the finished periods of Talleyrand and Lamartine.

Adrian contemplated this group steadily for one moment, then turned away. Car's bright glance towards him, and the slight movement forwards she made suddenly in her chair from the lounging position in which she was leaning back when he came in, was quite lost to him, he turned so suddenly and so quickly away.

Lady Daring had seen him from the centre of her group, and smiled and nodded an invitation to him now to come to her. He could not well resist this, so he approached and bowed his evening salute, and with a grave smile answered her pleasant beaming glance. The Princess was here, lounging in a low chair, and smoking a dainty cigarette, which she was in the act of igniting from the pretty

Etruscan lamp, held for her by Sir Frederick, when Adrian entered.

And the Calthorpes were here, and Mr. Swinford, the argumentative divine from the Albergo Parigi, asked especially to meet Mr. Jorrax, who also was mighty in argument and harangue.

And these, with a general sprinkling from the Roman social world—invited principally to amuse the Princess, and all more or less grouped round her chair—made up the little reception which, notwithstanding the illumination of the *salon*, was of the small *intime* kind Lady Daring liked.

The curtains were draped back from the door leading into the smoking-divan and the boudoir, and some people scattered in groups of two or three over the different rooms.

In one corner of the large drawing-room a pretty, English-looking tea-table was arranged, keeping up the *cachet* of a thoroughly English home, which Lady Daring affected in so many countries and climes.

There was a beautiful Queen Anne tea-service, that had made several voyages to the far east, with

the orthodox and conventional tea-urn, so representative of English domestic life; and this was surrounded by a circle of lovely Sèvres cups in *Rose du Barry*, transparent as an egg-shell, and "much too delicate for use," as Sir Frederick said often in emphatic assertion, to which Lady Daring never would agree; for she liked her *pose* of an English tea-table to have all the grace and lightness which could be given to it by foreign art; and *en effet* Sèvres tea-cups and Queen Anne plate were but the centre of infinite varieties of Italian *pâtisseries* and *bonbons* and *chaux-froids* of a most æsthetic kind; and on each side the round table were little stands, with wine and beautiful fruit and lemonade and syrups and *eau sucrée* and coffee, and golden Russian tea. Every conceivable refection suited to the tastes of Italians, Poles, Russians, Germans, or Parisians, who might drop in and congregate at any moment during the evening, and who all might hold in emphatic and national horror the English cup of cream and sugared tea.

It was a pretty little refection, graced at every vacant spot of the table with lovely ferns and

flowers, and as it was well back from the centre of the room, and from the *va et vient* of the party, it made a pleasant and attractive circlet of seclusion to which people gravitated for conversation, conducted in little murmuring chatter over their tea, with cream or lemon, as their taste might be, or *café glacé*, or sandwich or glass of wine, just according to their nationality—and to the particular language in which the various duets went on.

To this centre, or towards the smoking-divan, there drifted gradually all the Roman and other un-English elements of the party, except the two young Italians, who stayed by Car's piano.

And round Lady Daring's chair, near which Sir Frederick stood in close discussion with Mr. Swinford, there remained, after a little time, only Adrian, Mr. Swinford, Mr. Calthorpe, and a small, slim, eager-looking, dark-eyed man, an Englishman, whom Adrian had never met before.

All the others Lady Daring had gradually scattered, by her own invitation or suggestion, towards the smoking-divan, or to the circle round the refreshments in the far corner of the room.

She had done it with intention, because she wished to speak and to circulate the conversation for the time being in English, which, as she knew, was the only language that Mr. Swinford comprehended, or that Mr. Jorrax cared much to use; and it was her fancy to speak to both of them, and to hear what Adrian had to say.

For, though this evening's entertainment had been arranged for Lord Farnham's benefit, and with the view of introducing him at once into the intimacy of their Roman circle, and though Lady Daring could congratulate herself at that moment that all as regards Lord Farnham was successful to a wish, still she did not feel quite happy in her own mind about Adrian; neither had she been satisfied all day; not, indeed, during the whole of their long expedition to Tivoli. He had not been like himself—not like the self they had known him during the bright sunny week just gone!

He had been charmingly courteous and appreciative of all she showed him certainly, responsive to her enthusiasm as far always as courtesy and good breeding required. He had not been sombre

nor moody, as many men she knew would have been under the circumstances of feeling which she now shrewdly suspected to be his. He had been pleasant always—yet changed. Since their talk last night on the balcony he had been a different man. He had gone such a long way into the distance from them; he was polite and cheerful, but so curiously unapproachable and cold.

And Vere Daring was fond of him in her own way. For long, he had been the subject of deepest sentiment in memory to her; so long a part, and a valued part, of her undying thought of the sister she loved so well; and now, since this sudden return of old memories upon her, and the quick revival of their old intimacy and regard, she had realized how deep her affection had been for him in those old days, when he would fain have become her brother.

She felt compunction when she saw him turn suddenly on his way across the room towards Car's piano, and she could almost find it in her heart to wish, that he had not accepted her remarks about Lord Farnham so entirely *au pied de la lettre*, and

that he had not taken her veiled though significant hints to himself in a manner so absolute and tacit. He accepted and acted upon them, like the thorough gentleman he was, as she told herself with admiration; but he need not have withdrawn away to that unapproachable distance, nor encased himself in such unassailable coldness of manner and voice.

She was sorry; and, surrounded by many bright and amusing people from the Roman world, she was vexed and depressed by his aspect, as he stood calm with quiet dignity among them all.

So she dexterously scattered them, French, Italian, and Russian, from around her chair, and drew forward instead the knot of English enthusiasts who stood now in Sir Frederick's group; and she joined in her husband's talk with them, on the Rome of the travelling Britons—in contrast to the talk of Rome in the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms and boudoirs of the Palazzos and villas, which had been going on in her particular circle till now.

Mr. Jorrax, Mr. Swinford, and Mr. Calthorpe were of this group; Mrs. Calthorpe had wandered off to the tea-table with an eminent English painter,

just returned, like herself, from Greece; Adrian stood at a little distance, and had not joined in as yet with any conversational knot, but she knew there were elements around her now for discussion, that would arouse his interest, and must force participation from him in a little while.

Accordingly, she caught a facile opportunity after a few minutes of introducing his name—and consequently and inevitably himself.

"We have done very little in the way of gaiety this week," she said in answer to Mr. Jorrax, who had asked her if there was much, as he said, "going on." "We have done little, save lionize my cousin, Mr. Dillon, to those spots of special interest which one is always glad to have an excuse for revisiting here. We have taken him to many places; but not always, I fear, to where he exactly wanted to go. Have we not, Adrian? You came for exclusive devotion to the obelisks and the Egyptian inscriptions, and we have bored you with a week of the sights of the regular tourist. Eh?" she added, smiling brightly up at him, as he drew near her in answer to the end of her remark, ad-

dressed directly to him, "eh, have we not bored you?" she added.

"No," he answered, with a courteous smile, and in the same light tone in which she had spoken, "no, on the whole I do not think you have."

"You have been very good," she answered then, in a tone which was significantly kind and friendly. "Mr. Jorrax, let me introduce you to Mr. Dillon; you must have a great many interests in common."

And then Adrian knew, that the small, slim, quick-eyed man who had been unknown to him in the circle round his cousin's chair, was the owner of the stentorian voice which had shouted to Lord Farnham from high up above his head on the stairs of the Parigi before dinner, and that he was the "Jorrax" who had been so violently assailed with the impatient and unfeeling inquiry, "if he were, or were not dead."

Mr. Jorrax was a great traveller, or a frequent traveller rather, in very conventional and beaten tracks. He knew most things anybody can know, without any study that was at all profound, on every geographical point of Southern Europe to which

youth—aristocrat and very precious—might be conducted with fair safety, and with some chance of amusement, and with the certainty of a good hotel.

And Mr. Jorrax could talk glibly and well, on all those subjects on which people do talk who have done all these things. Sight-seeing was a habit, a kind of second nature to him, and he had reduced it to a science of which "rapidity and comprehensiveness," differing much from "comprehension," were the chief theories and motive points.

"Ah," he said in lively accents, after responding to Adrian's polite bow, "Mr. Dillon? Of course, charmed to know you. Who is not familiar with Mr. Dillon's name, eh? Been 'doing Rome,' have you? Well, if it is the first time you have done it, it is a sensation in its way."

"It is," said Adrian, "but I have not done very much."

"Mr. Dillon has only been here five days," said Lady Daring, "but in that time he has seen a good deal in and out of Rome, though, I fancy, he hardly feels that he has quite exhausted the Eternal City; not exactly 'done' it yet, as you would say."

"Oh! I would 'do' Rome with any one in five days," asserted Mr. Jorrax.

"IN FIVE DAYS!" put in Mr. Swinford here, turning from his profound discussion with Sir Frederick on the insignia of the baker's tomb, turning because absolutely transfixed with the horror of barbarism suggested to him by Mr. Jorrax's rather loud assertion. "In five days! and I have taken nearly five months to understand the *rostra* that stood on the *comitium* in front of the Curia alone, and have not yet half completed the interpretation of passages that refer to it in their connection with the *Palikanus* coin. Why, that passage in Pliny on the use of the *rostra* as a sun-dial to mark the hour of noon, might alone occupy with great interest about five days; in testing, you understand, the accuracy of the statement of Pliny and the exactitude of the *rostra* site. You can do it beyond all controversy by placing a man on the presumed spot and by watching him from the road above. For I can assure you that to this day, as the minute-guns fire at midday, the sun will be seen coming past him with exactitude and beyond all doubt, and to no other

site in the Forum can this passage with this circumstantial solar evidence be applied. And just think of this, sir,—there alone is sufficient food for thought and observation for a fortnight, and you talk of exhausting Rome in five days!"

"Oh, that is quite another kind of thing," retorted Mr. Jorrax pugnaciously; "besides, I did not say exhaust the resources of Rome; I said '*do it*,' and that, I assert, can be done. It is perfectly simple. Rome is not at all a difficult place *to do;* on the contrary, to do it in five days would be the easiest thing in the world. I will tell you, Mr. Dillon, it is this—you can reduce Rome to a star, centred at the Piazza del Popolo; you can divide the whole city into lots from there—nothing easier. The first day, the middle of the town, the two Piazzas down here, the Spanish and the Popolo, from which you start; obelisks and Santa Maria then, and the Corso on to the column of Aurelius—heaps of things all about there—some churches, Doria Gallery, and two or three temples too, and on to the Forum and generally the Palatine Hill; the Meta Sudans, the arches, the Colosseum, numbers of places all close

beyond there; all can be done in no time, not a bit a hard day. Then to-morrow in Trastevere, Castel Sant-Angelo, Hadrian's tomb, St. Peter's, the Vatican, the galleries, and the Sistine Chapel, and all that; and the Corsini and the Farnesina, too, are over there, and a lot of churches, but we need not see them all, but there is Pasquino, we should see him; and the Farnese palace, and just perhaps Santo Pietro in Montorio, and another church or two. Third day, by the Tiber—one sees a lot of things all down there; the Ghetto among others is worth a glance—and the Pantheon too. Fourth day, under the Eastern Hills, the Golden House of Nero, the Lateran, and heaps of things between the two on the way; and then on the fifth day, the Pincian, the academy, the Barbarini, the Quirinal, Villa Ludovisi, the Capucini and perhaps St. Paul within the walls, and then I do say, that if you keep your eyes open, and do all this systematically — looking at many things I have not mentioned between the others as you go along—you will find at the end of the five days that there really is not much inside the circle

of the City of the Seven Hills that you have not *done*, enough to *swear* by at all events."

They all laughed long and merrily, except Mr. Swinford, who was speechless with astonishment and disgust.

"Well done, Mr. Jorrax!" exclaimed Sir Frederick at last; "you have done it capitally—you have got it at your finger-ends, as they say."

"Or on the tip of his tongue," growled Mr. Swinford with more asperity than politeness; "and I doubt if he has got it anywhere else."

"It is all so well sodden into my head, you know," said Mr. Jorrax, on whom Mr. Swinford's remark had produced no depressing effect. "Through doing it so often I have got the thing thoroughly off by rote."

"It is wonderful," said Adrian with a quiet smile; "and really I am very much obliged to you for your able summary. It lights up one's memory like a magic-lantern, in which all the Rome one has 'done' and has not 'done' seems revealed to the vision in a series of dissolving views."

"Easily dissolved," grumbled Mr. Swinford again

—for antiquity taken from this point of view was not to his taste; and he continued to eye Mr. Jorrax with curious dissatisfaction and contempt, as one quite unworthy of his argumentative gunpowder on any subject or in any way.

Lady Daring interrupted the discordant intercourse threatening imminently between the two.

"Ah, the mistake is," she said, "in ever talking of 'doing Rome'—one must imbibe it, breathe it, in its own blue beautiful air; feel and live in it, if one would know anything at all of what it is; one should never really talk of 'doing' Rome."

"Do you prefer then this place," said Mr. Jorrax, "to all the other cities you have been in since you came to Italy? Some people do—some people do not, I have not yet made up my mind to which category I belong."

"Oh, prefer it!" exclaimed Lady Daring, "there is no comparison, for you can compare the Eternal City to no other in the wide world; but, I repeat, it is not a place to 'do,' it must become a part of yourself when you have once been here—a part of

your mental and spiritual self for ever, or—it is nothing to you at all!"

"Oh, that is very true," said Mr. Swinford approvingly; and indeed it *was* true, for Rome would certainly be for ever after and for all time to come, *his* chief intellectual self, to be descanted upon to the enlightenment or weariness of his hearers, in season and out of it, in all places and companies and scenes with that persistency and volubility with which anything that has become a "part of self" is very apt to be treated.

"Very true; yes, one will not forget it all in a hurry," said Sir Frederick, "even when the desert and the Red Sea are between us and Italy again."

"And you, Adrian?" said Lady Daring softly.

He turned and met her eyes with a sudden gravity, and with a quick contraction of his brow.

"No," he said quietly, "I do not think one ever forgets."

"Not a winter in Italy," continued Lady Daring with bright enthusiasm, "there is so much to enchain memory; so many different impressions come to one in each different place. Venice, Florence, Rome—

how utterly unlike all these are to each other, and yet all enchanting in their way."

"But you prefer being here to all?" said Mr. Jorrax.

"Prefer is not the word, it is so different. Venice —lovely Venice, one dreams of Venice. In the morning, when I am half awake, I see it, the sea smiling under the soft sun-rays away beyond the isle, the gliding gondolas, and the song of the gondolier—it is like a poem, or like the memory of lovely music—one sees and hears and dreams of it all. Then Florence I love—like a charming thing of undying life and grace and beauty, one loves Florence; and I think from many thousand miles away I shall long often, from beyond the desert, as you say, Frederick, and the burning Red Sea,—I shall long to see again the lily-stemmed tower of Giotto against the blue, bright sky, and to hear the bells of the Santa Croce, to *feel* them rather ringing a grand *reveillé* at the ears of one's spirit, as they chime for matins long before one is awake; and the view from Bellosguardo, and the drive from Galileo's tower while the sun sets on Fiesole and on

the Vallombrosa hills, and La Casa del Poeta Divina, and the Palazzo Vecchio, with the Loggia dei Lanzi and Savonarola's tower, and, oh, so many things, lovely with a depth of loveliness that wins upon your heart as day after day passes in Florence, and you *know* the fair city and her surroundings more and more. Yes, one dreams of Venice, one loves Florence, but, you must worship Rome. It becomes a *culte*, and subjugates the whole intellectual and artistic and appreciative spheres of our being, or it is nothing to us—a mere play-ground for the months of winter, for cotillons and kettledrums, for society in many of its most brilliant forms; or it is a thing to 'do,' and to be done with, because it had failed in our instance to subjugate, and we are not saturated and permeated with its great spirit for ever!"

"But I do think," said Sir Frederick brightly, as with a smile that was soft and appreciative, and yet a little quizzical, he looked down into his wife's dark eyes, all lustrous as they were at that moment with enthusiasm, "I do think that in all your Italian journeyings, Florence has inspired and has kept pos-

session of more sentiment in your recollection than any other place."

"Ah," she replied, looking up at him with a bright, significant glance, "you do like to entrap me into a fit of sentiment, Frederick, just now and then, just over a cigarette occasionally, when you have positively nothing else to think of or to do; and you have beguiled me into sundry rhapsodies lately over certain Italian reminiscences of scenes unknown to you. And Florence? Yes, true. I found vivid, living interests at Florence, as well as that fascination of the spirit of the long past, which enthralls us everywhere in this wonder-land. And living interests, I confess, rivet *my* memory to the association of a *locale*, as no relic of the most glorious past can do. And while I shall dream over Venice and her Bridge of Sighs, and shall feel unutterable things when I think of Rome, I know my heart will always glow with pleasant memories when it turns to Florence. For, besides Giotto and Dante and Savonarola, there will revive always for me—among other pleasing memories of that 'Winter City' of to-day—the thought of a cer-

tain pretty house by the Cascine, where I spent many gracious hours; also of a boudoir in a dark old palace in the centre of the town, a room like my little one here, Frederick, full of every sort of thing I love, and with a window looking over a courtyard with a great Judas-tree, like mine; it was a centre of much that was pleasant in the brightest world of Florence, and it was always graced by a certain beautiful presence;—well, I have often told you, Frederick, that that great dark house, with this small bright room buried in its dusky shadows like a spring-bird's nest in a huge veteran oak, had an infinite charm for me."

"Yes, indeed," laughed Sir Frederick pleasantly, for of all things in life did he love to draw out occasionally in this way her rare expression of sentiment and personal enthusiasm. "And then Farinola, Vere. Indeed, I continually wonder, taking all these points into account, that you ever obeyed my stern, conjugal mandate, to come on to Rome."

"Ah, Farinola!" said Lady Daring with a softened modulation of her eager tone, "Farinola? We must come back over the burning seas and the

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sandy desert from the far, far east, dear Frederick, where we would see Farinola again. For, like all things that are really of Italy, one finds nothing like it, beyond Italian shores. That sweet, fair, restful place, with its encircling woods and 'choir of birds,' and its lovely, sunlit landscape:—In the distance, blue, dreamy hills, and green shadowy valleys, and soft, fertile plains; and in the foreground, the gray tower and ramparts of Certosa, where the eighteen weird old monks are drowsily watching through the last twilight hours of Italian monasticism, as it drops quietly asleep. Who could ever forget hours spent at Farinola, or the vivid personality stamped on the whole place? The sense of seclusion resting within its encircling walls, in the shelter of which dwell so many—old and young, strong and feeble, man and beast! How vividly one recalls them all:—the picturesque dark-eyed Tuscan attendants; the great, snow-white Maremma hounds, lying in the winter sunshine on the marble steps or in the warmth of the fire-glow in the crimson, satin-lined, miniature room. The sense of beauty everywhere, so satisfying and so complete. The cool, softly-shaded

hall, full of towering palms and green fernery, where we sat often in converse during the hot bright hours of the day, watching the sun gleam on the blue hills in the distance, and listening to the birds' glad choral in the woods below. And the large darker room, the beautiful shadowy dining-room, where we circled round the cosy home-like table for tea, and where as the chill of the short winter day crept on, the great logs burnt cheerily in the wide chimney corner. And then the ever kindly welcome from the sweet, old, bright-eyed lady who presides over that home, and from *her*, the centre of all, who dwells so quietly there, and whom people of all climes and nations come from all regions of the earth to see. And then, the bright memory of those hours of converse! The vivid imagination illuminating the dulness of one's own, like a fire-flash in a dusky corner; the sparkling, satirical, and yet playful and sunny wit; the intellect, so quick, so clear, so *'fine;'* the wealth of literary and æsthetic culture, the vast and versatile knowledge of the world of many lands; and, above all, that warm, kind nature, so sympathetic, so intensely

"*sensible*" to all things that are beautiful and great and good, and at the same time so acutely "*sensible*" to the pain and the *lutte* and the passion, of every created thing—of every being that lives and that suffers—because, in all nature, *pain* is the one inheritance which is inseparable from life. Ah, Frederick—why did you encourage me? I have drifted, on the gently flowing currents of memory, back to those sunlit autumn days of ours, which la Carina and I so much enjoyed together in Firenze —la bella Firenze, the "Flower of all Cities and the City of all Flowers." I can never forget those days, and I shall love to look back on them, for ever. But all this time, while I am discanting in this way and telling you all these things, we are at Rome! and certain members of the society of the Rome of to-day—who think that all the fuss we 'forestieri' make about their cities is sometimes rather wearisome—are languishing, Frederick, for want of certain refections, which I see no one is offering to them. And I cannot conceive why Car's piano is so mute."

She rose as she spoke now and dissolved her

cabal, which she had kept together and thus entertained in her own way with a purpose—keeping them because she wished to leave Car undisturbed at her piano, and talking to them because she had perceived that they would most certainly quarrel if left to talk to themselves!

Sir Frederick, catching her suggestion and her glance, immediately crossed the room towards the tea-table, where a lady was sitting, for the moment unnoticed.

She was a Russian as it happened, and her taste was for golden "chai," with which Sir Frederick speedily supplied her, apologizing for its probable deficiency in excellence according to her view; and attributing the lack of correct perfection, which he feared she would discover, to their non-possession of a "samovar," which, he continued to remark, was to his belief the one and only successful domestic instrument for the concoction of Russian tea. But the little lady declared herself delighted, and more than satisfied, and contentedly sipped her golden "chai," though probably thinking in her own mind that it was but a feeble English imitation of

the achievements of a "samovar," and of "chai" as she knew it at St. Petersburg.

Sir Frederick was pleased at her appreciation, and sat down by her after a few minutes and made himself extremely pleasant, as he could easily do. Meanwhile, Lady Daring had turned towards the piano, saying a few courteous words in passing to divers groups to whom she spoke, and who answered her in different tongues, French, Italian, or English, as the case might be, but passing on from all—as she saw them satisfactorily amused and occupied—towards the piano.

No music came from there, none had come all this time, but still things were not all that she could wish. And she had noticed this from her distant corner of the room. The two Italians, Prince Portolo and the Conte Salini, had gradually entered into the stream of Lord Farnham's most voluble talk; and as they gradually understood better, they had joined more readily and more continuously; and now for some time, Car had been saying little —only smiling her appreciation of the sallies of bright talk tossed across the piano between the

three young men, in which the Italians held their own with the Englishman, even in his perplexing modern speech.

Lady Daring saw that it was time to break up the quartette; that, in fact, time was being wasted, with much annoyance to Adrian, and no good to any one.

She had not noticed that he had gradually followed her as she traversed the room. But he had — notwithstanding the violent and aggressive efforts of Mr. Jorrax to engage him in conversation, or to load him with instructions on the subject of "doing Rome;" and notwithstanding, besides, the efforts of Mr. Swinford to button-hole him for severe contest on some sure ground of dispute. Mr. Swinford despised Mr. Jorrax now as an adversary, and could not subordinate him as a listener — so he hated him with cordiality from either point of view. Mr. Calthorpe, however, was in the way, and accommodating. He had not cared for the turn the conversation had taken up to this point, and had wandered, in an absent manner, a little distance away. But now the scene had shifted again, and

the party changed, he came back and made a trio, rescuing Mr. Swinford from that threatened enforced duet with Mr. Jorrax, which could not possibly have proved agreeable to either of the two. Mr. Calthorpe returned (as the group scattered) with alacrity, and with an eager air.

He took up the subject of the general talk just at the point where Mr. Swinford had left it, at the coin engraved with the Rostra and the word *Palikanus*—and with a voice of challenge, he advanced a view.

It was sufficient — Mr. Swinford was in bliss again, and two minutes later, they were plunged in argument of most delightful violence and rancour, were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and were oblivious of everybody else. Mr. Jorrax shrugged his shoulders a little presently and raised his eyebrows. Then he sauntered away from them, with a curious smile upon his face, and he wandered off towards the tea-table corner, where he saw a pretty little Italian Countess from Naples whom he knew. For him, Rome had been "done" effectually, for

that evening at all events, and the coin with the *Palikanus* was nothing to him!

Meanwhile, Adrian followed slowly in his cousin's wake. The impulse, drawing him towards the piano, was too imperious, too strong—he could no longer subdue it—he obeyed.

It might chill him to ice, or burn him with anger to stand and watch her, and talk to her, in company with those other men, but go he must, and endure it as best he could.

Lady Daring addressed Prince Portolo and the Conte Salini simultaneously, engaging their attention both at once, and, as they turned and moved back from the piano a little, approaching where she stood, Adrian passed her with a smile and a slight bow, and went straight to where Prince Portolo had been standing by Car's side.

She looked up brightly as he approached, and there was a moment of silence as he paused, Lord Farnham suddenly stopping in his facile flow of converse, and looking a little bit surprised.

Adrian Dillon was not known to him, and Car had turned quite away from his side of the piano

to greet with a smile and sunny glance this new comer now. And, moreover, as Adrian paused, and only looked down on her bright face, saying nothing for a moment, Car held out her left hand, which was next to Adrian; and in a pretty way, as if she were greeting some one well known and familiar to her and very highly favoured as well, she put it into his right hand, saying, with a quick cordial clasp and shake,—

"You have not said good evening to me—not all this time. How negligent of your commonest social duties you are!"

He held her hand for a moment in a light clasp, but he responded little to her glance and words; for he had yet to see, and to be satisfied, before he could understand or convince himself how things were really to be; besides, surely, he had tacitly told his cousin Vere Daring that he was worthy of her trust.

"We have been deep in discussion on the science of sightseeing, over there," he said quietly, "and we have been much wondering why no melody came to us from your piano."

"I have been waiting," she answered in a tone as quiet and controlled now, as his had been in reply to her, "I have been waiting for you to tell me what I shall play."

The colour swept over his brow for an instant, and his eyes kindled as they met the frank, bright gaze of hers; a gaze so frank and so transparent in its language that it was wonderful that he could for a moment misunderstand. "I have wanted you," it said; "I am distressed that you are still so cold and annoyed with me, and I wish to drive that cloud from your brow. Cannot you understand—are you not satisfied yet?"

But he was not, for he was poor and had so little to offer her, and Lord Farnham had all the gifts of fortune denied to him. Car knew this, and therefore the frank eagerness of her manner to him. He had little—almost nothing to offer, but then he was the man she loved. And because she loved, and knew it, she could not bear that he should be grieved and pained; and she longed to convey to him by such means and ways as were possible to her, the glad assurance that her heart eagerly

answered his; that she read his, and felt its passionate suffering in every fibre of her own, and that no earthly consideration weighed at all with her at that moment, save the wish to free him from his jealous pain.

Car was so sure, so decided and intrepid in her brave young spirit, now she knew, and had no doubt either of herself or him. She had no misgivings, only the wish that he should be assured and happy in the unclouded certainty of her love.

Had Adrian been in Lord Farnham's place and position, she would doubtless have had many other feelings at this point of their acquaintance, and acted in a far less frank and fearless way; because, when so much is offered besides love, in this incredulous world, the love in its pure sincerity finds little credit at all. If she had felt ten times more for Lord Farnham than she now felt for Adrian, she would probably have died with her love unspoken, and her heart for ever veiled. But she did not feel anything at all for Lord Farnham, and for Adrian she suffered in sympathetic consciousness of his suffering with an intensity that was acute pain.

So she smiled and shone on him with the sweetest sunshine in her blue expressive eyes, and his heart glowed warm with happiness in spite of himself, and in defiance of all the assurances with which he weighed it down, repeating again and again to himself persistently, that he must behave as a friend and as a man of honour to his cousin Vere Daring, and that, this bright, sweet child of hers was not for him!

But what *was* he to do, with his heart beating violently with passionate love at that moment, and with her beautiful beaming eyes upon his face? What, but restrain the pressure of his strong, eager hand, as it clasped hers, and strive to make the light in his eyes, and the smile on his lips as he answered her, as cool and as little expressive of his real self as possible?

And he did so. But it was of no use. She had read him now through and through; and for all his persistent coldness she but loved him better, and for his strong mastery over his quivering lip and drooping eyelids, she admired him more and more.

After one glance in answer to her, he let go

her hand and veiled his eyes beneath the long dark lashes that nearly touched his pale cheek; for the flush had faded from his face now, and he once again became marble white in the intensity of the struggle with himself.

"Lord Farnham," said Car suddenly, "I think you do not know my mother's cousin, Mr. Dillon; let me present you to each other," she added.

Lord Farnham smiled brightly and nodded a cheerful welcome to his acquaintance across at Adrian, who bowed in answer with a very faint smile indeed for the first instant. But presently he roused himself, and he looked up, and across at Lord Farnham in his turn now, and a more cordial response quickly brightened the glance of his steel-blue eyes; for—the fair, young countenance that smiled there opposite to him so cheerily, was very pleasant to look upon, and had a sunny *débonnaire* light in the eyes and smile that was infectious to a curious degree. Car always felt it so, with her sensitive nature, so responsive to impression and influence, and she liked talking to the young fellow, and liked hearing him laugh—though be-

yond this he had never affected her in the very least.

Lord Farnham was just what she had described him. That very nice thing—a thoroughly nice English boy. Fair, bright, and very unconscious of most things, and very particularly unconscious of any special importance attaching to himself. And Car had been right when she told her mother, that in a serious or really enduring way, he had not loved her.

Certainly, he delighted in her! and she had been the one and sole delight of Venice to him. For he hated travelling; and being abroad was altogether a nuisance to him, and no foreign place had any attraction sufficient in itself to engage his mind or his affections, or to retain him within its precincts for ten days at a time, unless some point of personal interest and attraction developed there. Car had been this central point of charm at Venice, and had made the lovely Sea-Queen City delightful to him for a whole month. But then a charming American, one Miss Flossy Ribbens, had done the same in the interval at Naples for him, had made Naples a paradise, *pro tem.*, and had driven the

memory of Venice almost beyond the Eden gates, as far as Lord Farnham's facile affections were concerned.

His pretty letter to Lady Daring which had come in reply to hers indeed, written to remind him of Rome, of Venice, and of Car and herself—that letter had been only pretty sentiment, "chivalrous and poetic," as she had asserted, but more shallow than she had discovered or realized.

And now, all this evening while he had lounged by Car's piano, quite delighted certainly to see her again; and while Adrian had struggled with his deep, strong love, as he listened to Mr. Jorrax rhodomontading, and stood in desolate misery by Lady Daring's chair; while Car had been laughing and amusing Lord Farnham, and hearing many things he had to tell her, and which in her heart it much amused her to hear, the truth and fact of the case—so unknown and so undreamt of by Lady Daring or Adrian—the fact was simply this: that of all his anecdotes, his rhapsodies, his ecstasies and his enthusiasm, "Miss Flossy Ribbens" was the unchanging theme!

And very much he amused Car and very much he had electrified the two Italians by many things which he recounted to them of this transatlantic belle.

All this Car had heard and laughed over, laughed openly, in bright response to his ceaseless talk, and secretly to herself, in her own happy heart as she felt how true her instinct had been of the lack of strength and endurance in his devotion to her at Venice. She smiled over it all to herself again now as she introduced him to Adrian.

"Ah!" said Lord Farnham, "how d'ye do? So pleased to meet you. Jorrax knows all about your Egyptian things,—you know—the things you wrote, and he says they are most awfully clever. I wish I could do it, I am sure."

"We have all our little gifts, Lord Farnham," said Car encouragingly.

"Yes, but by Jove, that kind of thing—"

"Oh, it's all a matter of taste," said Adrian. "One does naturally and easily what one likes to do."

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"Yes, just so; but by Jove, I wish I liked hieroglyphics, they're so handy, so easy to be got at, always there, you know—and have been there always too!"

"A good many of them have been *en évidence* for some time, certainly," said Adrian, neither very much perplexed nor amused at his young lordship's remarks. He was so very well accustomed to the difficulty and struggle it was to most people to say something appropriate to his particular and acknowledged pursuit—of which indeed every one felt it necessary to speak immediately they were introduced to him, whether they knew anything on the subject or not!

"So they have, by Jove!" said Lord Farnham solemnly now, and then there did not seem to be anything more on that point which he could say.

So there was a moment's pause, but instantly he brightened up again.

"Oh, did you say 'Dillon'—of course yes Jorrax said Dillon too, and I am sure I know your uncle,

old Sir Humphrey at Dillon Court. Is he not an uncle of yours?"

"He is," said Adrian, "and the only uncle I have, as far as I know."

"Fancy now, and I have got such heaps! rather a bore too, I can tell you, when they are all your guardians, and most of them don't pull together and haul you in general, each in a different way. I have often wished I had only one uncle, but I have come to the end of all that, thank goodness, now. But I say, I know yours awfully well. Farnham Towers is only about fifteen miles from Dillon Court, and when I was a little fellow, and my poor father was in India, I used often to spend my holidays there. Your aunt, the old dear, used to come and fetch me over, and I used to be so glad, and Henry was tremendously jolly to me in those days, though he was years older than I was; he used to take me out with him when he went shooting lots of times. Eh! is he not a funny fellow—always going off somewhere to the back of beyond? He got tired of potting pheasants in the splendid preserves there, and went after stags to the Highlands

when I was quite a small boy, then he went for bison to America, and then for tigers to India, and he has stuck to them and likes them best of all, eh? He is out there now, is he not?"

"He is," said Adrian, "and likes it, I believe."

"Well, I think it's rather a beastly shame to leave poor old Sir Humphrey so much alone. Do you go down to him often?"

"Whenever I can," said Adrian. "I will run down to see him when I go back to England now."

"Shall you? Well, it is a jolly old place; I've spent many a cheery day there. And, by Jove, Miss Daring, you would like it! there is such a splendid music-room, built for your aunt, was it not, Dillon? She was tremendously fond of music and art, and all that kind of thing, when she was young, and she built it when she first came there."

"I fancy my father had a great deal to do with it," said Adrian; "he was fond of music, and, as you say, 'that kind of thing;' and he persuaded

them to build that music-room, with the minstrel gallery, when he went back from Rome, and took me to England and to the Court for the first time in my life; I was about two years old. I am glad they did it, for it is a splendid room, and I like to see music honoured, for, odd to say, I am fond of the kind of thing too myself."

"So am I," said Lord Farnham, "and that reminds me, here have I been by your piano, Miss Daring, all this time, chattering nonsense to you about my pranks in Naples, and all the while you have never played. Won't you play to us?" he added in a cheery but not very enthusiastic tone. He did not really care greatly for music, and would very much have preferred to have gone on with their chatter. But Car had had enough of it; Adrian cared for music at all events, and understood always the language of what she played.

So she touched the keys in a few soft chords.

"What shall I play?" she said, and her eyes sought Adrian's once again with grave inquiry.

"Oh, anything you like," said Lord Farnham.

"Schubert," said Adrian in a low tone; and her

fingers strayed softly away into the entr'acte from "Rosamunde."

He bent his eyes to the ground, and let the sweet sounds flow over his soul; as he had done that first night when he came for the first time to the Casa Pia, and she had played, and the wondrous witchery of her lovely melodies had reached so deep into the springs of his being.

It was not merely that he listened, but he felt the stream flow over his heart and brain with a sweet, bewildering current of passionate influence which vibrated on every fibre, and echoed in the depths of his beating heart.

It was a little too serious for Lord Farnham. Music was apt to be too serious an amusement for him at all times, and this style of music was most particularly so; and as she played, after a few minutes of courteous attention, he slipped quietly away, passing behind Car's chair and drifting gradually towards the group round the tea-table, to which Lady Daring and the two Italians had now also drawn themselves away.

As the music streamed on quietly, the two at the piano were left almost alone. She played on and on, one charming thing which she knew was dear to him after another, for nearly half an hour; appealing to him for one name after another, which she loved to draw from him, because it showed how exactly he remembered all she played.

He asked for light things and serious things, for little bits of classic movements, and for bright little fantasies of yesterday, melodious and charming also in their way; for "Stephanie," and Schumann's "Schlummerlied" and "Warum;" and for a favourite valse, and for her arrangement of Lassen's lovely little song; and finally for his most especial affinity in music for the time being, Mattei's "Psyche," with which she had closed her feast of melody for them on that first evening, when the bright week of Roman pilgrimage had but just begun.

And at that point Lady Daring interrupted them. The speechless language of music, heard and uttered, given out, and so deeply received, had endured long enough—too long to her thinking,

and Lord Farnham must again be drawn forward on the scene!

A good many of the foreign guests of divers nations had melted gradually away to other assemblies, going on all over Rome at that Carnival time, on every sort of scale. And there was little to amuse Lord Farnham in what now remained.

So Lady Daring drew him back to the piano. The music, with all its sweet, speechless message, must come to an end.

Just then, one of Car's little pink fan-shaped shades, which were spread open between her eyes and the wax candle on each side the piano, caught fire. The candle had burnt itself out indeed, and in doing so had flared up and touched the red transparency, and fired it instantly. It sprang up in a bright flame; it was on the other side of the piano from Adrian, and in a very unpleasant proximity to Car's white *crêpe* dress.

It was but the work of a second; she turned, took her fingers from the keys, and drew back, but she scarcely exclaimed, and certainly did not scream; and Adrian bent across her piano, stretched

out his firm hand, and with efficient promptitude and admirable composure, he wrested the dangerous little burning fan from its brass socket, flung it on the thick Persian carpet at his feet, and stamped out the flame in a moment.

It was done; and before almost any one but themselves had observed it, the danger was at an end! but it had been imminent, for nothing could have prevented a blaze from surrounding Car in one second, if the impetuous little flaming thing had fallen, or a single spark from it had touched her dress.

It was over, but the peril for one moment had been very great. Adrian stood upright instantly he had done the deed of rescue, drew a quick, deep breath, and stamped once fiercely again. There was no need of this, the flame was dead; but it was a relief to him, and an outlet for the fire of feeling burning within himself. He stamped and threw his head up with a gesture of intense impatience—with that pain that was wearing him beyond control!

And she heaved one quick sigh also, and looked

up at him. A hot flush had swept over his face, and his eyes flashed almost with an angry fire. Her face was white as snow, now that the danger which she had taken so quietly was over, and her eyes were full of sudden tears.

They were raised to his, welling over and glistening like two deep violets full of dew.

"Thank you," she said in a low tone; "you have saved me from catching fire."

"It was not a necessary sequence," he said quietly; "it might *not* have touched your dress, but it was disagreeably near."

"It was," she whispered, and a little shiver passed over her slight frame. "Thank you," she murmured again, and then she turned from him and looked down for a moment, and then suddenly she started a little, and smiled. A white flower lay on the keys before her — a lovely spray of stephanotis, which he had worn in his coat. She had noticed it when he came into the room that evening, and now, glancing with that sudden soft smile at him again, she saw that from his coat it was gone. It had fallen from its holding as he

bent suddenly across her to wrest the burning shade from its dangerous place, and it lay there now upon her piano-keys, a lovely, snow-white, fragrant thing, unnoticed and forgotten.

She took it up, and smiled again—and he reddened still more hotly, and glanced at his empty button-hole with surprise.

She bent over the lovely flower for one instant, and inhaled its fragrance in silence; then, as her mother and Lord Farnham approached them again, she rose suddenly from her place at the piano, placing the sweet, snowy stephanotis within the delicate lace folds of her dress, and once more she looked at him with that soft, bewildering smile.

"I suppose you did not bring this lovely thing here to-night—for yourself?" she said, with a low, sudden laugh, and she touched the white flower—where it lay in her dress. "Because if so, it was very selfish of you, and I am going to appropriate it, as you see."

And she turned away to meet Lord Farnham and her mother, with a bloom of warm, bright colour rising again to her cheek.

"My dear child," her mother said, "that piano is your 'fetish.' It is charming, of course, but it absorbs you. I do wish you would move a little about the room."

"I am coming," said Car.

"Do," Lady Daring went on. "Why, you have never shown Lord Farnham your birthday-book, nor made him write in it yet. Let us do it now; where is it?"

"Here," replied Car, turning to a low table, and taking up a large volume bound in Roman vellum, beautifully embossed with a delicate tracery in gold. It had been her mother's Christmas present to her.

It was the Princess Beatrice's beautiful birthday-book, and Lady Daring, with her usual easy-going extravagance, had had the already very handsome volume rebound for Car, by Olivieri, in rich, snowy vellum, here at Rome.

She "wished Car to have tastes," as she said, to learn to "collect things," and she suggested that autographs in this royal birthday-book would be a good beginning.

Sir Frederick asserted that Car had a pretty

taste for many things definitely developed already. She had joined him, with keen interest, in a very successful hunt after quaint old Italian coins; and she had made sundry natural history collections, of such things as birds' eggs and cryptogams, during her early years of country life in England.

But Lady Daring said that autographs were a more civilized and feminine resource than any of these—so on Christmas Day they had started the birthday-book.

And in truth, if one had energy and enterprise for making such a collection, it could not be started in a better *entourage* than Rome; nor could signatures be inscribed in correspondence to a more charming selection of birthday verses and mottoes than is found in H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice's book.

And accordingly, Lady Daring, who had been the really active agent in this enterprise, had actually collected, and there caused to be personally inscribed, many signatures of unparalleled interest—French, Italian, English, or American—from all the diversified ranks of the "distinguished" in art, politics, society, or diplomacy, to be met in the

crowd collected during a winter at Rome. Several royal autographs of several nations were there, and many varieties of great names. And Lady Daring was becoming very proud of her birthday-book, and liked to bring it to the front on all proper occasions for contribution.

Lord Farnham accordingly wrote, finding his birthday confronted with four lovely little lines, which rather abashed him by their depth of sentiment, and absence of food for amusement in any way; and Mr. Swinford wrote, for he was a Greek scholar really of eminence, and a well-known name; and others wrote, one after another, scanning their particular lines with much interest and curiosity. And finally, Lady Daring called to Adrian, who had drawn a little back from the group with Sir Frederick, and was talking to him of a quiet retreat for a cigar —they were standing in the neighbourhood of the Etruscan Lamp.

"Come, Adrian, *you* have never written your distinguished name, eh, *mon cousin?* I must have it, and I shall exhibit it to everybody who talks of obelisks and hieroglyphics with unbounded pride."

He laughed in answer to her and came forward.

"My most *un*-distinguished name you mean," he said. "Do you really want me to write?"

"Of course I do; sit down, here is the pen—but you must find your birthday."

"I come in September," he said quietly, and he turned over the pages, slowly glancing with interest as he passed them, at many a noted name.

Lord Farnham having done his own part, began to talk again, and Lady Daring replied to him, and one and another joined in; so that when Adrian at last, after turning many pages, came to his own particular one, the general attention had a little strayed away —and only Car leant with one hand on the table, and watched him as he first wrote,—then read.

He signed his name rapidly, as if that at least were easily done, but he lingered over the lines. A flush mounted to his forehead, and a soft quiver of feeling passed over his face.

He pushed the book towards Car.

"Something like what we spoke of yesterday," he said, "when you told me the story of your rose."

She read, and when she looked up from the book with bright eyes, and a flush of vivid colour on her cheek, he had risen from his seat at the table, and was quietly leaving the room, slipping away as most of the guests had done, without any good night or adieu.

Once more, with eyes suffused with soft tears now again she read,—

"The fairest time of all may be,
September's golden day,
Press on, though summer waneth,
And falter not for fear,
For God can make the autumn
The glory of the year!

"I like it," she murmured low to herself, "and how nice of him to say, it was like my story of the rose!"

Five minutes later and Adrian was standing, quarrelling with himself, in the round Vestibule of Discretion, pausing before he passed into the outer corridor where were his overcoat and hat—pausing to execrate himself for having been such an idiot as to come away.

Why had he deserted the field? The reason he

knew well—because the battle was lost to him, and there remained only the safety of flight. He had tacitly assured his cousin, Vere Daring, that she might trust him, and in his poverty and (as he told himself) "obscurity," from any point of view that would be hers, how could he betray her trust? And yet, and yet, now he had once more escaped and had *not* done it, it seemed impossible for him to go.

All the other side of the question surged up instantly within him, as the curtain before the door of the large salon dropped slowly at his back,—all the other side. His love, his long loneliness and the dreariness and bitterness of it all. Why had he left? Surely, he told himself, in anger now, he had been an idiot to do it, and yet, he would not go back again.

But he paused and hesitated, and he turned and stood with his back to the rose-tinted Discretion under her pendant lamp; and he looked at the curtain hanging before the door. Almost he passed within it once more.

But suddenly, as he hesitated, the door was

opened and shut again beyond the curtain, and the rich Indian drapery was swept back, and Car came out from behind it, and stopped in the rose light of the lamp of Discretion just directly before him, not two paces from where he stood.

"Why did you go without saying good night?" she said.

"I thought—I fancied—I am sure I do not know why I did not say good night," he answered vaguely, for really he scarcely knew what he said. His brain swung with the rush of feeling which swept up over his memory of everything, like a strong, hot wave, as she stood so unconscious of his excitement, quite frank and fearless before him there.

He forgot everything, save that he loved her with a passion and a fervour that was breaking over all control. He remembered nothing, felt nothing, but the intoxicating influence of her presence, as she stood there alone with him, in the rose-lit Vestibule of Discretion, and looked up into his face. All unthinking she went on,—

"Why did you go? Are you still angry, are you still vexed with me, cannot we be happy again? tell

me, are you not satisfied? *Do* say to me that you are not angry any more."

Her hands were clasped lightly before her, her head was thrown back as she stood erect and gazed steadily into his face; and the loveliness of her, in all her fresh young beauty, was wonderful to him as she stood and questioned him there.

She was a little excited too, more so than she knew; but it only added to the warmth and glow of her rare, bright beauty, lighting up her eyes with a soft lustre, and deepening the colour on her fair cheek; and her parted lips quivered just a little as she awaited his answer, and the delicate blue veins in her white temples pulsed and throbbed suddenly, sharp and quick; and as she looked up still at him, at length, he turned his gaze upon her.

At length his lips moved in reply to her, but he only said one word.

"Angry!" he murmured, and then his voice faltered, and he could say no more.

But his eyes met hers at last, full and frankly as her own. And as he paused, and no further utterance came, there swept over his face such a

wave of passionate feeling as she had never encountered before, of feeling so strong, so fervent, so eager, so uncontrolled, that her heart suddenly gave one quick throb that seemed almost to suffocate her, and then for one moment, seemed altogether to cease beating, as she drew one step back.

His eyes glowed upon her with the fire of many feelings, all deep, contending, and uncontrollable; with tenderest gratitude, with eager solicitude, with pathos and with love ineffable, and now confessed —with a fervour that would be no longer veiled.

And in one moment more he would have poured upon her all the passionate utterances of his heart's imprisoned ecstasy of sweetness and of pain. One moment more, but it was not for this that she had come.

A wave of surprise swept over her just for one second, as she kept her gaze upon his face. Then she seemed to understand somehow—and her glance, still answering his, softened and brightened again—a little nervous quiver just touched and trembled on the firm, fearless lines of her noble young face, and that gleam of excitement flashed

curiously in her eyes. But her gaze was soft and gentle, and full of infinite sweetness now, as it lingered still a moment upon his.

Then she seemed to glance just once at the rose-tinted statue of Discretion, standing with such quiet and still protest beneath the lamp; and again she hesitated.

A great sigh broke from him, and one murmured word, with a ring of pathetic passion in his deep, eager tones—her name! The sigh shook his whole strong frame; he came a step nearer to where she stood; and she, with a sudden, vivid smile and a sweet bewildering light breaking all over her face, came one step nearer too; and she put up her hands and just laid them lightly on his shoulders, her touch resting for just one moment, with a sudden gesture that was effective and yet restraining, to quite a curious degree.

"*Buona notte, Simpatico mio,*" she said, and her voice rang like an echo of lovely music, full of tenderness, of softest passion, of her heart's sweet burden of love.

And he had not time nor chance to answer her, nor to express in his own way the love that broke forth to echo hers; for before the thrill of her touch had passed from him, or the music of her voice died away, the Indian drapery had once more been raised and had fallen again behind her, and he heard the door close as she passed into the drawing-room.

He was alone.

CHAPTER VII.

CORTILE DI BELVEDERE.

I AM quite sure that the Cortile of the Vatican is the most beautiful thing in the world. I mean Bramante's Cortile di Belvedere, with the dancing music of its fountain spray, with its columns of red porphyry and snowy marble, with its baths and sarcophagi, its statues, medallions, and its bas-reliefs; and with its four cabinets of wonder, opening from out the centre on different sides.

Other galleries of the world are full of things of beauty also; but in this enchanting place, if the sunshine of a Roman day in the early Italian spring-time is warming the marble pavement, glistening on the fountain spray, wrapping the white immortal beings of Parian and Pentelic that stand in silent majesty around us, in the lustre of a glad and living light—the whole scene is very wonderful. It is instinct with the spirit of a vigorous and vivid

genius, that while the world lasts and men are here to gaze and wonder, can never die.

The bright and active vitality of Greece in her best days seems to thrill us in the very air, and the sun-rays touching the marble and the porphyry, and the mosaic pavement, and the glistening water, with a golden lustre that adorns like the flash of a bright smile on a beautiful face, seems but to greet with crowning glory a spirit of life and light and gladness, which has drunk of the sun-rays and given forth its wealth with gratitude, through centuries, through thousands of years.

So old, so long ago, so veiled away in that bygone and silent past is the origin of all, and yet they are with us here; and in the brightness of their vitality, the vigour of their undying genius, they are as a vision always of the gladness and the active beauty of a joyous youth.

The world was young when men made these things, and the hope of the human race was high.

Since then, Art has travelled down the channels of history, through much experience and through the knowledge of bitter things. It has struggled

through tribulation, through darkness and despair, and night has rolled over the daylight again and again.

And through all the gloomy nights of despair, Art has travelled on through the world's history, clasping the failing human hand through the hours of darkness as in the morning of the days; on, on, through despair to the birth of hope again, through the blackest shadows of evil, to the dawning of the Sun of good. Till the darkening day and the blackened night which closed above the morning of Grecian art, rose again in fuller spirituality, and in beauty not less nor lower, if somewhat different in kind, in the new Art-life of Christendom when Raphael and Michael Angelo, and all the great names of the Renaissance, gave the world new hope and new standards with the revelation of the new Ideal.

We follow them, and learn and wonder, as we travel through the great galleries and the chapels, and the loggie and the stanze of the mighty Vatican now; we linger with reverence before the Transfiguration in the Pinacotheca and the Judgment in

the Sixtine Chapel; but here, in the anteroom of the presence-chamber of the Apollo and the Antinous, we seem to stand once again at the beautiful art portals of the fresh sunlit dawning of the world, when nature sang for gladness, and genius caught and re-echoed her joyous and youthful song.

The strong, sweet excitement of a great and ineffable happiness takes possession of the whole spirit as one stands in the place, and as the sunshine fills the heart anew and continually with joy.

And on a bright February morning, such as the one which broke once more in beauty over Rome the day following Lady Daring's reception, the Cortile of the Vatican was full of enchantment and charm.

It was Saturday, and a day on which the public were expelled; but all the more it was a day on which Lady Daring liked to come here, because it particularly pleased her to do things in this tourist-crowded city, when no one else could do them in a general way.

After Adrian left her the night before, she had arranged with Lord Farnham that they should all

spend the following morning together; and as she had by her a special 'permit'—obtained through an English Cardinal well known and much sought after in her Roman world—she suggested "the Vatican" as a fair retreat from all chance of public intrusion for that particular day.

The Calthorpes were, of course, included in the invitation to join their party, as usual for the time being; and Mrs. Calthorpe said quite as a matter of course that she would communicate with Mr. Dillon in the early morning, and tell him the plans. And Lady Daring could not make any reasonable objection to this, even if she could have found it in her heart to be so unkind as to leave him out.

And he had accepted, because the course of his reflections during the past night had taken quite a new turn. As Car had put it, he was "satisfied," satisfied on several points. Lord Farnham no longer troubled him; his cousin Vere Daring's unreserved remarks on this young peer and his advantage had quite faded from Adrian's mind; and in their place had come the memory of Car's blue, dewy eyes, as she had stood opposite to him before the curtained

doorway in the Vestibule of Discretion last night; and the echo of soft passion that vibrated in her musical voice, as she uttered those last few words in sweet Italian speech, remained with him every moment of the night and through the bright dawn of the morning—telling him to be disconsolate and lonely no longer in his hard and weary life, but to be courageous, determined, and very hopeful and glad.

And he was glad with a wondrous, ineffable gladness, as he answered the summons to go with them to the Vatican to-day.

He was strong, he had told himself, he had talents and gifts of a rare kind, fully sufficient to work his way with energy, to crown his career with honour, if he had but the wish and the will. He had had little of either hitherto, but they had come to him now. He loved. He had known that he had awoke to love again, many days ago; but the waking had been to a hastily clouded morning of quick despair.

But he had learnt a new thing as he stood there by the statue of Discretion; something was

now sure and known to him, which he had but doubtfully, vaguely, and fearfully felt—just "might be" before.

Now he knew it—she loved him, and her sweet, frank nature almost avowed its love.

And as the sense of this filled him with an inward glory that was ineffable and inscrutable in its depths, and its brightness, and its joy, there came to him the recollection of the mother's words, speaking of another and of a different experience in his life, as he had walked with her in the ilex Avenue of the Villa Mattei some days ago.

"You never thought of *her*," Vere Daring had said, speaking of the Cecilia of his youth, "men never do, you only thought how you would go away and bury your own pain, in work and abstraction; and you went without waiting to question what pain might remain behind you for her to bear."

Or some such words as these. The thought came back to him of the compunction which he had felt for many hours after that talk in the ilex shade, as the new idea was borne in upon him, the

new and very true idea, of the completeness with which he had centred all consciousness of sensation and of suffering upon himself.

How his own consolation through hard work and deep, difficult study had been the central object of his life, and how he had hugged, for long, blank years to his heart the assurance, that the dull and numb indifference which grew like a moss upon a ruin over his whole nature, had been recovery that was healthful and real.

He saw it all, he heard her words of reproach and condemnation once more knocking at his heart; and he saw, too, Car's sweet, frank eyes, as they looked up in the rose light of the lamp of Discretion, and melted to dewdrops as they rested on his face.

So he came to the Vatican, with certain new views formulating in his mind; and he did not care in the least for Lord Farnham now, nor for all the others of their circle of *intime* and habitual friends who were with them there.

It was about twelve o'clock; they had already

done a great deal since they had arrived at an early hour.

They had had a pleasant drive there from the Piazza di Spagna, along the Via Babuino and over the Angelo Bridge; and Car had secured some years of bliss for Lord Farnham, Adrian Dillon, Mr. Calthorpe, and herself (who were for that morning the four inmates of the Daring barouche) by seeing "a priest, a donkey, and an old man" as they came across the Ponte,—this being an omen of good fortune as unfailing in its promise as is the draught of the waters of Trevi, which ensures your return to Rome.

And already they had gone up the Scala Regia, and traversed—rather rapidly, perhaps, because Mr. Jorrax (who of course knew every corner of the Vatican) was their cicerone in chief—traversed the Stanze and the Loggie of Raphael, the Chapels of San Lorenzo, (with its lovely frescoes by Fra Angelico) the Paolina, and the Sixtine. The Pinacotheca —the grand gallery on the upper story above the Loggia of Gregory XIII.—was closed for repairs just at this time, so they missed the great pictures on

that occasion, for they could not go there; but they did a marvellous deal in a short space of time, under Mr. Jorrax's guidance, without this.

Several of their party, the Calthorpes, Sir Frederick, and Lady Daring also, knew the Vatican from the colonnades at the entrance to the last picture in the Pinacotheca as well as Mr. Jorrax did. But then it was Lord Farnham's first visit, and Adrian Dillon's likewise; and, indeed, amid all the more volatile engagements of a Roman winter season, Car had only been there once before.

"So some one must organize and guide," Lady Daring said, and with much amusement and satisfaction she allotted to Mr. Jorrax the post. He carried them along with alacrity, and they saw much.

It was serious sort of work, and Lord Farnham found it a trial, although Lady Daring had a wonderful knack of enlivening the most serious expeditions which Rome and its arts or ruins could suggest to them; and she had often lit up Mr. Jorrax's sententious remarks with a gleam of liveliness this morning, usurping the post of cicerone occasionally and making remarks on her own account.

She knew much about most things they saw, quite as much as Mr. Jorrax; and her annotations and little biographical reminiscences, culled from much diversified reading on Rome, were often more appropriate, always more lively than his.

The Sixtine Chapel, she persisted, probably from opposition to him, never did impress her, save as a triumph of mediæval art. She drew Lord Farnham's attention to the ceiling (which Mr. Jorrax was about to explain rapidly to them in a few comprehensive phrases), and she said it always did appear an odd idea to her the way it had pleased the great Maestro Michael Angelo to pair the prophets and the sibyls so neatly together on triangular compartments of the ceiling's wondrous design. It was odd, she said, of him to have thought of it, and she wondered if the idea was originally his own, and on what principle he had attached them, Joel with the Sibilla Erithræa, Ezekiel and Persica, Daniel with the Sibilla Cumæa, and Isaiah and Delphica, while between these solemnly great men and those Sibyls of inspiration and mystery there was, as far as she knew, no historical or scriptural association whatsoever. "Yes,"

Lady Daring said, "it was odd, and very hard upon the prophets."

She showed Lord Farnham Midas with the ass's ears, meant for Biagio of Cesena in the Inferno of the Last Judgment, and told him the anecdote to which it applied, and said she always liked Michael Angelo because he was so ready in repartee.

"Let the Pope reform the world, and the pictures will soon reform themselves," he had said when Biagio suggested the draping of those marvellous forms of bliss or misery in that great Last Judgment of the Sixtina, and when Daniele da Volterra, from thence called the "*Braghettone*," was sent to do for Michael Angelo's picture what he refused to do for it himself! "It was to spite Biagio of Cesena, the chamberlain who had suggested the Braghettone's reforms, that Michael put him in the Inferno with donkey's ears," Lady Daring had gone on to say, "and when he appealed to be removed from there, the Pope showed also some wit. 'Nay,' he said, 'I can release from Purgatory, Messer Biagio; but, alas! in the Inferno I have no power. If you are there, I cannot help you—you must stay.'"

So, Lady Daring had talked, and done her best to enliven for young Lord Farnham their excursion through the galleries and the chapels; but it had all been rather dull, because he had in reality been tried severely by this feast of art, and no one indeed of the whole party had been doing what they wished to do. Mr. Calthorpe wished to go off to the Etruscan Museum, for pictures already known to him were not in his line. Sir Frederick had a "permit" to go into the Vatican gardens, where he wished to make a sketch, and he was impatient to betake himself there. Mrs. Calthorpe was anxious to please her conjugal belonging by going with him wherever he might wish to go.

"The Etruscan Museum," he whispered, "unless, indeed, Dillon would come to the Egyptian Gallery instead."

Dillon! As for Adrian Dillon, he did not care at that particular moment as they stood in the Sixtine Chapel and became mutually and avowedly impatient over each other's tastes, he did not care for the finest flight of Michael Angelo's genius among the prophets and the sibyls, or even in the Inferno,

where Charon ferried his unhappy victims across the Styx; nor did it seem to matter very especially to him when or how the treasures of Etruria had been excavated, and the trophies of Egypt been ranged in the Vatican halls, not in the least did he care.

He wanted just one thing, and that *one* was for hours of the sunny morning denied to him. He wanted ten minutes' conversation with Car, and he did not wish to say one single word on—art.

Once he thought he had got his chance. They were in the third Stanza of Raphael, beyond the second range of Loggie upstairs, and she stopped him suddenly while the others, in a group headed by Jorrax, swept on.

She stopped, and he instantly stayed also, his very impatient steps. There was a picture above the window on the left hand. It was the waking of St. Peter by the angel, as he lay in prison and in chains, between two sleeping soldiers—on guard. It is a Raphael, and it is lovely beyond all words: you gaze on the scene through the prison window, the golden light behind the bars, shining with a beauty

and a soft delicate lustre that is wonderful. The Angel-presence amid the darkness of the dreary night seems a thought familiar—it is not strange to us—we have known it long. It is lovely depicted here, and gladdens the heart as we look upon the tired and suffering disciple, and know the heavenly power of deliverance that bright Angel-messenger bears.

"I have only been here once before," said Car, softly, "but I do often remember and think of that picture."

"It is very lovely," he said; "what a wonderful effect of light and colour!"

"Is it not? That soft glow of an ineffable lustre behind the prison bars. And don't you think there is marvellous effect in the Angel-figure? It gives one quite a feeling of the quick descent in a sort of sweeping, rapid movement, unknown to earth. And then the intense sleep of the prisoner and the guards, in such contrast to the vivid and brilliant wakefulness of the heavenly face. It does seem so wonderful that he should be sleeping there, in chains, in prison, in mortal peril, threatened with

every sort of terrible thing, and that deliverance and omnipotent help is bending so closely above him; and he knows nothing, sees and hears nothing, till he awakes at the touch of the Seraph, and sees that his salvation has come. I remember it so often. That lovely picture, since I last came here, has said much in memory to me; I am so glad that you should see it."

"I daresay, you have worked some of your own pretty thought-pictures out of your memory of it," he answered; "it brings one even now, immediately, to me."

"You see meanings in it," she said; "so do I. There are so many; what is yours?"

"It seems to me," he answered, "that so many of us may be asleep in various phases and faculties of our being—glad to sleep, that we may find forgetfulness of what hangs upon our spirits like heavy chains: and in many forms the angelic being may come, and touch our stagnant, sleeping souls, and so quicken them to new liberty and life. I know," he added in a low tone, "that it has been so with me."

She looked quickly at him; his eyes, grave and full of infinite tenderness, rested full upon hers. He thought his time had arrived at length then. But nay, the rest of the party came suddenly back upon them in a moment. They had had enough of the Stanze di Raphael, and wished to stroll round to the entrance to the sculpture gallery now.

The chance was plucked from him just as he thought that in full and golden fruition it was his.

And it did not recur again until they had walked round, all together in a body, to the back entrance behind St. Peter's, where, after passing up the steep slope of the Via dei Fondamenti, by the coach-houses of the Pope, and skirting outside the Vatican gardens, they reached the foot of the staircase, leading to the hall of the Greek Cross, where Sir Frederick promptly deserted them and turned into the garden to begin his sketch.

The others, still all trooping together, and led by Mr. Jorrax, passed through the great iron gates opposite the galleries of the library, ascended the stairs, and strolled slowly through the hall into the

Rotonda, across the room of the muses, and by the gallery of the animals, to Bramante's court.

And there, Mr. Jorrax was prepared to be as eloquent as he had wished and failed to be in the Sixtine Chapel, but again his intentions were undermined.

Mr. Calthorpe could stand it no longer, and he branched off and went back towards the Egyptian Museum by the hall of the Greek Cross.

Lord Farnham was fascinated by the animals, and retraced his steps for further inspection after one glance round the Cortile, which he said was "very jolly indeed."

Lady Daring found herself strolling back with him, as no one else seemed particularly disposed to do so in her stead.

Mrs. Calthorpe took Mr. Jorrax in hand, and drew him gently backwards also, in the footsteps of her husband, who she knew would be dull in the Egyptian Museum alone.

And Adrian and Car, standing by the fountain, and watching its silver sunlit spray, suddenly turned, and looked straight at one another; and she smiled,

with a vivid colour mounting to her cheek, and a bright sweet light in her eyes. And Adrian uttered one exclamation of delight and heaved a quick sigh of satisfaction and of relief.

Then for one moment they were silent. The scene was so fair around them, so bright, so ethereal, so effective, they could not but be silent for that pause, of such ineffable sweetness to both—silent, and look one upon the other, and then around and above them, and again upon the sunlit silver of the fountain spray.

They were alone, and the scene was enchanting: it was enough for the moment to be still and to enjoy.

"Come, then," Car said, before Adrian had murmured a word beyond that utterance of satisfaction, "Come."

And she went slowly across the sunlit Cortile, towards the cabinet of Canova.

"You know you must see it all," she added very demurely then.

"I do not think," he answered quietly as he walked along slowly by her side, "I do not think, if

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it is all the same to you, at this moment, that I want to see anything more."

"Oh, yes, you do; you must see them; you have forgotten what there *is* to see!"

"Yes," he answered, "I think I had forgotten, and I do not exactly care about it all just now."

"Oh, yes, you do; what will Mr. Jorrax say to us? Look, this is the little Canova room, and the Boxers, and the Perseus the 'Consolatrice,' who were put here on this pedestal to make up for the loss of Apollo when he was taken away."

"Creugas and Damoxenus, the boxers!" exclaimed Adrian, his thoughts arrested in spite of himself. "How excellently good, they are the nearest things to the old Greek ideal I have seen."

"Yes; so they say," said Car. "La Madre says the Cain in the Pitti is even more Greek—but then as Cain was not a Grecian I do not see how that can be. But come, let us go through the other cabinets; there are four, and if you like these, well —what will you think of the Apollo and the Laocoon?"

They sauntered slowly together side by side

across the bright marble pavement shot with warm sun-rays; and from corner to corner of the Cortile they passed into the little cabinet of the Antinous or the Mercury, as it may be, from S. Martino ai Monti,—that faultless marble being, Domenichino's inspiring study, and Poussin's ideal of perfection in the symmetry and the grace of youth; and from there across the court again to the presence-chamber of the Sun-God, the Apollo Belvedere!

"Hah!"

> " 'The lord of the unerring bow,
> The God of life, and poesy, and light,
> The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
> The shaft has just been shot—'

How does it go on? I forget the rest of the description," said Adrian, from whose lips had flowed unbidden the lines of Childe Harold—as he stood before the Apollo Belvedere.

"I forget how they go on," said Car, "but I always hold with the idea of the shaft and the bow."

"Ah! they begin to think now it is an instru-

ment of Greek husbandry that he holds broken in his hand, do they not?" said Adrian; "and some go with the idea of the head of Medusa, with which he has been turning the army of the Gauls to stone. But, no, I prefer your taste and Childe Harold. It is a bow, and he has just shot the "arrow bright with an immortal's vengeance," and I am inclined to think with Winckelmann it is the great serpent Python that he has just slain. What a glorious fellow! How do the lines end, let me remember,—

> " 'All that ideal beauty every bless'd
> The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,
> When each conception was a heavenly guest,
> A ray of immortality, and stood
> Starlike around, until they gather'd to a god.'

Well, I have seen many a cast and duplicate of this, but, like the eyes of the Cenci, nothing comes in the least near the original after all."

"And now," said Car, "we have only to see the Laocoon, and then we must go and join my father in the gardens, for he told me to come and tell him when it was nearly one o'clock. He has to leave then for an hour, because of the Pope, you know."

Before the Laocoon they paused a little longer, and Sir Frederick and his injunctions that he was to be kept awake to a sense of time was almost forgotten.

The Laocoon enthralled Adrian as almost nothing else had done. And over Car's spirit, as she stood by him and gazed, there fell the same sympathetic pathos, which had thrilled her when she stood by him in the Barbarini, before Beatrice Cenci, in their pilgrimage of the other day. And a quick sigh broke from her, her lips quivered, and her eyes suffused with deep unshed tears.

The grand mysterious thing so affected her, she could not gaze on it unmoved.

"It is the wonder of wonders," said Adrian at length. "It is the greatest thing in pentelic work which our world has ever seen."

"So Michael Angelo said," whispered Car. "'*Il portento dell' Arte*,' he called it. How I wish I had been in Rome in the time of Julius, on the day when they brought the Apollo and the Laocoon here! I read about it in a French book once; I re-

member so well the description—it was wonderful—of the triumphal procession of this group from the baths of Titus here; how the people trooped in multitudes round the moving statues, shouting and singing and flinging roses and lilies upon them all the way. I should like to have seen it."

"So should I," he answered. "Yes, to be sure, it was at the baths of Titus when Pliny wrote of it, and tells us of the Rhodian, the favoured of the gods, by whom it was made. Hawthorne says 'it is like the passion of the raging sea, calm from its immensity; or like the tumult of Niagara, which does not seem to be tumult because it pours for ever.' That immortal agony, for which no deliverance has come, in all these thousand years, with that strange calmness of despair and that dignity of endurance, is a wonderful and very awful thing. How much one has read of it, how often one has thought of it! I am glad at length to see it here."

"Do you think," said Car slowly, after a moment's pause, "that it has a meaning?"

"That is the point on which all critics in all

times that have been, are disagreed; I go with the view of the mythical meaning, that it is the legend of the priest of Troy who advised the burning of the Grecian horse of wood, and who would have saved the city—struck blind by the vengeance of Minerva, who favoured the army of Greece, and in his blindness destroyed with his two sons by the python sent by her. But like all the greatest work of Greece, I think it has a meaning beyond the illustration of mythical legend. I think it is a German writer, I do not remember exactly which, because I have read so many interpretations in different tongues, but I fancy it was Lübke and not Lessing, who says it embodies the allegory of the inevitable fate, the foe inscrutable, the evil unseen, which stings and coils and closes tighter round the doomed; a power of cold invisible evil, from whose slow-twining hold man cannot free himself, and which he never sees and can never analyze, though it slowly crushes him to destruction and death. It is destiny, and if his destiny be evil, then there is nothing left for him but endurance, stoical composure, and the hero's power to die,—

"'Laocoon's torture—dignifying pain,
A father's love, and mortal's agony,
With an immortal's patience blending:'

That was the ultimate of heroic dignity in the Greek ideal—endurance before all that was inevitable, and calmness in facing despair. And the foe we cannot see, because our eyes are holden, the evil thing they knew as '*fate*,' was the one power against which all resistance was useless, the single force before which the most valiant were paralyzed."

"Do you not think," Car murmured after a little pause of intense feeling, which seemed to thrill them both with quick magnetic sympathy, as they stood side by side, and gazed in silence at the mighty group; and after she had thought a little sadly over his last words, for he had spoken with a deep personal understanding of this interpretation of the Laocoon and his foe unseen, unscrutable, and so utterly unconquerable as well—he had spoken as of a feeling which had far deeper interest for him than its merely classical association—as of an experience which he recognized and knew. "Do you not think

that the blindness and the serpent are something like the sleep and chains of St. Peter in the painting we saw in the Stanza di Raphael just now? Neither see their foe, yet the fetters are as close round the limbs of St. Peter as are the python's coils round the Trojan priest; only in one there is embodied, despair and the type of endurance, stoical endurance, as the highest hope for man —the other points to a new and all-conquering hope—the angel bending over our dreaming spirit for our deliverance, touching the chains, and causing them to slacken and fall, bringing a bright luminous dawn upon the darkness of our blinded eyes, and calling to 'be of good cheer,' for 'despair is lost in victory for ever.' Do you not think one may take these two together as a type of the contrast between the darkness and despair of the highest pagan hope, as sculptured in this group of Destiny, and the dawn of the new light of the Christian day? So it comes to me, at least, and I shall always remember the painting and the statue as telling me these two things; but I should not

have thought of it if you had not explained the Greek idea to me—thank you so much for it, I am so very glad you did."

"Then in the Christian reading of the Laocoon allegory, you think his sight would have returned to him, and he would have been enabled to unwind the fatal coil?"

"Yes, assuredly I do; and, do you know, I think as one looks around and sees such multitudes suffering and wrestling in the close-tightening coils of an adverse and evil power they call persistenly 'fate,' that when we help even a very little, just to unwind it for them, or help to teach them how to unravel it from around themselves, that we are doing the highest work which we learn in the great Art-Studio of Life, which we talked of the other day, and that it is the best and deepest human impulse with which the genius of the great Maestro imbues us, as we study in His school. Do you not think so? I shall always try to feel and remember it, when I see some one in the fatal coils of some evil thing."

"And I think I shall remember it too," mur-

mured Adrian; "or at least I shall never forget, that *you* gave me that meaning here."

"I do like to find meanings," she answered, "and, oh, I am so glad that you like it too. But," she added suddenly, as he was about to answer her, "we have forgotten all about my father, and the Pope will be coming. I am sure he has never remembered, and he will be horrified; it must be nearly one o'clock."

It *was* nearly one o'clock, and at that hour his Holiness, who, since there has been a king at the Quirinal, is never seen in the streets of his pontifical city, takes a drive in the gardens of the Vatican, in a great carriage, with liveries in half state, which is drawn up to receive him before that entrance to the palace, which leads into the gardens and which also opens to the foot of the galleries' great public stair.

There are two huge iron-wrought gates at the foot of these stairs, and a passage crosses just outside them leading from the garden entrance to the court beyond. The staircase of the Sculpture Halls turns off on the left side of this wide corridor as you enter, and on the right are two or three great

gates closing in the galleries of the library, which run by the side of the Garden la Vigna and the large Cortile (not Bramante's) di Belvedere, round by the back of the Duomo to the private palace of the Pope.

Along this gallery he comes almost daily about one o'clock, carried in his crimson chair, and passing through the gates of the libraries, across and along the bit of stone paved corridor to the entrance where his carriage waits.

About an hour later he traverses the corridor again on his return on foot. And while these two daily transits of his Holiness are made across the corner of this corridor, which belongs to the public entrance to the museum, as well as to his private way to his own residence in the Vatican, the great iron-wrought gates, lined with frosted glass, which stand at the foot of the stairs, are swung shut, and no one may pass in until the Pope has gone by to his carriage, or returned again.

Car knew all this, and knew also that it was *étiquette* for her father to leave the precincts of the gardens during the Pope's drive; and although Sir

Frederick was personally well known to his Holiness, and had full permission from lofty ecclesiastical sources for his presence there, still he wished to observe with all respect this point of *étiquette*, and had therefore requested Car to come and remind him of the hour, for he forgot everything when he was sketching, and took no count of time.

So away they hurried, she and Adrian together, to tell Sir Frederick that it was almost one o'clock; and as they passed through the picture-gallery they signed and nodded to Lady Daring and Lord Farnham, who were sauntering among the fauns and satyrs down at the far end. Lady Daring knew all about the Pope and his daily movements also, and understood what Car was going to do, and so she sat down on the bench of an affable custodian in the Hall of Animals, and proceeded to await everybody's return. For she and Lord Farnham had had quite enough of sight-seeing for at least one day; but they were obliged to await the reassembling of the party near the point where they had scattered here.

The Calthorpes and Mr. Jorrax had quite eva-

porated for the time being, and there was no knowing when they might reappear; so she and Lord Farnham settled down to patience, having given the custodian a couple of lire for his bench, and they amused each other very well on many topics far enough removed from the Vatican or from any reference to art.

Meanwhile Adrian and Car hurried down towards the gardens.

"*Presto, presto,*" said the old custodian at the gate, "the Pope is coming, in a moment his Holiness's carriage will be here."

They hurried on along the broad walk, and presently discovered Sir Frederick.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" he said; "I am just getting on so capitally, and should soon have finished. However—"

And with a very bad grace he gathered up his things. They walked back to the garden entrance again, all three together, Sir Frederick grumbling volubly, Car trying in vain to console him, and Adrian much amused.

When they reached the entrance, the Pope's carriage was there.

"Dear me, we have just escaped in time!" Car exclaimed, with some consternation.

"I wish," growled Sir Frederick, with a good-humoured pretence of annoyance, "I wish we had not escaped at all. But I will tell you what—I shall not go in to the museum; I should begin looking about at everything, and probably Jorrax would buttonhole me, and I should never get back to my sketch. Look here, I will just saunter down the slope here to the coach-houses, and have a look at the state carriages and all that, and I will eat my sandwich quietly—for I've got one in my pocket—and when his Holiness goes in to luncheon, I will go back to my drawing again. And will you go up and tell your mother, Car, that she need not wait for me, nor come after me to the gardens again, for I shall not go home for the present, and I have got all I want in my pocket for my support through a day's hard work? I do want so much to finish my sketch in there; it is such a nice bit of view."

"Very well," said Car.

"And I feel we have done our duty," said Adrian, "in warning you out. We leave now all responsibility to you."

"All right; I shall be back before sunset. You go on, Car, will you, and tell your mother not to wait?"

And he turned down the sloping roadway to the coach-house, from where he proposed to watch impatiently for the Pope's return.

Car and Adrian turned into the stone corridor again. In their absence, even for so short a time, the place had filled up with custodians in their long blue coats and red facings and flat caps, and with the Swiss Guard, in their quaint uniform of stripes of yellow and red and black—strange figures of a bygone time—they become familiar in the Vatican, and are seen in no other place in the world.

"The Pope is coming!" exclaimed a chorus of urgent voices as they turned into the corridor. "If you want to enter, you must come quickly, and pass at once through the gates and up the stairs. No one may linger, no one may stand to see him pass-

ing. Go up quickly—the gates will immediately be shut."

And up the stairs they sprang with alacrity, just a few steps, then the great iron-wrought gates, with their dim glass lining, were swung slowly together, and the pathway of the Pope's journey secured and guarded effectually away. At the same moment the opposite gates, on the right side of the corridors, that closed in the galleries of the library in a general way, were swung slowly open; and as Adrian and Car also turned to watch with interest the proceedings, they could just see, as the gate on their side swung heavily to, that the other opposite expanded, and were instantly lined by the Swiss Guard.

Car was greatly excited, although she had had, with her mother, an audience of his Holiness, and had seen the august personage in his own private residence face to face; still, she was so ready always, in her eager enthusiasm and interest, that she was quite childishly excited now, and so disappointed when the gates were closed and all the hoped-for vision obscured, so vexed, that Adrian was at

first much amused, and then distressed beyond measure at her disappointment, which was undisguised.

"Oh, I should like to have seen him!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and turning her blue eyes appealingly on the dark face of the huge goodnatured-looking custodian who stood on guard on this side the gate. "May we not just see him?" she added in Italian; "we will not move nor utter the faintest sound, I promise you; but do just let us see."

The big Italian smiled encouragingly, and a shrewd gleam came into his black eyes. He put his hand up on the iron bar of the great portal, and touched a little spot on the glass lining which they had not noticed before; and then he smiled again, and the shrewd light of explanation and suggestive intelligence gleamed oddly in his eyes. Adrian understood at once, and slipped a five-lire piece into his hand. The effect was magical; for in the frosted glass lining of the gate there sprang back instantly, just a little way, a tiny window, and the view into the corridor, upon the gates extended

open in front of them, and along the passage of the library was clear.

And at that moment there came in sight, far along the dark vista of the gallery, an effect of crimson, or rather of a deep rose tint, a rich, warm bit of colour moving rapidly towards them along the dusky shades of the passage that led away into the mysteries of the Vatican palace, with its tortuous and shadowy ways.

"Kneel down," murmured the custodian, "you can see better; the aperture is so low. Kneel down, signorina, and look close to the gate."

Car eagerly obeyed him, and on the broad stone steps of the stair she knelt, with her gaze bent closely to the little opening.

"Oh, I can see so beautifully," she said in a low tone of intense enjoyment, which was amusingly youthful and *naïve;* "I can see the whole long shadowy way to the end of the gallery, and it is so picturesque and so curious to see him. Oh, you look too," she said, turning eagerly to Adrian, "or look instead of me. You have never seen him, and I have," she urged him, and she held out her hand

in her impulse of haste and eagerness and drew him down, kneeling on the broad stone steps by her side.

"There is an old Italian proverb," whispered Adrian, as he gazed also through the little open space, "I wonder if our custodian knows it, 'You may shut the door, but, beware of the window!' I dare say there is not a single portal of wood, or bronze, or iron in the whole Vatican of mediæval history that has not got an aperture like this—it is very thrilling," he murmured, with a low laugh, "this process has a strong flavour of the Inquisition."

"Hush, hush," she murmured, pressing his hand to silence him, for in the eagerness of her excitement she allowed hers to rest still in his clasp, "hush, do look; the dear old man; how interesting, how picturesque to see him! Look, he is coming quite near. Hush!" she repeated.

And "Silenzio, silenzio, grazie, signori," echoed the very treacherous custodian above their heads.

They were silent, and looked with breathless eagerness across the corridor to the other side. And

it was a picturesque, mediæval, and very interesting sight.

The quaint little procession seemed to walk down the track of bygone years—down the vista of history—to pass through this dim corner of the Vatican so quietly now. As they came along the beautiful gallery, it was like a picture of the olden times; and silent and hushed, like the past of which it told, was the progress of the small procession. And yet so perfect the performance, in this small, quiet corner, of all pontifical *étiquette* and state. The effect of colouring was all in that bright, warm rose—for they carried his Holiness in a rose-velvet and gold-embroidered sedan chair, and before him came the Swiss Guard, and between them and the chair a ring of attendants in rose satin, and four tall pole-bearers in rose colour carried the sedan; and as they swept round the corner of the corridor, passing out of the galleries towards the entrance, where the great chariot stood, and as they crossed the foot of the stairs, Car murmured with enthusiasm and delight, for she saw distinctly the delicate fragile profile, and the gray bending head of the

august Prisoner of the Vatican—imprisoned within its mystic precincts by the decree and sole will of himself!

The gentle, studious, thoughtful countenance, which looked like a vision from the dreamland of history, was turned a little away, but they could see clearly the fine outline, and the wistful abstracted gaze; and Car heaved a sudden quick sigh of deepest interest and solicitude, as the rose-crimson procession swept rapidly towards the entrance gate, and the Swiss Guards and the attendants closed in behind the sedan, and hid it from their sight.

She sighed, and turned again upon Adrian, with softly suffused eyes. He still held her hand, and her fingers had clasped his closely in her eagerness, that he should look out through the window and see. And he knelt thus beside her, his head bending, his shoulder touching hers; and the custodian, blandly smiling, stood watchfully above them, like a beneficent geni encouraging fate.

And Car had been so little conscious of it all; so utterly unaware of anything save the fun of the

whole thing, the enjoyment of doing it with Adrian, and the excitement of this stolen vision of the Pope!

But now, as she turned, and her lips parted to exclaim, and to call for his sympathy in the interest of the sight, she paused, and a warm flush rose quickly to her cheeks.

For Adrian, kneeling there, as she had told him to kneel, holding her hand and bending with her, as she thought, to gaze through the little aperture, his broad shoulder touching hers—was not gazing eagerly through the window, not taking any particular interest in the Pope! He was looking straight at her, his eyes resting so tenderly upon her flushed face, and his lip curling with soft amusement, at the enthusiasm and the excitement, which lit up the bright sparkle of her eyes and smile, with a lustre which was delightful to him, and which he had contemplated in bliss undisturbed all the time she had been peering at the Pope.

She blushed deeply, and rose instantly to her feet; but he kept his light clasp upon her hand,

holding it firmly in his, and they turned up the stairs together.

"Let us go back to the Cortile," she said, and a curious grave expression chased the sparkle of amusement from her bright eyes. Some new thought had come to her instantly, as she had turned then, and met the light in his eyes resting so lingeringly upon hers. Some changed thought, which altered the whole line of her actions from what it had been all this morning before.

She had been warding off, she had been drawing away, from corner to corner of the Cortile, from side to side; she had been guarding the sweet ineffable vagueness—which had characterized their intercourse during all this time of enjoyment (which to her had been complete), and she had been escaping away from that necessity of a clear definition of what all this meant—all this that was so magically charming between them, and which she felt, a few words, once uttered, must drag forth from behind its veil of sweet mystery, into the cold, practical realization of daylight.

She had done this all the morning with in-

genuity that was often dexterous indeed, but now she changed; some instinct told her that she had met the inevitable—that the hour had come.

She let her hand remain clasped in his; she almost forgot that he held it there.

"Let us go back to the Cortile," she said; and then not another word was spoken while they walked side by side, hand clasped in hand, up the stairs, through the Rotunda, through the Muses' Hall, on, on, till they reached the Cortile of the Belvedere again.

And even then she did not pause. She drew him gently forward, and on through the Cortile, into the round vestibule, and through it again, on to the balcony of the Belvedere, where is the old sundial from somewhere near the Colosseum, and where, outstretched before them, was one of the fairest and brightest views in the world.

The sun glistened on the Alban and the Sabine hills, bounding the horizon far away beyond the Campagna; to the west, Monte Mario and its fringe of dark pines rose against the bright, blue sky; and Rome lay at their feet beyond the walls of the

Vatican, clustering round the limits of the shady and sequestered gardens of the Pope. It was very charming, it was full of sunshine and smiling—like the joyous lovelit view over the vista of a young happy life! And it was tuned harmoniously, in its nature song of joy, to the dancing and melodious music of Car's young happy heart.

He held her hand still lightly clasped in his, and his eyes turned eagerly upon her face for a moment. She looked across the glad bright landscape. A moment—he was silent—and his clasp tightened upon hers. Then the words came, as she held her head high and looked away from him, towards the sunlit Albano hills.

"May it then really be?" he said in a low deep tone. "May I—?" and again he paused.

He got no further in his say; the sweet eyes were turned upon him, the blue-violet depths dewed with soft tears, the quivering lips were parted, and the slender fingers he held in his eager clasp twined closer, more firmly into his. He waited one moment, and then he saw, and felt assured in his glad heart, that he needed no answer in words. And he bent

his bronze-brown head, and raised the hand resting so trustfully in his, and once and again he touched it softly with his lips.

"Mine, mine," he murmured, "for ever; for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, Car? For poorer, indeed, it perhaps may be. For, you know—"

"We can never be really poor, Adrian," she whispered softly; "never really, while we are—together."

Just then there came the echoes of Lady Daring's light laugh behind them, and they turned.

She was there, and Lord Farnham and the Calthorpes, and Mr. Jorrax, and they were all quite desperate with each other. It was long past luncheon-time; they had all been lost in different directions, and it was a miracle that at length they had met. And they were hungry to a degree that was quite ravenous, and were all more tired of pictures and museums, of Egypt and Etruria, and of sculpture, of art of every kind, than words could say.

And every one of them scampered off in the

direction of the entrance, which was always going towards luncheon at least.

Only Lady Daring paused. She looked slowly from one to the other of the two bright faces turned upon her in the balcony of the Belvedere—and a low exclamation of dismay broke from her—for she saw, and she read unquestionably, that—the worst had occurred!

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE AND HIEROGLYPHICS.

"You know, Adrian, you ought *not* to have done it." So Lady Daring said.

It was late in the afternoon, and her tea-time, and she had got him into her pretty boudoir alone, and she had meant to have given him her mind, and to have been very disagreeable; but, after all, she had so much real affection for him, that when he came at her bidding, and sat down there on the little *causeuse* opposite to hers, on the left side of the triangle of the fireplace, inside the Spanish morocco screen, this was all she could say by way of severity to him, and his eyes fell for a moment in pensive and not very sincere contrition as she spoke.

"You ought not to have done it, and that you know."

"I did not do it," he said quietly; "it was Cecilia Metella—she did it, Vere, the first evening I came to see you here."

Lady Daring's colour rose, and her eyes glistened with soft emotion.

"My dear cousin, what do you mean?"

"I do not exactly know how to tell you, because I do not myself quite understand," he answered. "But perhaps you can explain it to me. Till that night, Vere, Cecilia Metella was with me always; she knew my fidelity, and in moments of life's deep emotions she was ever in the spirit by my side. She lived in all beauty for me, in all nature, in all poetry, in all art. That night, as I looked up for her among the stars above the Trinità dei Monti, while every bell in Rome was chiming midnight, and the air was alive with the peal of glorious sound, she took farewell of me for ever; from my heart and soul she let go her hold, and she set my fidelity free, and she went away, Vere, beyond the softened fair horizon of gentle memory, where she will dwell in the chastened light of all things sacred, till the morning breaks on the eternal

shore, where all will be explained; and as she went, never to return in the same sad form again, she gave me this flower of my Indian summer, Vere, which you hinted I must refuse. I tried to turn away, at your hint and injunction—you know I did—but Cecilia Metella in her new sweet form, in all the fresh, bright beauty of youth with which she has come back to me as 'Cecilia-Cara'—has been stronger than I. I am very sorry for your sake, Vere, but I cannot help it; I fear now, you must bow to the inevitable; I have tried my best, and you must believe me."

"I know, I know," she said; "and, Adrian, you know how fond of you I am, how gladly I would see you happy, and feel that you no longer suffer for that bitter past. But my beautiful child—I confess to you, Adrian, it is a disappointment. If I could have placed her in high position, and given her all that wealth could obtain, I should have done so—I should have gloried in doing so, because she would adorn the position, and have used the wealth well. But if it is not to be—well—I am disappointed, and I shall get over it all the

quicker for airing the disappointment to you. But, my dear cousin, when it comes to marrying, we arrive at money, and on that head what do you mean to do?"

"Vere, I have gifts; I have used them indolently, with no motive power; I will use them now with the most quickening, impelling influence possible to a man; and I have good grounds to hope that they may be used with success."

"But, my dear Adrian, you do not surely propose to support your *ménage* upon hieroglyphics? Interesting, but, I should imagine, not lucrative things."

"More so than you know," he answered. "There are many things even in that field of labour that one may do. I have a name, Vere—I should not seek employment in vain, and there is so much going on; I might lecture, I might take commissions for transcriptions of original writings, and interpretations of hieroglyphical designs, in which branch of work in Egyptology, I believe, few men have gone further than I. And I will write articles,

Vere, for scientific papers, and look up bits of manuscript, which I have often been asked to give to different editors before now. You need not be afraid, we shall not be too poor, and we have no particular ambition, neither she nor I. For the time we shall not aspire to much, I fancy, beyond a home where we may be together."

Lady Daring sighed a deep, heart-wrung sigh.

"Oh, Adrian," she said, "you ought not to have done it. That is all very well and very nice, you know; but for Car—oh, no, that is not the sort of destiny of which I have dreamt."

"I know it is not, and I am sorry," he said. "But Kismet, what can we do? And, Vere, I know that I am not ambitious; you know, the thing has always seemed so little worth while to me; and personal career, emulation on one's own account, looks such a small matter when you measure it by the side of large ideas—for myself I care so little, but I have gifts—I believe I can *do;* and, Vere, I promise you I will become now quite insatiably ambitious, if only to compensate *you* some day per-

haps for your disappointment, and because I shall not have to think always from my own point of view—but from yours, and what may later become even also—hers."

"That is all very well," she sighed, and then she was silent a moment, and poured herself out a cup of tea, but she did not drink it. She was reflecting, and after a few moments she spoke again.

"And now, Adrian, will you go away?"

"Must I? Why? I do not quite feel as if I can," he replied.

"Yes, yes, you must. Listen, Adrian; she is so young, and you and I know what the world is—she does not; we know what she is doing, and she knows it scarcely at all. We know the probable future she is sacrificing, and the certain future she is choosing instead; and because we know all this, and because she knows and realizes none of it, you must go, you must give her time—while you are absent, not with her always—time to realize and to look back, and to look forward, and to

understand. She is so young, she has known you such a little while; this much is due from you—you must go away."

He looked down for a moment at the carpet at his feet. A hot flush mounted to his brow, then he said in a low tone,—

"Vere, I went away at your bidding once before," and he raised his eyes quietly to her face.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I remember; but you were foolish—it was different. Then, I did not mean you to go; but now, yes, I am quite clear and decided—I do wish it now."

Adrian rose, and he stood upright before in his strength and manliness for a moment, drawing his tall figure to its full height, and he looked down upon her with a stern gravity in his steel-blue eyes; but his voice was very gentle when he answered her again,—

"I cannot promise, Vere," he said; "but I will go away now, at least, and think about it. And when I have decided in my own mind, I will come back to you again."

And thus he left her, walking from her boudoir and across the corridor with his firm, quiet step.

And Lady Daring drank her tea and sighed, and shrugged her shoulders just a little, and shook her head. But she was still disconsolate.

At that moment she heard her husband's quick tread in the vestibule of Discretion, and coming along the corridor to his smoking-divan.

She waited a few minutes longer, then she rose from her corner by the cosy boudoir fire, and she went into her own room. Without ringing for her maid, she took off the pretty costume in which she had been out that day, and she wrapped round her her elaborate and much-decorated *negligée*, that lovely arrangement in heliotrope surah and lace, in which she found repose and a sense of comfort always, during that "just before dinner hour."

Thus "arranged" to her satisfaction, she went across the boudoir again, and along the corridor, to the smoking-divan.

"May I come in?"

"*Mais certainement.*"

"My dear Frederick, I want to come and talk to you."

"I am very glad to hear it," he said.

"Oh, but, my dear, it is serious," she said; "not in the least amusing—not at all."

And in she came, shut carefully the door, and swept her soft, long skirt across the room to his side, where he lounged in a great, deep arm-chair, and smoked a small cheroot.

"Do you mind?" he said politely, indicating the tobacco with a courteous solicitude, which he rarely omitted to express.

"Mind, my dear? You know I do not," she said; and then she leant up against the high, painted stove beside him, and looked down upon him, wondering at his ease and *insouciance*, while she felt so disturbed.

And he looked up at her, and into his eyes there stole that gleam of admiration which never failed to shine in them still, when they rested on his dark-eyed wife standing near him, as he leaned

back in calm repose, and as she looked down with that restive bright flash of impatience in her glance.

"What is the matter?" he presently said, and a quaint smile quivered on his lips under his gray moustache. He did not imagine that anything very serious was wrong.

"My dear Frederick," she said, "there has been a catastrophe."

"Indeed, of what kind?" he replied.

"Oh, very serious. There is Car—"

"Car, yes; surely nothing wrong with her? Where is the child?"

"Child, indeed! No, oh, no; nothing wrong with her."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, she is all right; she has gone out with my maid to get some flowers for this evening. We are going to the Quirinal. But the catastrophe, Frederick. There is Adrian Dillon; and, by-the-bye," she said, suddenly changing her tone, "what do you think of him?"

"Adrian Dillon?" he answered. "I think him

one of the finest fellows I have ever known. Why, I like him immensely."

"You do! Well, *tant mieux*. And then there is Lord Farnham—what do you think of him?"

"Farnham? Oh, a nice boy—rather a young goose. But he is all right; I like him very well enough."

"And the Calthorpes?" she said.

"My dear Vere, what are you driving at?"

"Oh, the Calthorpes have nothing to do with it. But Adrian, he came here last Monday, Frederick; and—well, he has asked Car to marry him on hieroglyphics and inscriptions, and she has accepted him to-day."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed Sir Frederick, and he suspended the calm puffing of his cheroot.

"True," said Lady Daring; "and if you do not call that a catastrophe, well, I will never attempt to surprise you again."

"Adrian Dillon—Car," repeated Sir Frederick. "My dear Vere, why did I never think of it before?"

"Why did not *I* until the day before yesterday, when I found that all the mischief was done?"

"Perhaps it is not mischief. Adrian Dillon is a very fine fellow."

"Now, Frederick, do not *you* begin. It is enough to have *him* smoothing the thing down; but do not tell me that *you* are not disappointed, or my patience will know no bounds."

"Disappointed," he repeated in a slow, reflective tone, "not disappointed; surely that is not the word. But you have taken me so suddenly, Vere. Ah! are we to lose the child? But we *must* have lost her for three years at least, for I must go back to India, Vere; and you—"

"I go with you," she said.

"Yes," he whispered, "I thought you would. Well, and if we leave her—and we should leave her—I cannot be disappointed if indeed she be left with him."

"Oh, Frederick," sighed Lady Daring, "you try my powers of patient endurance more than anybody else. Are you going against me? Are you going over to Adrian's side?"

"I like Adrian," he said.

"Oh, so do I, of course—for his own sake, for my dear sister's sake, for everything."

"Your sister Cecilia, you mean?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, you have forgotten. Perhaps you never clearly knew. It was for her sake I welcomed him, for her sake I made him an intimate here. They were engaged, you know, before you came that year to the villa by the river-side. But my father took poor Cecilia away, and she never got over it. Nor did Adrian until now."

"Cecilia, dear me, Cecilia!" Sir Frederick murmured, "poor, sad, sweet thing! I always wondered that Armstrong so fancied her. It always seemed to me that she died of nothing; and now, behold, it was love! And Dillon—well, Vere, my ambitious little wife, do not be restive, do not fight with destiny. What, you wanted young Lord Farnham for your pretty pearl, and you are disappointed? The glitter has gone, and departed from the gold. Never mind, never mind, it is the pure gold that has stayed with us, dear—let the glitter go."

"Frederick," she murmured softty to him then,

and she turned and knelt down on a velvet stool that was by his chair, "Frederick, how much bigger-minded you are than I am. You always fight against me, on the noblest side."

"I only fight against you," he answered her with a tender, quivering smile, "fight, Vere, in the battle which, I see, is hot within your heart, and against the more mundane and material side of your nature, dear—I try to fight on the side of your nobler self."

"*You* are my nobler self," she said in a low murmuring tone, and she bent and took his brown, worn hand, and raised it between both her own, and touched it to her soft cheek. "You always conquer me, Frederick," she added, looking at him through gathering tears, "and people give me credit for having my own way in everything, and for being the most utterly spoilt wife in the world."

He laughed a low, happy laugh, and carried the white fingers that held his sun-browned hand for one moment to his lips. And then she rose—for quick, firm steps trod the corridor again—and her

name was uttered by the servant at her boudoir door.

She went out hastily from the divan, and confronted Adrian.

"I have come to give you my decision," he said, "and I leave Rome—in twenty minutes."

CHAPTER IX.

IN QUITE A NEW LIGHT.

"COME into the boudoir," Lady Daring said, after pausing a moment to look with surprise into Adrian's face. There was something so odd about him, something so completely altered in his aspect since he left her presence one hour ago; and the tone of determination in his voice and the haste of his decision were quite astounding.

"Come into the boudoir," she repeated; and then she opened the door, and preceded him into the pretty little room.

He came after her with a quick step, and followed her to the fireplace, and as she stirred and pushed the bits of smouldering wood together and made them spring into a bright flame, he waited for a moment in silence by her side. Then she stood upright, and looked round upon him again.

He was so different. There was a flush of

colour on his usually pale cheek, and a curious sparkle of excitement in his steel-blue eyes; and as he looked at her and pulled his long bronze moustache, the most inexplicable variety of contending sentiments were quarrelling with one another upon his face.

And now, for the first time, she noticed that in his hand he held an open letter.

"You are going—and so soon?" she said.

"Yes," he answered rapidly, and looking intently at her with kindling eyes, "I must go, and I have not a moment to lose. But I thought I should like just to rush back and tell you. I have been to the hotel and got my letters, and I find in them—a most terrible piece of news."

"News!" she exclaimed, with wide-open and wondering gaze. "Oh, Adrian, bad news?"

"Very sad," he said; "it affects me keenly, Vere. My poor, old uncle Humphrey has lost his only son."

"Henry Dillon gone—Henry Dillon dead!" she exclaimed again, with intense feeling and surprise.

"Yes, poor fellow, he has done it at last; been

killed out tiger-shooting on the Malabar Coast. My poor uncle! he is quite alone. I must go to him at once, without a night's delay. I can just catch the mail, and I have telegraphed already. The poor, dear, old uncle—he has no one but me."

"No one, but you—of course not," said Lady Daring slowly, awakening to the full realization of the position by degrees. "No one but you—his only brother's son. Oh, Adrian," she added, her voice breaking suddenly, and laying both her hands eagerly on his arm, "dear Adrian, is it very wrong and heartless? Must I do my utmost to be sorry? I cannot, I cannot; for oh, Adrian, I am, so *very* glad!"

"Poor Henry!" he murmured; "no, no, Vere, we must be sorry—and my poor old uncle too."

"But my child, my sweet, beautiful child! Oh, Adrian, I cannot help it; I cannot pretend, I never could. And Henry, he was no use to any one; and then that lovely old Dillon Court—and you, dear Adrian, you are well worthy of it all."

"Thank you," he said gravely, and he bent his head, and took the sparkling fingers lying on his

arm for one moment lightly and courteously between his own, and with a gesture of chivalrous gratitude raised them to his lips.

"At all events," he murmured with deep fervour, "may I be worthy—at all times worthy—of her."

"You are, you are, a thousand times worthy; and I have felt it always, Adrian, in spite of everything. But now, now—no, no—must you really go?"

"I must," he answered, "and this moment. But cannot I see her, Vere? Just one farewell—just a word—who knows when we may meet again?—they write that my poor uncle is very ill. I must remain with him, and all else must be deserted for the time being. But it is hard; and may I not see her for one moment, Vere?"

"Of course, of course; but she is not in the house, my dear Adrian. Is there no later train? Can you not delay? I sent her out with the maid to the flower-market, that I might have my talk at tea-time with you, and she has not yet come in.

Oh, Adrian, I am so very sorry; must you really go?"

For he held out his hand then with quiet gravity, and with a gesture of resignation.

Yes, he must, and he would go, though it cost him dear, in his heart, to do so.

"I will write," he said.

And then, before Lady Daring had recovered her confusion of mind, and her vexation at Car's absence at a moment so supreme as this; and long before she had done wondering why we are not allowed to see even one hour before us, along the current of human affairs, he was gone; running quickly down the stairs, and out, across the dear, familiar Piazza once more.

And ten minutes later he was driving rapidly, with his luggage and his servant, hastily hoisted to the top of the hotel "'bus," rapidly past the Fountain di Trevi, at which he would not even pause to drink, away towards the Stazione della Ferrovia, beyond the Terme di Diocleziano; and he was only just in time to catch the train for the north.

* * * * *

The six days of his sunlit Roman holiday were over, and he was hurrying back towards the fogs, towards the land of his years of solitude and depression again. But in his heart there was a "cara memoria" of the Eternal City, that nothing could chase away, and there was the glow of a renewed youth too, and of a gladness and of a sunshine, that no fog nor mist of a northern sea or sky could ever cloud again into gloom.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE OLIVES—BY THE SUNNY SEA.

IT was morning on the Riviera, and a soft gray morning, a very rare thing on the Mediterranean, at the dawn of an April day. But always a beautiful thing, because it was not heavy and sultry and cloudy on sea and sky, like a gray morning of colder northern climes, but the air was full of the sort of tempered light which must have created the expression "pearl-gray."

And still more was it like an opal dawn, for the gray was touched and warmed and streaked, where the sea met the sky, with the tenderest mingling shades of violet and silver, and a gold and pale carmine flush fringed the soft clouds that veiled so pleasantly the dazzling splendour of the sun.

It was a morning mystical in the soft wonder of its surpassing beauty, as the mornings of the old

legend lands, and the sea, kissed by the sun-rays stealing upon it from 'neath the carmine fringe of the clouds, was as the sea from whose sapphire depths rose "the Arm in Samite clad" which caught Excalibar, while forth from the dreamy distance, across its murmuring waves, came the barge from the eternal shores to waft the dying king to the Island of Enchantment, and to his haven of sweet mystical repose.

And behold, there rising, as from the sun-kissed sea, towering towards the carmine clouds, was surely the magic island of Arthur's poetic rest—fair Corsica!—in the dreamy distance so many miles away; seen only on such rare mornings, when the sky is soft as pure opal above, and the sun is veiled in its gorgeous rising, and the horizon is clear as a jewel—seen as the magic island of a dream. It is clear, as the dusk of the dawn is chased by the break of day. The soft outline of its range of blue rugged mountains is then clearly seen, just for one short hour; then it fades inevitably, like an isle of shadow and dream and mystery ineffable, as the sun rises in its brilliant strength and fervour, and

the day brightens, and all mystery is chased away.

It was still all mystical, and full of a wondrous magical enchantment, like the beauty of a dream, when the early train from Marseilles, sweeping in its rapid course round the bays and the promontories of the sea, stopped about eight o'clock at the little station of San Remo, and Adrian Dillon and his possessions were deposited on the narrow platform.

His possessions included his English servant, to whose care he left all else; and after giving a few hasty instructions, he turned out of the station, strolled up the narrow street of the seaside town, and went towards the chief hotel.

The little villaggio was awake, and full of business; the bright fruit-stalls, laden with oranges from Taggia, and citrons from Mentone, and pomegranates and bright red tomatoes from every cottage garden of the valleys among the hills, were set out gaily for the morning sale; and flowers clustered among the bright fruits in a rich profusion—for it was April now, and the Riviera was one lovely

bloom of roses, of daphne and orange flowers, of cistus and taxonia, sweet oak-leaved geranium and heliotrope, from the fair, smiling plains round Albengo to the borders of Provence.

And the vine was twining its fresh green tendrils round every lattice and cottage door, and the olives, clustering among the volcanic gray rocks of the encircling hills, were silvered already by the strong heat of the sun's rays, and the fig was spreading its broad leaves over the round green fruit that grew thick upon its twisted stems, and the maize and the short fresh grass were sprouting everywhere, and the whole country was smiling and glad. And in the sheltered nooks of old San Remo, the wealth of flowers and of golden and scarlet fruit was like a memory of Eden, when all things blossomed in beauty, and no fierce tempest rose to blight the promised fruit.

Adrian went into the hotel and had some breakfast, for he had, according to his wonted habit, travelled fast and far. And it was early—he must have a little longer patience before he went up the hill. And an hour was more easily beguiled in re-

viving his tired frame by a refreshing toilet, and then by drinking coffee, hot and delicious, and crunching through a pile of crisp brown rolls, than in any other way he could devise. And sitting out there, under the shadow of a clustering vine, and amid the sweet scents of a pretty garden, where roses and tree daphnes grew in profusion all around —this process, completed by a fragrant "regalia," much revived him. By nine o'clock he had forgotten his night of sleepless unrest, and had ceased to feel and hear the dull whirring of the train; and he sprang up, as the chimes rang nine from an old tower above the quaint little town, and with a low exclamation of gladness, of anticipation, of deep conscious joy, he began the ascent of the steep, narrow street. He went towards the chapel, and at a certain point, after a moment's hesitation, left the rough causeway of the village, and turned up the face of the olive-clad hill.

He seemed to know his way, or to trace it easily, just pausing to look about him to note the points of view or building, which, as he passed each successively, seemed to mark his course.

He seemed to know it, and yet never before had he been here; only he was quick about locality, very observant, and his memory very retentive of little salient points; and this path had been so well and so many times described to him, that he recognized its windings easily, without fear of mistake.

Up through the olive-woods he went, crossing the chequered lights and shadows, where the dancing, shimmering leaves and the gnarled old stems threw their shade upon the sprouting grass; and where the sunlight shot in between, in bright spots, and streaks, and rays, as the sun-king broke forth now from out the veil of soft, carmine-fringed cloud, and asserted his royal sway with a brilliant blaze of light and glory, before which all mystery and dreamy vagueness fled away.

Adrian went up, and on through the olive-wood. A small, red-painted villa just below a gray promontory, which towered beyond the olives, held his impatient gaze; such a pretty little villa—the "Rococo," it was called—and it lay up there, in the morning sunlight, like a ruby fringed with emeralds,

nestling in a circlet of vineyards, orange-gardens, and fig-groves, and olive-wood. It was so pretty, so sweetly framed in verdure, so gladdened by the sun.

He knew it without doubt or question, and up he went through the gnarled old olive-stems, springing lightly from terrace to terrace, from one rugged stone to the other, up the rough slope of the olive-gardens, where the green grass and young maize corn sprouted among the stones on the rough terraces, and round the black, veteran roots.

Up he went, with rapid footsteps and bright, beaming eyes.

It had come at last—the day of his release from arduous duty, from close attendance in consolation, on a sorrow which nothing earthly could ever soothe. It had come at last, and after two weary months he was here at length, mounting through the olive-woods to the pretty villa Rococo, where he knew he should surely find, all that made the Casa Pia of the Piazza di Spagna so dear to him. Hear once more the glad young voice that had echoed through the sunlight of his six joyous days in "bella Roma,"

like the music of a seraph's song sung in Paradise for the enchantment of mortal ears.

He should hear it again; he would meet the bright glance of those sweet eyes that had the lustre and the blue, radiant beauty of the sunlit sea.

She was there, and at last he was hastening towards her, and joy that was ineffable filled his strong, eager heart.

Up through the gnarled olive-trees he went, and he reached the hedge of the little garden, a hedge of roses in full beautiful bloom, flowering in rich profusion, twining their golden and crimson clusters together, and filling the sweet morning with their delicious fragrance as he passed along. Up a narrow pathway, between the rose-hedge and the garden full of quaint, tangled confusion and quantity of every kind of thing, he went towards the ruby-like villa, glowing up there above him like a jewel in the sun.

And as his foot touched the highest terrace, just outside the rustic verandah which ran round the house, he came upon Lady Daring's English

"master of the ceremonies," as she called him, "something higher than butler, something lower than *maître-d'hôtel*."

He was attired in a rural and picturesque garb, suited to the scene and to his occupation—in a broad straw hat and white linen jacket, he was carefully tying up a rose.

He started as Adrian's tall figure appeared above the edge of the steep terrace, and he politely removed his straw hat. In a moment he had recovered his surprise, regained his composure, and resumed the beautiful manner for which at Government House he was renowned.

He bowed low.

"You surprise me. A thousand pardons, Sir Adrian," he said.

"Is anybody up yet, Sinmer? I have come by the early train."

"I am sure the ladies are up. His Excellency has been out for an hour, Sir Adrian. My lady has had her coffee in her room; but Miss Daring—ah! may I have the honour to be the first to announce you, Sir Adrian? If you will excuse," he added,

touching his white linen sleeve, "I love gardening; it is always a beautiful poetic pursuit, and the mornings are warm. And so this coat—"

"Your attire is most picturesque, Sinmer. Yes, will you announce me?—or, at least—no, wait."

And he turned and listened. Forth out from the French window by his side there came suddenly soft and exquisitely melodious strains.

It was music, sweet as the morning, dreamy as the mist on the dawn-lit sea, rippling in tender fantasy, joyous as the daybreak song of the lark in spring.

And his heart beat fast, then stopped, then bounded with the strength of deep feeling that rushed over him; his cheek crimsoned, and from his steel-blue eyes there flashed a bright and joyous gleam.

"Never mind," he murmured low, as he held up his hand to stop the servant, "you need not announce me now."

And he paused still to listen, while Sinmer, with a smile of understanding and contentment, turned away.

It was the song of his heart that stole out to him; the echo of that spring of melody which sprang up unceasingly since he first heard it, from out the deepest fount within his being, from the *cor cordium* of all music and sweetness, from his very heart of hearts.

It was the "Psyche" of Mattei, which she had played to him that first evening as he had leant on the tall cabinet in the dim light and deep Rembrandt shades of the great *salon* in the Casa Pia, and which had stayed with him always, because it was the last sweet thing she had played that night.

And a few moments now he heard it, letting its ripple of melody flow over his soul once more; then a glad, soft exclamation broke from him, and he could delay no longer.

He passed up the steps into the green verandah; he stood at the open window; he removed his hat from his beating temples, and he looked into the room.

So pretty, so shaded, so quiet and cool, and full of daintiness, of flowers, of books, of everything that was like herself.

And there she was, in her white morning dress, with a bit of blue ribbon twisted through the sunny gold-brown hair, and with her dreamy, sapphire eyes, gravely absorbed in her music, and in all the soft memories and unutterable raptures that on the wings of her music ever came.

So absorbed, that she was quite unconscious of his step as he trod the verandah, and for one moment, of his presence, as he shadowed the French window, a little behind her, but almost by her side. For one moment—then, though she saw him not—she knew.

The pliant white fingers paused on the notes; she raised them just a short distance from the keys, and drew a quick breath. She dropped her head a little on one side to listen, and, because there was nothing to hear, to feel; then she knew; and she turned, and one glad exclamation broke from her, and she rose to her feet.

He came forward, and as she had done so unconsciously in the vestibule of Discretion two months ago, she now put up her two hands on his shoulders

again, and looked with one gleam of welcome, one smile of wondrous brilliancy, into his face.

And then the two hands stole close round his throat, and the proud, sweet lips at last were raised to his—and the Roman "dream of the morning," which rose so brightly, and which had threatened to cloud so darkly on one sad dawn for him, broke again now at length in the radiant and full reality of a sunlit and lovely day.

Two hours later, as they finished in a cool, green, vine-shaded arbour the pretty *fourchette déjeuner* to which Lady Daring summoned them ruthlessly at eleven o'clock, and as she and Sir Frederick looked on and smiled in happy assent, Sir Adrian Keith Dillon clasped on Car's wrist one of Castellani's beautiful *gardes de fidélité*—a band of gold of pure Etruscan pattern, finely wrought and adorned with one of Sermoneta's exquisite designs.

Guiliano, of Piccadilly, had carried out the order for him, and had had it sent from the Piazza di Trevi to Dillon Court. It was pure Italian, or old

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Etruscan in design, and Castellani took great credit for it.

But the words, graven in delicately traced letters, around and within, were put there in obedience to an order from Sir Adrian himself.

"MEMORIA" was engraved inside, with the date 15-2-'84. It was the day they had walked in the cypress-path by Shelley's shrine, and watched the sun set behind the Monte Testaccio, while she told him the "story of her rose"!

And on the outer circle of the broad band, their happy days of sunshine, love, and pilgrimage together—in the Eternal City of poetry, and beauty, and all art—were commemorated by two words of soft Italian, which, with the *double entendre* that they had once evolved from them — were inseparably combined and associated within Adrian's deep, glad heart:—"CAR-A-ROMA"—the words belonged to each other—woven in one name.

For in his happy thought of that time—of that golden week of sunshine and of youth renewed—those words would be entwined for ever for him—bound inseparably in one!

And if in all after life he is asked to define his ideal of "perfection in human bliss," he will always answer—in a murmur of low undertones perhaps, while waves of sweet memories rise softly within his heart—just the words:—

"CAR-A-ROMA" or "Amor a Roma"—

"In love, at Rome."

THE END.

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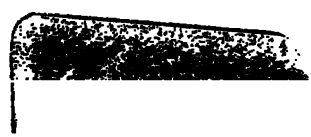
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